"Charley."

DIALECT POEM.

By Chaireta. on remember that dog driver, Charley, im as drove "Chocolata" an "Barley," played out an' had to be packed that long tramp up from the Sault?

he same. Wall he's gone an' left us, clumb up them golden sta'rs; o passed in his checks, the little cus, t year, comin' in from the mountains, m a hunt arter deer an' b'ars.

ard, you'll scuse a little weakness, now it looks mighty queer; but when I think of that little chap's meekness, the small 'pinion I had on him, nething chokes me uncommonly here!

e was just the meekest critter, weak as a little child; int no matter how cold or bitter lew, or how bad or long the road, done his level best an' alwus smiled

When the boys gave him chin an' sas, d chaffed him bout his size; ut, by thunder, out that in Smith's Pass, at day in last December, took them all by surpri.e!

low? The question's in your eyes; tell you an' don't you forget : To gave himself up as a sacrifice d sayed the hull outfit, you bet.

Ther was twelve of us, white an' red, f fifty good dogs beside, With grub an' pelts on every sled; bound for Clapperson's tradin' post, sell an' get freshly supplied.

it was gettin' colder an' colder ch succeedin' day, An' the wolves were growin' bolder; har must have been nigh two hundred); e could scasely keep'en at bay.

Them war no prairie imitation, at big an' hungry an' strong; Most nuff to scar a nation, har savage snappin' an' snarlin', they watched us all night long.

Twas evenin' when we struck the Pass, at we pushed our way right thro', Knowlo' it was the wust an' las', /ith a clar down trail on tother side; at the woives seemed to know it too.

'Cause they come arter us wicked an' wild, canin' business, we plainly sees, an' in less than half a minute, espite a few shots from our barkers, fere surroundin' us thick as bees.

Our only hope was to stop em' and defend he Pass, which wasnt't so wide, An' then fight out to the end, To threw a couple of dogs from their harness, jut they were as chips agin the ocean's tide.

The brutes come ahowlin' round us, fild for our flesh and blood, An' 'twas then that little cus harley came out in his true colors, for he stopped his train an' stood!

"Go on, go on, you fellows," he cried, An' get yer defence across, I sin't much account " (an' he smiled) I can't die better than savin' my pards sides I won't be much of a loss !

Thar warn't no time to argey the matter With them devils an' death so near, Bo we went to work, an' arter few minutes looked up for Charley. le was gone, we were saved. See here,

Fellows, don't you laugh at my tears; t's the first I shed since she died, I'll shoot the first one that jeers! But whenever I think of the little cus Charley, By Heaven it makes me wild!

He was such a meek little critter you say, But in Smith's Pass that awful day, Did he groan an' yell in his agony? No, he only looked up an' smiled!

Now he's gone away an' left us, But I know he's up that sta'r, Think they'll refuse the little cus rter what he done down here? o sir, you bet your pile he's thar !

At the Church Door.

BY AUSTIN GRIFFIN.

The bell now rings for evenseng, Full toned and sweet, And seems with angel voice to say, "Come, come, ye sons of men, and pay Your worship meet."

Here let me leave the world behind With all its care: Lay down awhile my weary load, E'en at the gate of this abode Of peace and prayer.

Here let me keep my foot aright And pure my heart; Put on humility-for near Is One who reads my soul most clear In every part

Here let me ask of Him who said "I am the Door." That I through Him may entrance find, And e'er dispose my heart and mind To love Him more.

## WIDOWS BEWITCHED.

Grand and gorgeous is the first morning of spring. It is not the tapping of the woodpecker in the hollow beech, nor yet the mutchat humming at his breakfast, that soft rap-a-tap-tap one hears! It is only Mr. Ernest Black knocking out his pipe against

the garden-seat. Happy man! to have such a charming nook wherein to smoke the early pipe. His comfortable mansion of Shrublands, a cozy modern building, warm and roomy, with glass houses clustered about it, and its convenient offices at the rear, lies on the slope above. In front of him stretches a pleasant lawn, and he looks over upon a sweet river valley, bounded by purple hills, reaches of water showing in silver streaks here and there. A warm, pleasant little dingle encompasses the grounds, sheltering the house from the north and east, and sloping down towards south; and here the first breath new-bern spring is felt, and the first green leaf of the year is seen on white birch, whose slender, catkins are dying for love of earliest blossoms of the season.

