ORTHOGRAPHY.

Marier ! Hero's a letter hom .

To call 'in Kristofer.

He fills Uils letter chok

Is how the critter spelle.

But disers! How it telis

Agin a kollege chap ter reed

The way he dur upact

T'd kall ofay, but; Bie.

I kalkerlate I never rentch

The alferbet like this-

"G-u-l-n-c-t!"

"Helfer."

"Cacock!"

"Martile."

Lr "phlor." -

It's "boney."

Tebece!"

Kris allers was original.

An' tidin's bout his stock.

Lu: what gits me in this, ol' gal;

The parts o' specke! if puts ter seed

I ain't at spellin' wat the Frentch

Just Hissen-here her got a wurd

For giany-bone, an' spells the burd

Git out! That burd'd years from now

It's name spelt thataway; but how

An' heffer-wall, that fist gits me-

Now ain't thet fer a kellege man

The wust yew ever beer?

Thet's here-Marier, say!

Hit kaller's spelt with "C-

Adda;" his murtel roods

But dog my cat! I hain't began

Ter fiels out all ther kweer,

Dad-fetched, all-fired orthogerfy

Wat sort of peckek's spelt with I'

An' now here munket his garden weeds

That's orful, sin't it ? Wall, jist wait;

Hiz foks-libe's blocmin at ar gate,-

Here's wun that t'other recks .-

Great Sector! Every step he takes

A spellin' bee his banny makes.

Here chackt the books sway:

Thar, thar, Marier! Ef it churn-

I'll stop: but Yore the thing adjures

He wants us thar on Krismus day,

That jist gives me a pinter; He

Returns hiz kompterments,

An' spellin' thout no sents.

Au' when the enverlope I dress.

Select Family Reading.

Lenore's Aanls.

BY ANNA MITTELLS.

"She is certainly very stingy!" Miss

Maria West said, rubbing her nose in an

odd way, as she had a fashion of doing

-Richwood Dispatch.

By anserin' in that same ktile

For Kristofer, I swar,

He rite it "C-h-r-i-s

T-o-p-li-c-r."

Yer laugh ter that ekstent

This invite be ber sent.

Ter feest ou fesent pi;

His ferant starte "pbes."

Hiz Kris "C-h-r-I.

An' landy Moses! Marcy me!

His rooter-beggar's" r-u-t-

Hez gettin wusser. My!

Hout what her had ter jay

Till kingdem kum ter heer

Due this style fit yer car?

His kow with "c" I swar,

His gote is spelt "goat,"

My spellin' ettyket.

From my of friend Cris Bucr;

I'rape yow think it soun a more plum

Heze bert a farm out west, an' here

With more by what he razed last year,

. -IE PERLIEBED-EVERY THURSDAY MORNING. -AUT 74-PEE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE ACTON. - ONTARIO

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erymen, Rochester, N. Y. Guelph Business College.

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REV.E.B. Cook, Acton, has been appointed sole agent for this section for the will known Old Rochester Nursery, S. Moulson, prorictor, and is prepared to take orders for any of the fruit trees, small fruits or shrubs which are shown in the illustrated catalogues of the nursery. The products of the Old Rochester Nursery are known to be generally reliable and correctly named, and I can promise satisfactory results to all-who purchase stock from me. Prices reasonable. LEV. E. B. COOK, Agent

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persons purchasing e210 worth, or over, of Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Slip-pers, Overshoes, Bubbers, &c.

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JOHN MITTITIAMS.

---RIGHT

"Very!" Miss Louise West answered briskly. "We will not do so well with that OF ALL COMPETITION WE PLACE OUR

room as we did last winter. But there! It has been vacant a month, and we had better take Miss Drake than have it so all winter. But she bargains for every cent." "Perhaps she is very poor." Elegant and Substantial Goods. This last suggestion came from Lenote,

when not well pleased.

a dark-haired girl of nineteen, who was knitting at the window, with many anxious glances into the street. "Well," Miss Maria said, slowly, "I hope she can pay her board."

