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> Shop at foot of River Street. THOS. EBBAGE, Manager J. V. KANNAWIN

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See his Papers and Price beford parting with

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A Little Talk About

Figures may lie and facts distorted be, But socing is believing, come and see.

showing a number of new lines of Shoes and Slippers specially adapted for the season. These new goods are being sold at prices as low or lower than those saked for old styles and shop-

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Medition this paper, Rochester, N.Y.

Nurseryman, Rochester, N.

ent's Wear,

Ladies' Wear.

Miss Kezish's grand-nephew, and the little at me?" house stood on half an acre of ground, which bore nothing but old-fashioned before autumn came.

fellow, with a real friendship for the poor old woman, he paid attention to every word

you might manage to do it after all." that they could be bought, but he, being-

shelling pease on the doostep. You can have these." "Oh, how lovely !" said Miss Keziah.

myself I'll hev more any way."

paper and envelopes, and in a cozy den o his own at the college sat down and composed the following billet : Baby's Wear. I must, of course, conceal my name and give

> soul, and I think of you night and day. It is foolish, perhaps, but I long for somethis

you well. Will you send me that? You cannot dream what it will be to me to have it for m own-my very own. Yours-ever anknown, bu Address L., Post Office.

essor addressed one to every student in the waited results. They were satisfactory. A - flush tickled vanity rested on the cheek of ever youth under the academic roof that day.

The bait was swallowed. . The little boy who was employed for the tained a love-letter, more or less tender, gravat, of delicate color, sedulously rumpled | delegiatingly dong, and not ma jumble of

a little to appear to have been worn. Many socidents.

inclosed photographs and begged an inter- | GOLDEN THOUGHTS FOR EVERY view. Some professed to remember "that lovely face," to feel sure they knew it well. The professor packed away the letters

and photographs, and took the cravats to Miss Keziah. "The college boys sent you these," he said. "Will they do?" "Do!" cried Miss Keziah. "Why, they are beautiful! I couldn't dream of nothin' more soothin' than the colors. I

can't believe I'm awake. Oh, them good young men! May they all get the first prizes and honors! And as for you, jest show them cravats at the gates of heaven, and you'll get let in. There's a goodness in this that I a'nt got no words for. Wh else would care whether a poor old maidold enough to be his gran'ms-had nothin or not? Don't you think I'd orter go up to say I'm obleeged at the college?"

"They don't admit ladies," said the professor; "but I'll take your message." That evening he enjoyed himself greatly over the letters and the photographs, while old Miss Keziah, with dove-like murmurs

of joy designed her crazy quilt. Every one has some talent. Miss Keziah's certainly was for quilts.

gether. She had the advantage of perfect would imagine we were drining. Time material: and at last, when the exhibits along by force, and he us .- W. S. Landor. were presented to the committee, and she Wednesdaylaid hers upon the table, it looked really lovely amongst the garish colors of its

Miss Keziah had never had a triumph in all her life before; but now she heard praises of her quilt in all directions; and the professor one morning brought her local paper, in which appeared a paragraph to the following effect: "The most admired of all the exhibits at our

Keziah Pruden, an old resident of our town. It is certain to take the prize." Miss Keziah pasted this notice on a card and framed it in a little rustic frame. N operatic soprano ever rejoiced more utterly

in her press notices. And moreover, an offer was made for her "Would she sell it for a hundred dollars?"

wrote the committee. "If I was rich I'd never part with it, said poor Keziah to the professor. keep it for remembrance of you and them

good young men." But the professor told her that the would rejoice in her good luck, and she wrote a trembling consent to the sale, blotted with tears of happiness.

The prize was hers. When the fair was closed she held in her hand a hundred and twenty-five dollars, and in her, heart the happiness that a little flutter of tickled vanity must give one unused to it. Moreover, she had several orders for

quilts from wealthy ladies who had desired to buy the original, and the professor's idea the dressmaker, that boarded here, thed to had really made her life easier. Besides, now that Miss Keziah Pruden had become a little famous, one or two boarders came to occupy her vacant rooms.