Ernest thought that it was very good to be here, as he smoked his pipe on his gardenseat. But everything comes to an end, and knocked out the ashes, a cloud had come over and that she saw her own reflected, the sun, the air was chilled, and the beauty image. But it was not so. The lady threw always mistrusted Theresa; she was my ly them more than they will eat up perfectly the sun, the air was chilled, and the beauty up her will and revealed the features of friend. You remember, and I believe at of the morn tarnished. It was time he found to start for his train. He went into the house to say "Good-bye" to his wife, for he heard the carriage-wheels grinding on the gravel as it came round from the stables to

He seemed to be a happy fellow too in asked, in a clear, loud voice, when the train the door. his wife, who was a fair, pleasant-faced started for Brighton. woman, of charming figure, and full of

spirit. "I didn't know you were going away," she said, a slight shade of vexation coming over

"Didn't I tell you?" said Ernest, "I in- I taking his ticket.

tended to. I shall be home to dinner. I am only going to town to see the old masters.

They close this week." "Ah! if you had told me in time I would gentleman.

have gone with you." To say the truth, Ernest did not much care for company when he was going to look at the same signal with her hand that she had

pictures. "Pity, eh?" he said, carelessly putting his hand under her chin, and giving her a kiss. "Well, another day, perhaps, Tottie" -her name was Theresa, but her pet name was Tottie-"and then perhaps I can go gentleman jumped in after her. about shopping with you."

"But I particularly wanted to see those pictures."

"Why didn't you think of it before?" "You should have told me you were unveiling.

going." there's no help for it, I have only just time Potter-late of the Plungers. to catch the train. Good-bye."

And away he went. Theresa sat down once more to her sence on the scene. book of household expenses; but the totals ran into each other, and the same paper up to town with him, having been in- papa." row of figures wouldn't come to the same terested in an article he had not had time to amount twice running. It wasn't like finish. But having, with his customary Ernest, she thought, not to ask her to go carelessness, left it behind him, he bought with him. He had never gone off any- another at the station; and then the adverwhere before without asking her to tisement caught his eye-"Constance to accompany him if it were practicable. His Ernest." Yes, he knew what it meant. manner, too, was so cold. What could be

the reason of it? mind. She rarely looked at the daily papers, but this morning she felt distraite and un- been obliged to leave the Plungers and sell easy, and couldn't settle to anything. Sud- his commission, swamped with innumerable denly she sprang to her feet, with a cry of debts. He had been an old friend of the

distress. paper, and thereon she had read an adver- a very violent, self-willed old fellow swore tisement:

twelve noon."

ceived. Could it be possible that such he could. He flattered himself that he lad swears that the worst five minutes he ever treachery, such betrayal of all the ties of some influence over Constance; and if he spent in his life were passed in the Brighton friendship and affection could be permitted couldn't put an end to the affair altogether express in company with Madame Theresa. to exist? Theresa was, perhaps, of a somewhat money carefully tied up.

jealous disposition. Certainly Ernest had given her no cause for jealousy hitherto, as far as ske knew, but she had always imagined it possible that at sometime or other he would; and now it seemed to her as though and save her if he could. her forebodings had been justified.

friend, her schoolfellow, her one dear companion, for whom her affection could never expected, stalking up and down, evidently be dimmed. And this friendship had con- expecting somebody. tinued unabated for a whole two years after any notice of him; and Potter seemed her marriage to Ernest, during which it had anxious, on his part, to avoid any recognibeen her chief delight to entertain Constance tion. But there was no Constance. He at her new home. Now Ernest wasn't, at kept, however, a sharp look-out on the Capthe beginning, at any rate, at all fond of tain, and, all of a sudden, he noticed that Constance, and used to think her visits rather his eyes lit up, and, turning quickly round, a bore. Anything was better, however, than Ernest saw a lady in deep mourning pass having his wife in the dolefuls, and on such | into the booking-office. occasions he would suggest, "Ask Constance to come and spend a few days."

As time went on, however, little disagree-Constance was of an adaptive nature, and brushed rapidly past. Ernest and the Cap. fonder of masculine than feminine society. tain stepped eagerly forward. Ernest fol-She professed great interest in Ernest's pur- lowed her a few paces to assure himself it suits, which were rather of a miscellaneous was not Constance Brown. No; the lady character. Altogether she grew in grace and favor with the husband, and declined in equal measure in the wife's esteem. She was too keen-witted herself not to perceive this, but the ineradicable love of coquetry and mischief that lurks in every female bosom and the Captain after her. The guard forbade her to change her tactics.