For the Misses West kept a large board. log-bouse, on the profits of which they and Lendre Mitchell lived in a quiet way, indalging in a few extravagances, but never wanting any comfort. It is true that while the older ladies were dresses of chesp msterial all the week and black silk on Sunday, Lenore's pretty face was set off by the choicest of costumes, the daibtiest hats, and all the pretty details of lace, ribbon an embroidery that the fashion dictated When she remonstrated she was speedily

They were not especially amiable old maids, as a rule; they kept strict watch on the servants, but for Lenore they never found a cross word. From the hour when the orphaned baby looked first into their faces all the fountain of mother-love that dwells in every true woman's heart was poured forth upon her. To educate her well, to cultivate her decided musical talent, to dress her prettily, to make her life one long runshiny day, Miss Marie and Miss Logise were content to work early and late, to save in all personal expenditure, and to

submit to any amount of self-denial. coming and going, as strangers will in a large city boarding-house. The two old maids were very dragons of propriety, but when Edgar Casswell fell in love with Lenore, he wood her so delicately, so respectfully, that her heart was gone before Miss Maris or Miss Louise suspected he had paid her any attention beyond that she received from all the gentlemen board. ers. She had always been kept away from the public parlor, as much as possible, having her piano in her own room, and sitting there most of the time, but there are many opportunities for a persistent lover, who lives under the same roof with the object

of his devotion, and Edgar Casswell seized upon each and all of them. Miss Maria rubbed her nose till it was fiery crimson, and Miss Louise sobbed in a subdued, quiet way that went to Lenore's heart, when the state of affairs became

"He can't get married on ten dollars week," said Miss Maria, "that is one

when you know we would go on boarding here forever and ever. I would not marry anybody who wanted to take me away." "But to think of your loving a strange man," said Miss Louise, dolefully, as if was the first time she had ever heard of such an inclination in a girl's heart. "I can't help it," Lenore said softly, "h

"I do believe be is," Miss Maria sxi Mr. Dixon, his employer, told me he was a model of morality and steadliness." "And such a dear, nice face," said Lenore, " not handsome, exactly, but so frank and true."

"And is so considerate and kind!" persisted Lenore, putting her pretty head down on-Miss Meria's shoulder, and her hand nestling on Miss Louise's.

"Of course," said Miss Maris, desper. "Yes, they are Lengre's," she said - as promptly as possible. ately, "if you love him, there is no more | "your Lenore's mother, and my mece. It | "Come up on my lap, Bobby, and give to be said. But, oh, if it was only Mr. | was the old story-a ransway match with | as a kisk fore I go," said Tel.

boasting of his carriages and the big house her." to marry an old horror like that!"

engagement Edgar knew Lenote would shall love you now."

one to love you when you are old!"

and presently putting down her work she | remember all they have done for you." went to the room occupied by Miss Drake come in, and she moved slowly like a per- you have spent alone." son weak as well as old.

dread a stranger."

"Let me help you now," Lenore said, gently, "I can put your things away if you tell me where you want them." "But I do not like to trouble you!"

after the old lady retired.

taken very ill. The love that had sprong and live near their darling. up between her and Lenore had strength. | "Because," Lenore said, "I really canened with every hour of their intercourse. | not get along without you. Miss Drake Miss Maria and Miss Louise would certain- | was my mother's aunt, you see, but you-Ir have been jealous, had not Legore so you are my own-own agents, no matter ! Drake's room were those when domestic

cares absorbed the two old maids. Bat when Miss Drake became ill, dangerously ill. Lenore undertook the care of Miss Louise sighed, but submitted to Len. if he don't start for home quick."

She had been nearly three mouths fading | saving :

creat haste to Miss Maria. And now she says she must see you. Why, among other tenement-houses tall

Miss Drake's room. The old lady had and in a half suppressed tone asked: dragged herself up to sit in the bed, and her eyes were fixed intently upon the

"Come! Oh, come here!" she said. Tell me, tell me! Your niece-is she ler couldn't keep awake no ways. four niece! Den't deceive a dving wo-

of the patient.