That crazy quilt was a pivot on which The profesor kept his counsel, enjoyed his laugh alone, and was not spiteful. Nobody ever made any confidences concerning or her style elegant. Professor Vernon those letters, except young Grub. Young boarded with her out of pure charity, for Grub was very plain and not vain, and very he might have lived where he chose. But fond of the professor. Before he left col-Miss Keziah did her best to make him lege, they supped together, and afterward comfortable, and he knew that now all the sat smoking in the moonlight on a balcony.

"Professor Vernon," said young Grub, "if I tell you something, you'll not laugh

"Oh, no," said the professor. "It's fcolish," said Grub, "You know flowers and an ancient grapevine, that gave I'm an awfully ugly fellow, rough and all that; no hero for a love tale-but-I have with me? Could any one believe it? . The professor sat eating his breakfast as handsome girl. I never saw ber. I'd give my life to find her. I'd worship the ground she trod on. She wrote to ask me for a cravat I had worn, to treasure; Really, I'm ashamed to tell you; but if any one "Things do happen better than we ex- writes to ask where Orlando Grub has gone, pect, Misa Keziah," he said. "Perhaps you'll give my address. I'd come from the end of the world. She wouldn't tell her

"Couldn't, you know, in modesty," said "No." said Grab, "She might have trusted me. I'm so thankful for a little

love; it's not as it is with a lady's man. Well, I suppose I'll never meet her." "The world is a small place, after all. Most people meet. You may have met the writer of that letter without knowing it." "No," said Grub, softly. "No; I should

The professor would not have told him the truth for all the world, nor did he feel like smiling when, on parting, Grub said "You know I shall be happier all my life for that letter. I did not think any one

A little boy's heroism was tested not long

### A MODERN ISAAC.

ago through a mistake. The editor of contemporary relates that a gentleman in in a New England town proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful cemetery beside the river, beyond the town. Calling his son, a bright little boy some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell, and the father said, "Don't you want to go child answered, trustfully, "Yes, papa, if drove under the wide archway he clung to alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree shadowed avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting-place of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. : After an hour so spent, they return. ed to the carriage and the tather lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, and drew a eigh of relief and asked. Why! am I going back with you?" "Of course you are; why not?" "I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery college and arranged for their delivery, and | they left them there," said the child Many a man does not show the heroism in

> look up to his Heavenly Father when the call comes, and say from his heart "Thy

summons to leave the world. He who can

DAY.

Monday-Above the sullen mist-banks gray The sun doth shine, And, watching o'er life's varied way

And blessings numberless do mark The path I go, Whether the day be bright of dark. Calm trust I know. Upon the rugged road doth bloom Hearts-case divine :

The light be mine.

There, with her best muse, Contemplation, She plumes her feathers and lets growher wings That, in the various bustle of resort,

Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired. -John Hilton. narrow compass; but age seldom fails to change our conduct ; we grow hegligent of time la proportion as we have less remain-Friday-Faith is that child-like temep the soul which submits implicity to

verything which God orders, but not to that which He can better. If we give up t head winds and hard blows when we ough to baltle on against them, or if we submit to the absence of rich, spiritual blessings without an earnest wrestle for them, then do w deserve all that we suffer. Infinite lov presides at the celestial end of this tele graph; if we do our duty at this end how often has the answer come back in such a

you even as ye will !"-Dr. Cuyler. Saturday-Guard well thy heart lest passion sweep The chords ; and God's sweet melody

Guard well thy heart ! rest not content With visions fair. Unwearled sook Till thou hast found the true love sent By Him who watcheth o'er the weak, Who heeds the supplicant's call. Gaard well thy heart ! fts throbbing life Protect with jealous care. Be not Dismayed, though bitter grow the strife,

HOW TO COOK ONIONS. In answer to a correspondent who, appreciating the wholesome quality of the onion, desires to know how to make the most of it, Mrs. Whitaker says in the New-