The end of it was a desperate quarre between Constance and Theresa, and Constance's hasty departure from Shrublands in a great rage. On her part, Theresa vowed that she would never have that deceitful girl in her house again.

"All right," Ernest had said; "if you don't care about it, I don't."

But Theresa's jealousy, once aroused, was not to be quieted by any such pretences as these. It was all very well of Ernest to say so, but his saying so didn't deceive her. Having once thrown her influence over Ernest, Constance, she knew, would not be satisfied to resign her power so easily. She didn't doubt but that Constance would in some way or other contrive to see him, and this morning's paper had given her a clue to

the means she adopted. "Very well. Theresa, too, would be at Victoria at twelve noon.

The carriage had just returned from taking Ernest to the station; it should also convey her to the next train for London. She would have sufficient time to reach the trysting

place by noon. Victoria Station, however, is rather a wide open place, not adapted for concealment. How should she so disguise herself that she might witness the meeting unobserved? Then she remembered that her Aunt Blake, who had been a widow for a couple of years, had left behind her a widow's cap, bonnet and veil, having taken the opportunity of a visit to her niece to resume the ordinary costume of womankind. Bonnets are not formidable things now-a days, and Theresa put her aunt's weeds with a black craps shawl into a travelling bag. She put on a black dress with a white shawl over it, andiher usual travelling bonnet, that she might not give rise to surmises at her sudden assump-

tion of mourning, and then started off. The clock showed five minutes to twelve when she arrived at Victoria. She hurried off to the ladies' waiting room; donned her bonnet, cap, shawl, and veil, and came out upon the platform a demure widow. Sure enough Ernest was there, walking up and down. She gave a kind of guilty start as he passed her, and he looked rather hard at the young widow with the nice trim figure.

look at young women when I am not by ?" The next turn that she took she started as she saw approaching her from the opposite side of the platform the very double of herself. Black dress, black crape shawl, stories. I admire you for it, Ernest, & I widow's cap, bonnet and everything! She thought at the first moment that opposite her there was a mirror Constance Brown. It was only for a mo- Potter used to come to our house on purse a packing-house, and then giving them the ment, and then she drew her veil closely to see her, using me as a blind. Oh, Ernt, grain in the afternoon strewn among the over her face, and making a slight gesture, what shall we do?" as it seemed, of caution, she made her way to the booking office, went up to a porter and them," cried Ernest.

"So," she thought, "that is the way you

Theresa glided into the office by the opposite door. The pretended widow was once, more. waiting her turn at the ticket hatch. With the quickness of thought Theresa ran up to at his elbow. He turned and beheld his will if it has been well cured they will eat a great the barrier, A genial-looking old man was and Captain Potter.

for Brighton ?"

" Most certainly, madam," said the old She grasped her ticket and hurried on to the departure platform, giving, as she went.

seen her double make just before. Yes, he had recognized the signal and followed her. The train was just due to start, and she hastily jumped into a first-class carriage. A

"Faithless fellow," she thought. "Constance," said a tremulous voice at her side ; " dearest Constance."

"You wretch!" cried Theresa, suddenly But the effect was not what she anticipated.

It is now necessary to revert to the proceedings of Mr. Black to account for his pre-

Ernest had intended to take the news-

Ernest Black and Ernest Potter had been school-fellows and cronies in early days; but She took up the newspaper to distract her their friendship had long since decayed. me, and be married in a respectable, orderly Potter was a reckless spendthrift, who had way." Browns, too, and Constance had formerly been She had taken up the outside sheet of the infatuated with him; but her father, who was with several bridesmaids. that she should never marry such a "Constance to Ernest. To-day, at Victoria, scamp. Constance had a nice little brtune again, but for all that I'm glad that artful of her own, and she had just come of ige, so That was the reason, then, that Ernest that if she persisted in throwing herset and enter my doors again, never." had gone off to town so suddenly. Yes, she her fortune away there was no help for it. knew it; she had been wronged and de- Still Ernest thought it was his duty to stopit if Blake with affectionate commiseration, and he might yet prevail upon her to have all he

The advertisement meant an elopement Ernest thought—a clandestine marriage, and the sacrifice of all the girl's future to a are sometimes responsible for the fact that worthless scamp. He would be there, too,

At all events, he found himself on the Constance Brown had been her earliest platform of Victoria Station at noon. Ah! there was Captain Potter, as he Ernest didn't take

Potter now took up a position close to the wicket that opened to the departure platform where the man stood who punched holes in ments interposed between the two friends. the tickets. Presently a lady in black was of quite a different carriage and figure from Constance-more like his own wife, he said, with a jealous pang that he laughed at himself next moment for feeling. Whoever it was, she jumped into the carriage, whistled off the train, and Ernest turned away, thinking that he had been rather a fool for his pains.