"She-Lengre-is not your niece!" "No! but she does not know that. It is twenty years since her father, Doosld Mitchell, and his wife came here to board. I think they were very poor, for they took a back room on the fourth floor, and they were very saving. They were here about eight mouths, when Mr. Mitchell went out, strong and healthy, one morning, and was killed by the falling of a wall, left after a sions, and died on hour after her baby was born. There was money enough to bury | sleepin'?" them: but we never knew anything about their relations or friends. Mr. Mitchell was from Scotland, and we supposed his

wife must have been a foreigner, too, as no the beautiful angels of God. Ted's father one came to claim the baby, although we was there too. felt it our duty to advertise. We tried faithfully to find her people; but now-oh, went to bed?" asked Ted, as they passed

turned with a small jewel box full of trink-

jewels, look valuable; and we thought if we throne shall feed them, and shall lead them were not able to educate the child, we noto living fountains of waters, and God Miss Drake was turning over the trinkets

a poor man. But Lenore should have let | Bobby's gratches clattered over the floor

money he would give me, how many jewels, her child is not like her -uot at all like ham Davis he says he's got his eye on a fine he had kept closed since his wife died. He | "No. Louise and I often spoke of that. of his shop. He hopes Stabbs won't take told me all his children would hate me, but | Mrs. Mitchell was pure blonde, and Len. | it in, for the longer it's out the cheaper it is. that I could defy them all, and out-dress ore has dark eyes and hair like her father." | But, mother, 'tain't a chicken at all; it's the smartest of them! Fine temptations! "You will tell her! Let her come to me | an old crow-biddy. We are gain' to have a

the money that har lain idle so long be of his verse," thought the mother.

"Indeed, indeed I will! But you are | ruld!" Ted was shricking. He chuckled | in Pine Bluff, Ark.; his an old yellow hen to see if she was settled comfortably. It not to talk of fegacies. You are to get well now and then over the thought that this which lately hatched a lot of chickens. She certainly was a very old lady who bade her and let me make amends for the long years | very night, on his way home, he would be and her little ones were put in a garden

> so Lenore said. the money," she told him. "You would rivers shouting merrily just before Thanks- | dead: I know this to be true, for I had to make a fine fuss if I sent you away because giving. And suddenly, in the midst of all | pack the dead ritt off. Wasn't she a placky

evening she spent in Miss Drake's room. But, after she was married, they were here!" bawled a policeman, as poor little consoling Edgar by an hour down stairs, coaxed to come and see a handsome cottage Ted was lifted up out of the pitiful tur. of the municipality in a big iron safe. The she had had built close to her own house, All through the autumn and winter Muss | coaxed to superintend its completion, coax-Drake occupied the room at the Misses | ed to send out the farniture they prized the West's and in the spring was preparing to most to make it home-like, coaxed to sell return to her country home, when she was | the rest, and give up their boarding-house

BOBBY'S TERSE

OF THE BEY, EDWARD A. LIND. "Here's yer Times, Press, and Hervoted nurse she proved herself. Her opin- | ruld !" sang out a sharp, shrill boy voice !

the servants were entirely omitted in the ! More than one passer-by said, "Beems to bills. Miss Maria rubbed her nose, and | me that little feller will have a late supper,

But Ted Thompson had a purpose in these It was a long illness, and the patient, as | protracted sales. In his pocket was a foldthe days grew botter and botter, weakened | ed slip of paper. Penmanship and figures | were on it,-not elegant peumanship, and

"One more for Bob's thanksgiving!" When he had sold his last paper, and "Oh, come!" she cried. "Miss Drake | made the last mark in his account, then be

"Now for home and some supper !" Not a very nice home was Ted's; for he it, 'Lenore! Lenere!' and fainted away. lived in a tall tenement-house squeezed Aunt Maria, you are as white as a ghost! grim, and all had a thin look, as if much crowding had pressed them together and through long, lean entries with an an-

> "Bobby up, mother !" A voice issued from the dimly lighted "Well, Ted, I'm sorry; but the little fel-

come and see him." Ted followed his mother, who had a "I will not," Miss Maria said. "I will worn, anxious face, into a little bedroom. down on his brother Bobby-a child with dicated that Bobby was a cripple.