England Farmer: The simplest way of cooking an onion is o roast or bake it. Spread a clean paper peeling, and bake from half an hour to s hour or more, according to the size. sure they are done before taking them up then serve them with the skins on. Le each person at the table season the onion with a little salt and a bit of butter, and von will think an onion never tasted as sweet cooked in any other way. This is a

very old fashioned method, but deserves to be kept in mind. Nothing in the way of food is better for cold than a roasted onion, but care should

be taken about exposure to a chill after eating them. Another old-time dish is fried onions. take them up, and if too much fat remains

Many people find the onions to be the most digestible when boiled plain, but it The prattler kept on with his remarks is, perhaps, the most common way of cooking them. They should be boiled in salted water until tender, drained, and seasoned with pepper and butter. The water should be poured off when they are about half

takes away some of the strong taste. boiled onions, or the onion may be chopped after boiling and then the white, or, as it

is sometimes called, cream, sauce poured Mrs. Whitaker also suggests that simplest way of serving an onion is to alice it raw, add a little salt and vinegar, and eat it with bread and butter. This she recommends as an excellent supper for children. Strong varieties should not be eaten the face of death that the child evine- in this way, but the mild Hermuda, the ed in what to him had evidently been a sweet Spacish, and fresh young onions are

> "Well, I declare. It's too bad !" exlaimed a maiden of the Beventh Presby-

" What is it?" "That young pastor of ours. .The secret of the so-called lucky man's | was preaching on trial he never breathed s word about being engaged, but as soon as the Church called him he went right off and got married. He'd a fraud, that's what he is."

BILL NYE FEEDS BRAN.

Many theories have been advanced by editorial farmers for the hard times among agriculturalists, but I inchne to believe it is a falling off in the use of bran. I have a piquant little taffy-colored Jersey cow on my country seat who was a year ago a mental and physical wreck. She suffered from fosomnis, and life seemed to her altogether unlovely. Her only remaining offspring had been kidnapped, and was said to have been in the soup-the mock turtle soup. She pined and fretted a good deal and this preyed upon her vitality, impairing digestion and threatening her with hollowhorn and early death. I got her a large quantity of bran and made a pleasant and

soothing mash upon her by means of it At first she would insert her nose in it up to the top of the lower eyelid, and then looking far away over the purple hills, she would blow this bran mash across the state, and what did not go up the sleeves of my overcost would clink up the barn and freckle our family carriage. But after awhile she ate it almost greedily and soon the birds sang again in her sorrowing heart. She forgot her grief, had no more acidity of stomach, flashes of heat or sinking, ringing in the ears, dizziness or tired feeling, and now she is perfectly well. Last fall she ate not only her three meals a day, but also a scarlet geraniom belonging to my wife, a Mackinac straw bat of mine, two

was patting her on the head, four dollars worth of gladiolus bulbs, a child's shirt aud a dish of blanc mange, which was cooling on the rain-water barrel for the pastor.

> GEMS OF THOUGHT. The mass of trifles makes magnitude. If women lost as Eden, such as she alon

yards of brocaded ribbon from the costume

of a young lady from Chicago who

The sweetest thing in life is the uncloudd welcome of a wife. The angriest person of a controversy the one most liable to be in the wrong. The life of a true man cannot be a life

mere pleasure it must be above all things a ife of duty. The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is never the one who is always doing considerate small opes. The foolish and wicked practice of pro-

fane cursing and awearing is a voice so mean and low that every person of sense and character detests and despises it. Industry is essentially social. No man can improve either himself or his neighbor. without neighborly help; and to better the world is to set the world to work together. No man can say whether he is rich or oor by toroing to his ledger. It is the eart that makes the man rich. He is rich

poor according to what he is, not accordng to be has. Labor is life; successful labor is life and gladness; and successful labor with high aims and just objects brings the fullest, truest, and happiest life that can be lived

upon the earth.

here you have been the past month filling HOW TO MEASURE WHEAT. About the time that Daylel Drew began his Wall street career he was up in the country one time to visit some friends, and two farmers: called upon him to decide a case. One had sold the other five bushels of wheat, and proposed to measure it in a half bushel and sweep the top off the measure with a stick. The other objected and Upcle Daniel was asked to decide.