Then he saw another young widow gazing eagerly about her, and running here and there, evidently looking for some one she couldn't find. At last, apparently overcome with emotion or fatigue, she flung herself upon a bench and hastily threw up her veil, revealing the pretty, agitated face of Con-

stance Brown. Ernest sprang towards her. "Constance," he whispered, "you here, and in this dis-

guise! what does it mean?" Constance burst into tears, and sobbed out that she didn't know.

"I know," he said severely; "you have an assignation with that infamous Potter." " Infamous, indeed," said Constance " and he has gone off with somebody else." At this moment, a man in livery approached and touched his hat to Ernest. It was his own coachman, an old and faithful servant

who had been coachman to Ernest's father. " Beg your pardon, Mr. Ernest, for comin up here without leave, but have you seen th

mistress, sir?" "No. What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, she drove to the station aft you left, sir, and she seemed so wild lil and unaccountable that I made bold to follow her for fear she might come to harm; a I followed her here, sir, where she change her dress for widow's weeds, and got ino the Brighton train, sir, with Captain P

Ernest turned pale and almost fainted. He recovered himself by a great effort. "I know," he cried. "I sent hereo Brighton, and have just seen her off. b

dare you follow your mistress, sir ?" The man turned away in blank dismay "Ernest," said Constance, "we have th

been deceived." "Stuff!" said Ernest, "it was a triclwe played you, that's all; we found out bur plot, and we counter-plotted to save you But still there was terrible doubt athis heart. What could it all mean?

"Come into the waiting-room, Constant," he cried, "and let us talk. Ah, what misy ! he muttered to himself.

Ernest threw himself upon a seat, leathis arm upon the table, and groaned. "What do you intend to do, Ernest ? aid

Constance, clutching him by the arm. It

know better. It is deliberately planned We are both deceived." "It is impossible," said Ecnest. " How blind you are," said Constance. I

"I shall have a special train and foly "Then I will go with you," cried O

Ernest rose and staggered to the platfo

stance.

" Ernest, my b " Hullo !" eried Potter.

Here we are again, back first train. I say, old fellow, I'll just change widows with you." Black, "and tell me what it all means. fellow to inveigle this young lady into such a fortune as you've wasted your own."

"Gently, old fellow," said Potter, "all a mistake. My uncle died last week, and left | ment. me three thousand a year."

"Then why do you make off in this clandestine way ?"

"It's all right, Black, I assure you. I've "Yes, it was stupid of me; however, It was not her husdand at all; it was Captain got a special licence in my pocket, parson water, let it stand an hour or two, then "Then why all this disguise?"

"Oh, that was my doing," sobbed Constance. "I was so dreadfully afraid of

" And how did you get the widow's thinge, Constance?

"F-from-your-Aunt Blake. It wasn't very wicked, was it?"

"I think," said Theresa, who had recovered her equanimity and her usual aspect of proud serenity, "I think, Constance, you had better come back to Shrublands with

And they settled that so it should be They all went back to Shrublands, and Constance was married the next week, not in widow's weeds but in full bridal costume,

"Ernest," said Theresa affectionately, when it was all over, "I'll never be jeslous