"Do-do you s'pose he'd wake-if-I kise him ? Jest easy, you know. "I guess not, Ted." The peaceful face stirred a bit when the retailer of news from Europe gave i "jest-easy-you-know" kiss. Ted lifted

"Don't you s'pose he thought it was one of the angels I told him about when I came them as takes care of boys and gals

"I shouldn't wonder, Ted." There were tear-marks on her face ; for she thought of her children who were with

"Did he say his verse, mother, 'fore he "Yes, Ted." That verse ! Is it any wonder that a half

the Bible as a typical verse, suggesting many blessings? This was it: "They shall hunger more, neither thirst any more; neither "We kept these," she said "though we shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. let Lenore use the clothing. Home of the For the lamb which is in the midst of the

> The next morning this family of three arose early, for Ted must take out his news.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## THE SILENT BARBER

Front morn dll night He to: hel to win, And raked in guite A plip of tib. . . . Folks plarvelled much He Biver veaml

A word as " Nest!" It was a change. Bofroshing quite, Erom those who range With all their might

Their dars with such

Through politics Base ball and sin. And lather mix Too much with chin. Prospetity

Is his indeed, A verity The craft should heed. If you would tain A measure such

HEDGEHOG VASERPENT. The hedgehog cantionaly approached the sleeping reptile and seized the end of his tail between his teeth. Then he rolled himself up in a compact ball and awaited developments. The snake, awakened by the pain, turned upon his enemy and frught with his lange. The hedgehog, retaining his hold, allowed himself to be dragged back and forth during the struggle, and merawhile the sergent's laws had become lacerated and useless from constant assents upon the spines of its enemy. In a fer minutes the serpent had become exinrolling himself, disemboweled the se pent and ate his meal. In this case the

Dr. Fitzgerald : My grandma; who lives

The Chinese colony of New York has pennies in a paper and it said 'For Bob's tion to the position, for there is a Chinese' Thanksinvin'. He knows the family. I jealous of his sacoessor.

tell ye that takes hold of ye." . Here the apothecary wiped his eyes. "Do you know where he lives, sir ?" "Down in Back Alley, I think."

"Ah I believe I have some houses there. My agent has told me so." "Better go down and take a look at 'em,

Stately a good friend on the earth, he would soon have a little friend in heaven. This though, was the seventh; for six litte Thompsons had all found a home of plenty in the disaster ht Fort Du Quesne. In this in the skies.

Thanksgiving morning came, new, brigh "Oh!" sobbed Bobby, pointing at Ted тоге Ѕин. Yes, opening them and coming back to this world a moment! And going also to

"Bay - your - verse - Bobby - your Thanks-"came the words-ob, so slowly and feebly !

Ted stopped and began egain: "They Then he stopped, and-forever. His eye

"He's-goue-to-spend-Thanksgiving -in heaven," said his poor mother, covering her face with her hands. Then Bobby dropped his head and sobbed bitterly.-Watertown, Mass.

WHY WE EAT MINCE PIES.

That was a quaint touch of history which

Dr. Griffiths gave his hearers at Shawmut

Edward Gower, Fort Covington, N. Y.

bottef hot cross bons."

The way is plain-Don't talk so much.

bedgehog does not kill the serpent directly but obliges him to kill himself by dashing

A PLUCKY HEN.