" Well, legally speaking, a bushel is only bashel," he apswered. " And can the messure be swept off !"

I think it can." .. What with?" "Well, if I was selling wheat I should

robably use half the bead of affour-barrel. " Which edge of it ?" "Gentlemen, that is a point I -cannot ow decide on," sighed the old man. was selling to a widow or a preacher am certain that I should sweep the measure with the straight edge, but if I was selling to a man who pastures his cows in the road and his pigs in his neighbor's corn' I'm afraid I should use the circular side and scoop a little to boot."- Wall Street Daily

A THREE YEAROLD MISSIONARY " A little child shall lead them " nore than a bald interpretation would admit. A little child, for example, led a carful of people the other day into geniality out of that apprehensive; beware-of-pickpockets look and attitude which we associate with street car passongers. A boy of three years entered the ear with the cheer. ful enquiry, "can you guess where I've been? I've been to tea!" Even the most stolid passenger looked up and smiled about his experience in high life, and this set everybody to talking. As he left the car he gave the occupants a farewell nod and said, "Good alternoon, friends !" This city missionary of three had thus in a few minutes converted a silent and mutually suspicious company into a group that looked as if life were a jolly pic-nio, and every

tian Union.

man a brother-for this occasion .- Chris-

METHOD OF PREPARING BUT As given by ex-Congressman W. L. Scott my New Orleans friend, who told me he ras eighty-seven years old, and has set on formula for preparing the milk. You put he buttermilk in a pan which is set in ho water. The milk is brought to the boiling coint, but not allowed to boil. Then the beavy part is skimmed off ; the whey which remains is set aside to cool. I drank lass of it three times a day as bot as I could bear it in my throat. After you get used o it you will like it better than champagne t has a delicions soid taste. I have been a great sufferer for years with inflammation of the mucous membrane, which caused my dyspepsis, and this is the only thing that has ever permanently belped me.-

What is a kiss? A kiss is, as it were, a seal expressing our sincers attachment; the pledge of our future union; a dumb but audible language of a loving heart; a prestaken from us; a crimson balsam for a love-wounded heart; an affectionate pinching of the month ; a delicious dish which is eaten with scarlet spoons; a sweetmeat which does not satisfy our bunger; a fruit which is planted and gathered at the tame moment; the quickest exchange of ques-

tions and answers of two lovers.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

DE DATE BRITTLE 'A farmer's life is mine by choice

That chased my bines away. Far from the noisy marts of the de-The crowded city's dip. labor safe and undismayed, Until the light begins to fade, When the bours of rest begin.

Watching the sowing and sprouting of seed That will help two hungry worlds to feed-The Old at welk as the new. Look at my steadow-land rich with gold, The gold of the riponing grain; Where is the mine that can unfold Such lifegiring wealth as the warrior beld Might perff his life to gain ?" .

As to take all the landscape in.5 You city folk never can feel at case; No wonder you have the blues :-While I am tending my cattle and been And corn, and wheat, and beans, and peas,

You're neglecting your P's and Q's; My stock's at peace; your bulls and bears In quarrellog spend their days; They bother about the world's affairs; My only sublunary cares

Their constant task it is to quote The stock-board's shifting range; While I have no change to note; And save at intervals remoted So life is very sweet to me; Toil wins me well-earned rest And I am jolly-for, you see, Of all the happiest lives there be,

CHIP DIRT

A boy returned from school oue day with report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

" Yes, eir."

" How did that happen ?" "Don't know sir." The father knew, if the son did not. He, had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but had not

"Rupty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me helf full of Suspecting nothing the son obeyed.