Potter always speaks of his old friend

## THE FARM.

KEEP THE BOYS ON THE FARM.-Farmers

their children leave the old homestead and seek a fortune in the city. A correspondent If the Country Gentleman, in noticing this, Takes the following reference: Ex-Senator Candler had something wise to say about faming when he addressed his neighbors at hitfarm in Michigan. "If I had a boy," he extained, "I would rather put him on an eigty-acro farm that had never had a plough or a axe on it than place him in the best govenment office in the land." These remark, from a man who knows what he is talking about, should be remembered. It is an itel for restless farmer lads to ponder over. The fault is not with the business itself, buin the manner in which many farmers conductt, and the way in which they bring their so's up. I cannot better express my ideas of te way in which this should be done, in order hat the boys may stay on the farm, and couting the business, esteeming it to be (as it really) one of the most healthful, ennobling, enjoyble and profitable employments they can entr, than by quoting still farther from the Settor's remarks. He continued : "Make your lomes pleasant, make them so attractive tha your sons and daughters will love their houss better than any other place on earl. Make this business of farming so agleable that your sons will see that it is the mit healthful and profitable occupation in wich they can engage. Build good houses, and buy good implements. Do not keep the old tacked stove, but put in a good range. In fet, have every convenience that you can, a that your wives and daughters will dee it a pleasure to perform their household wok. In this way you can bring up your sont and daughters on the farm; but when you take the home repulsive, you drive them int clerkships and other menial positions whethey ought to be God's annointed lords of cration."

This is plain commo sense. Let us make home pleasant, and he farm work less leborious, by the introuction of improved machinery and methodiof culture; get the Joys interested, giving them a share in the profits as well as in the lbor; consult them in regard to farm management, and thus show them that you conside them something more than animals to get wek out of ; give them an occasional holiday, cursion or picnic; allow them to associae with other young people and give an occaional party if they wish it; get the girls an irgan or piano and the boys a top buggy. Let hem see that life on the farm is not, or need not be, continual drudgery. Give them these fleasures ; i will do them good, and even mae the old folks feel young again. Times ar changed Things are not as they were forty lears ago when you were young. It has not, however, been long since the writer was a loy. He has "been there" and "knows how it is himself," and what children need to make them love the farm.

WINTER CARE OF FOWLS .- At this season of the year you should give your fowls more attention than at any other in order to make them profitable. One dozen eggs in the winter will command as good a price as three in the summer, and with a little care the fowls will pay as well or better than an stock on the farm.

If you desire your fowls to lay you must feed them well, keep them comfortable and give them work; unless they are employed this cold, windy weather they will huddle together and be shivering all the day. Throw into them a good layer of chaff, cornstalks, or what is better, if you have saved them, They turned into the waiting-roomand is dry leaves four or five inches depth; and throw the corn, buckwheat, etc., among the chaff or leaves and you will see how soon they will come to the scratch—instead of seeing them standing around freezing, is all very well to tell your servant uch they will go to work, and will look warm and comfortable. You will now require to give them a nice warm breakfast occasionally; boil a potful of potatoes and turnips, and then mix in shorts and cornmeal with a little salt and cayenne pepper. Avoid feeding straw. It will be necessary to remove the leaves, or whatever you may use, about once the fowls as great a change of diet as eat—such as cabhages and sliced apples—and always have a bundle of rowen in the house "Ernest!" said a decisive, feminine voi so that they may help themselves to it, and quantity, remembering to give them drink active in removing their goods from bond once a day, either water or milk; they are in anticipation of an increase in the duties.

"Might I ask you, sir, to get me a ticket how are you? Gad, I've got into a pretty particularly fond of the latter. It is necesmess with all this ambuscading : wrong party sary in the winter season to provide a dust after all, jolly row, pull the string, stop the bath for them, which may be done in this train,-Clapham Junction, Guard in awful manner: Take a box about two feet square, rage. Give us into custody, ch? Ha, ha! fill it with sand and ashes, and if kept in good condition they will make good use of it. Pounded oyster shells or lime and gravel "Come into the waiting-room," cried should always be in the house for them, which furnishes the shell making material, and is Potter, I consider you an unprincipled almost impossible for them to procure unless provided for them. Kill off all the fowls trap. You know you only want to waste her | that are over three years old, as they do not lay nearly as well after that age. Farmers will find this extra attention a good invest-

> COAT CLEANING .- Get soap-tree bark, which can be procured at the drug stores, break a piece about two inches square into small bits, and pour over it half a pint of boiling second sponging with clean water will clean it nicely. Both washing and rinsing water should be as warm as for flannel. We have, by using this bark, washed black and blue Empress cloths successfully, and have cleaned hair-cloth chairs which had been soiled by contact with the head.