A FINANCIAL DEADLOCK.

municipal government of its own and 12 of the leading Chinamed are chosen officers, thereof. They keep the money and papers safe is locked with 12 ponderous brass padlocks. Each of the 12 members of the key to one of these madlocks. When the asfe is opened all the 12 must be on hand. Gen. Li Yu Doo, the distinguished Mongolian buried a few days ago, was a member of the board of aldermen, and now the municipal affairs of "Little China" are in a muddle. They can't find the key to unlock his padlock, and, even if they ochld, no Chinaman would all the place officially. of Li Yu Doo. No one will accept an elecsuperstition that the dead man would-be

A BULLET FROM THE HEART OF A TREE

shot from a subshet by one of Braddock's men during the campaign which colminat-

. DONT. Brother, you are just about to send as a bit of original poetry. Suffer a word of advice: Don't! There are not sixty good poets in these United States, which is less than one for every one million of the inhabitants. Don't you see that the chances are too many against you? It is probable that your poetry is only prose run mad. We are writing this as much for our own protection as for yours, because neither of the editors of the Herald is sure of good poetry when he sees it. Of course we both enjoy good poetry, and read none other. We know what is good because we know what the world has pronounced such. You can easily imaging our embarasament when a piece of original poetry comes into our sanctum. We at once say, "A million chances to one this is not good poetry;" and we are alraid to decide, lest it should appear how ulterly lacking in poetic taste we are. So for our own sakes, and for

THE BIBLE TOT SECTABIAN ... The newspapers report that in a case in lic orthodoxy. For this reason this partic- | they preferred. This decision bears upon historical symbolic pastry from all sugges- isfactory to those to whom the Bible itself tions of Roman colesiastical dominion, and is a sectarian book when not used under can eat it without asking any questions, ex- the direction of the priests of their own cept for digestion's sake, as innocently as Church.

> A juguant is he who won't drink at bars, but keeps a jug under his bed - The Lane. In Genevathere is a wine shop to every

am. and 5 mpm

mpoun

Sioms: Blens Site. Grerel, Ber tes er Vemitte de S Cente per Botto LANCE COLI EL The Contract of DATHEAL

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to the Kot Doing Charles c ava E. Corte Deme is gents, HOSTREALS S OF YOUTH

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aged men. Send som I

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-11-

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Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, The Finest Perfumes in the Market.

For Xmas Presents I have a Loantiful selection

"Comfort!" said Lenore, reproachfully,

Ye-es," said Miss Louise reluctant-

Lenore blushed augrily. It was a sore | us know where she was. It was Donald | promptly, and he nestled for a moment in point that ale hed refused an succent wid. Mitchell's pride, I suppose, that kept her his brother's arms. Then Ted went off. ower of large wealth who occupied the sileut. He said he would starve before he ! "Serry, Ted. I didn't have more breakwhole parlor floor, paid like a prince, and touched her father's money. But when fast than that cracker for we this mornin," had one foot and apparently part of the my brother died, and left everything he said his mother, following him into the enother in the grave. He had made love to owned to me, he knew, and I knew, that it try. Lenore in such open fashion that the whole was in trust for his daughter. And I have | "That is all right, mother. Bay, do you house could see his devotion, and he took | never touched a dollar of her money. I | s'pose he knows bout Thanksgivin',-what his refusal in high wrath, and left the bouse lived in the old house because I could keep | I'm s-doin'? Every penny I can make by

it in better order so, but I have spent only | sellin' beyond t'other boys' hours. I set it "I hated him!" Lenore would say, when. | my own small income. I have tried to find | down here and save for Bob's Thanksgivin'. ever he was mentioned, and her brown | Lenore, but my investigations were all | See how they grow ! . . eyes would blaze angrily, her little hands | made quietly until this winter. I came to | Ted took out the paper that had the reclenched, and her voice trembled with the city to seek my niece, and Providence | cord of the extra sales. emotion. "He offered himself to me as if directed my steps here. I did not look | "I tell ye, mother, Bob shall have a good I was for sale, telling me low much pin for Lenore's child, but for herself. And Thanksgivin'. We'll live bigh. Now Tink-

And the old maids were eilenced by the darling?" young maid's indignation. It was Edgar | But she ceased to weep for the dead when | won't ye ! 'I tell him it is a Thankegivin' Casewell's hour for returning home, when the arms of the living Lenore were once | verse. I did well when I picked it out; the Misses West and Legore were discuss. | more around her, and kisses pressed upon | didn't I ! " ing the new boarder. There was seldom ber withered lips. any one in the parlor at that hour, just be- | "Dear aunt," Lenore said, caressing her, room she saw's lonely cracker on the little fore the six o'clock dinner, but since their | "I loved you before. How much more I | table.