BEST FOOD FOR WORK HORSES .- The West Division Street Railway Company, of Chicago, works about 2,000 head of horses, and after a careful test of various kinds of food, have adopted a mixed ration of corn and oats ground and fed with cut hay, slightly wetted. In winter the bulk of the ration is 2.3 ground corn and 1 3 oats, but a gradual change is made as warm weather approaches, until in the heat of summer the ration consists of 1.3 cornmeal to 2 3 oats, which is again changed as winter approaches.

The following has been recommended as a cure for galls in the shoulders of draught animals: Dissolve six ounces of iodine in half a pint of atcohol, and apply it on the sore with a feather as soon as the collar is removed, and, when at rest, twice a day. morning and evening. The article should be in the stable of every farmer, as it is an excellent application on horses where the skin is broken, and is a sure cure for splints if used in a proper manner.

CORN IN DRILLS .- A New Jersey paper says that ninety years ago it was regarded as a settled point that corn in drills gave a larger product than in hills, but that now, after much discussion, it remains unsettled. This remark would not be made by any one who has informed himself on the subject. We have thoroughly tested this question by measuring the results, and find almost uniformly an increase of 25 to 30 per cent. with drill corn over hills-provided the proper distance is given for the plants. It would be easy to obtain a diminished amount from the drills if too thinly planted, or ears of an inferior quality, if much too thick. John Johnston informs us that after long experience he arrives at results precisely similar to those we have mentioned .- Country Gentleman.

BUYING BEES .- The present month is good time to buy and move bees that are standing out doors. Sleighing furnishes good transportation. Look out for sufficient honey and plenty of bees; bees ought to be seen in at least five layers between the combs. If in the box hive, invert it, and cover the open end with wire cloth or muslin. fastening with carpet tacks. Bees ought not to be moved from a cellar or warm room without allowing them to fly for a day in fair weather. If housed, bees sometimes get very uneasy after long confinement; it would be well to set such hives out for a few hours. about noon of some very warm day.

For peach, apple and pear trees there is no better plant food than common ashes scattered over the surface of the soil under the tree. Cinders from a blacksmith shop or foundry are excellent for the apple, pear and cherry. Common salt scattered over the surface of the earth under pear or apple trees about as thickly as you do wheat when seeding, is highly recommended as an antidote to blight. This also secures protection against the aphis on pears or other fruit trees. The aphis is a small woolly insect that works on the roots of apple or pear trees, frequently destroying life.

An English gardener names several sorts of potatoes seen at the Paris Exposition, declares them " better for table purposes than the Americans," and advises his countrymen "instead of adding so many worthless American varieties to try some of the French

FEMALE FREEMASONS .- We see it stated that only two females were ever initiated into a Freemasons' lodge, one a Mrs. Aldsworth, in North Carolina, and the other a Mrg. J. B. Babington, in Kentucky. We opine this is a mistake, for tradition has it that during the war of 1812, or thereabouts, a Miss Hathaway was initiated into one of the lodges on the northern frontier of Vermont. The lodge was held in an upper room, which was lathed. but not plastered overhead, and Miss Hathaway, with the curiosity peculiar to her sex, determined to find out the secrets of Masonry, and so, previous to the opening of the lodge, quietly ascended into the attic of the lodge room, to take advantage of the crevices to listen to and observe the scenes enacting below. Whether trightened by the antics of the goat, or horrified at the hot gridiron application, or not, we are not informed, but by some mishap she missed her foothold, and came down through the lathing in the midst of the caremonies, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the actors. Deeming discretion the better part of valor. they thought it wise to shut her mouth by a solemn obligation, which she kept to the close of her life .- Montpelier (Vt.) Argus.

MITES OF HUMANITY-Miss Lucia Zarate. fifteen years of age, and weighing but four and three-quarter pounds, and her companion, General Mite, fourteen years old, weighing, with all his military accoutrements, but nine pounds, are believed to be the smallest persons that ever existed. Both were born of full frown parents, and in every city where they have been visited by medical experts they have excited the greatest astonishment. They are perfectly formed, very intelligent, speaking several languages fluently and in every way interesting and wonderful. When Miss Zarate was born she weighed but seven ounces, and her finger ring cannot be put on a common sized lead pencil. They will be on exhibition in New York.

" Mamma," said a wicked youngster, " am I your cance?" "No, child, why do you ask?" a week, and replenish with clean. Give "Oh, because you always say you like to see people paddle their own cance; and I didn't possible, and as much green food as they will know but maybe I was yours." The boy went out of the doer with more reference to speed than grace.

Belleville merchants have of late been very