wait for him there. So, as I havesaid, she ! "And only to-day," Miss Drake said, "I ! cracker ! Jest like him. He left it for Bobhad half her attention fixed upon the street. | was thinking I must alter my will, and let | bie, I know. Well I will hear Bobby say "I feel sorry for her, Aunt Louise; she use somewhere. I will send for my lawyer, - Bobby showed that He was making good | hausted with his efforts, and the hedgehog, told me she was all alone in the world, and and tell him I have found Lenore's daugh. progress in learning his Thanksgiving verse. the has come to the city to board for the ter-found her through her own kindness It was certainly very comforting to a hunwinter, because she is so desperately lovely to a desolate old woman. But for that I gry little fellow to know there was a place in her own home. And she is very feeble, should never have seen your mother's pearl | where food would be abundant. The days | too. Oh, it must be dreadful to have no plu, never have dreamed you were not Miss turning like golden wheels toward Thanks. apon the sharp spines, The tears were in her eyes as she spoke, I am too ill to make legacies, but you will last came the day before Thanksgiving.

"I lost my old servant last week," she | was too much for Miss Drake's strength. | Thanksgiving. He was so much absorbed | and the little chicks to cry, so we went to said to Leucre; "she was my maid for For a few days she lingered, Lenore never in happy thoughts that he did not pay at- see what was the matter. There was a fify-four years, more like a friend than a leaving her, and then passed away in sleep. tention to a horse and carriage turning very large rat trying to get a little chick, servant, and I am lost without her. I her hand clasped fast in that of her gentle a corner near him, just, as he was and the old ben was fighting him with all must have some one to replace her, but I hurse.

Lenere langued a bright, little langh that | you inherited some money. east trouble to the winds. For once she forgot Edgar as she unpacked and put in | him. order a very plain wardrobe and some Dinner found her still busy, and all the money.

contrived that the hours she spent in Miss | whose daughter I am." her as a matter of course, and a most deion regarding the old lady's poverty had in the streets of the great city very late one never changed, and the dainty food brought | sultry . November night. "La-tust news to the room, the extra service required from | from-You-r-r-rup ?"

away, when, one evening. Lenore came in wants you. I think she is delirious. I said: had on the little pearl pin that was poor mamma's, and she cried out when she saw

So she grew up in the midst of strangers, door.

was sure that was Lenore's pin."

her tears falling fast.

chicken Stabbe the batcher has at the door sonn. Oh! my Lenore-my poor, dead | gen-ny-wine chicken for Boll's Thanksgiven'. Yes, sir ! Now, mother, you hear Bob's verse,

West's niece. Levere, I cannot think now; giving revolved slowly but sarely, and at

Then the Misses West proved equally looking wished they could look away just beavily-packed boxes that were not opened. trying, utterly refusing to touch Lenore's then, and yet could not do it!

The doctor said change of sir might the figures were uneven. Ted langued benefit her when she was strong enough to | when he looked at them. And whenever | would "do lots " for the folk there, and esbe moved, but did not suggest any immedi- he sold a paper, he took out this scrap of pecially for Bobby and his mother. That, paper, unfolded it, and set down a mark,

"No, I am not ill. Stay here, dear, till flattened them. Up the dirty stairways, Then, white and trembling, like a culprit | wholesome atmosphere, Ted made his way, who expects sentence of death, she went to reaching a door which he eagerly opened,

tell you the truth. But let me make you She held up the lamp, while Ted looked And she gently propped her up with pil- a sweet face, now placid in sleep. A little lows, her hands shaking as badly as those pair of crutches by the side of the bed inhis deep blue eyes toward his mother, and fire. His poor little wife went into convul- home from Sunday-school the last time,-

we love the child, we love her! If you out to the kitchen table, on which was have any claim upon her, let us share it." Ted's scant supper. "I shall not live long to claim her," was the sad reply. "But have you nothing of her mother's excepting the pearl pin! I Miss Maria went to her room and re-

could sell them. But we have had all she shall tripe away all tears from their

When Ted's mother went back into the "There, if that Ted didu't leave his

"Here's your Times, Press and Her-

And by such arguments she conquered street, and the team turning the corner rushed upon him. Oh, oh! how everybody "Take him into the 'pothecary's store

> "Do you know who he is?" inquired the elegant Mrs. Stately, all her sitks rustling | Chinese council or board of aldermen has a as she beamed upon the apothecary. "Ob, yes!" said Dr. Drugs. "They call him the smart little feller. Selle early and late, especially late. I s pose they are poor folks, and he has to. O marm! there are lots of em-lots of poor! They'll have a mean Thanksgivin' if somebody don't favor 'em That's so, marm! P'liceman just broke down, marm, fairly cried, saying he found in this poor little chap's pocket some

said De. Drugs bruntly. "I-I-I will," said Mrs. Stately, who did not personally know how poorly some people lived in the world. She had never seen her gramy old tenement houses: Ebe kept her word, went, resolved she though, could not save Ted. It was evident that if Robby had found in Mr.

lying on his bed, " he -he's openin -hiseyes-mother! Is he goin' to git well ?"

-shall-hunger-no-more. shut again. A smile seemed to flutter ou his face, like the music of a bright wing

church yesterday about the mince pie. says the Boston Advertiser, His was a Christmas sermon, with all the rest, and in the yours also, we again say, Don't?-Methocourse of it he said : "The mince pie, whatever it may be to weak digestions, is also a harmless relic of the old medieval custom of teaching traths by visible emblems, even as the passover was shadowed forth which suit was brought by the Catholic by the roast lamb, bitter herbs, unleavened | taxpayers to prevent the reading of King cake, water and wine. This composite pie James's version of the Bible in the public is a picture and symbol of the manger of schools at Jamesville, Wis., Judge Bennett Bethlehem. In its original oblong shape it | decided that such reading was not sectarian typified the place of the cattle, and by instruction. The children of the peditionits meats, spices and fruits in their order. ers, he hald, were not obliged to listen :if: what was present at the birth of Jeans- | they did not desire, and the Bible had been the flesh of oxen and of the shepherd's flocks, | decided upon by the authorities as one of the Oriental frankincense and myrrh of the text-books for Wisconsin schools the Magi and the food out of the earth for | There was nothing, however, to prevent man and beast. To eat mince pie was once | the children from reading a version of the a test of orthodoxy, that is Rodan Catho- Bible accepted by the Catholic church if starved boy like Ted should pick it out of ular delicacy is tabooed by the ultra Pro- its face the evidences of fair, dispussionate testants. Now, however, we have won this judgment. But it will, of course be unsat-

Nov. 19, shot and killed his wife while he

able to stop at the shop of one Stabbe and | just back of the house. In a little while But the shock of her sudden discovery buy a "gen-ny-wine" chicken for Bob's | the old her began to make a great noise. starting to cross the street. There was her might. Presently ar. Rat thought the Edgar Casswell was provoking. At least | such a commotion, too, on every hand, -- | old hen was too hard for him, and he the horse cars rambling, the heavy drays would run off. But, no the hen followed "As if it made any difference who has thumping, grocers' wagous rattling, the bim, and lought bim until the rat was

> A white pine; tree iwas out recently in Garret Connty, near the site of the old Braddock road and converted into shingles. It was a large tree, and by expert woodsmen estimated to be at least 800 years old. In cutting it up the saw going through some tough substance, then supposed to be a knot, attracted attention, and investigation disclosed a bullet imbedded within two inches of the heart. The tree at this point was 32 inches in dismeter. About onethird of the bullet was named away, the remainder, weighing at least an ounce, being left in a corner of the batt end of a shingle. Tue ball is supposed to have been

> > event the bullet was imbedded in the tree 133 years ago, each year's growth burying it deeper. It is a most interesting memento of the ill-starred compaign of 1755 .- Balti-

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