When half the apples were replaced the "Father, they roll off. I can't put is

" Put them in, I tell you. " But, father, I can't put them in." "Put them in! No, of course you can's put them in. Do you expect to all a basket half full of chips and then til, it with apples! You said you did not know why you fell behind at school; and I will tell you. Your mind is like that backet. I

and said, "Whew, I see the paint

The Rev. Egerton Young, be Danadian missionary, says :-" When I see living at my station I introduced the justivation of potatoes, and in the course of a fer sessous from four potatoes which I brought with me from Hamilton, there was a large production. The Indians became very fond of them, so much so, that giving way to their natural improvident habits, they would have eaten their whole crops, without eaving any seed potatoes for next season. Be I had to get them to bring some to me to mind for them. But I did not get leave to keep them quietly, by every possible means they tried to get them from me, often pleading the illness of a friend or a relative. At this particular time my stock of potstoes has got very low, when a band of trading Indians visited my tribe, the Crees. The first news I had was from & Christian chief named 'Randall : who, running to me said :- 'Ob missionary, there is a band of Pagan Indiana here trading with de for skins, and they say, 'We have beard of the potatoes, and we want to make a bargain with you. If you get your missionary to give us one syuare meal of potatoes we shall come and hear him preach three times. My stock of potatoes was indeed low, in I did not think I was justified in refusion to take advantage of such an opportunity of proclaiming the Gospel to men who had never before heard it. and thight never again come under its influence | 88 I accepted their offer. These Africans had wonderful appetites, and it care it me some twinges to see the inroads the made into

misguided wretch was taken to prison, what part of speech is 'poor?' Johnny-"Poor" is an unnecessary word;

mom. There sin't any misguided wretches Speaking of wife besters," remarked McCorkle, "McCreckle beat his last evening very badly." . . . . . "You don't tell me !'l exclaimed Mrs."

MODERN MIRACLES. A singer for breath was distressed

But she took G. M. D. For her weak lungs you see, And now she can sing wife the best. Autathlete gave out, on dun, And he feared his career track G. M. D., juny obser Gave back his lost there

And now he can lift half a tot. A writer who wrote for a prise, Had headaches and pain in the eyes: G. M. D. was the spell .... That made him quite well

These are only stramples of triumphs of Dr. Pierce V. Discovery in restoring health. wasted vitality. Bold by all

-ACTON-

Oll Colors, Water Colors, China Colors, Brusines Etc., Etc., Ready Mixed Paints, Aspen-walfs Enamels, Cords, Wires, Nails, Chains, Hooks, Etc.

HE DIDN'T AMOUNT TO SHUCKS There was Bijab. Ben and Bart,

Who war smart; Bons of old Abijah Blander-See his house 'way over yander, War ye see that long-necked gander On the cart? . But Bill the younges' watched the ducks Because he didn't amount to shucks.

I tell ye, Bijab, Ben and Bart Did their part, W'y ye never see sich bustlers-Nover see sich tarnal hustlers; They was reg'lar roarin' rustlers-They war smart. But Bill he uster loaf an' stop, An' loll, an' lally gag and gawp. Them fellars, Bijah, Ben and Bart,

Not a chap could beat their showin'

Plantin' harvostin' or mowin'

Nover uster laugh an' holler,

Or at tatorin' or hoein'-

Made things start;

A great head.

They war smart. But Bill losfed roun'and watched the duck Because he didn't amount to shucks. An Bill was lazy, so they said, An' half doad ;

Never tried to make a dollar, But he was a fost rate scholar, He'd take some tarnel books and shirk, An' let his brothers do the work.

> An' they sent Bill to General Court Curus sport, An' he with them air legislaters, den, Is pose ur similar naturs. Who thort be was some pertaters. Held the fort. His speeches wuz so fuller snap

They struck 'our like a thunder class. He talked so well and knew so much, Books an' such, That he now lives way up yander In the State House-quite a gander-An' folks call him Governor Blander --It's too much, The chap who uster watch the ducks

But what uv Bijah, Beu and Bart. Who war smart? Never four thet they'll forsake us-Bige an' Hen are good shoemakers. Bart he drives Josiah Baker's Butcher's cart. An'all three brag about the ducks

Because he didn't amount to shucks.

An Bill who didn't amount to shucks. Select Family Reading.

Those Good Young Men. BU MIET ETLE DILLIS. There is to be a prize offered for the handsomest crazy quilt 'at the fair," said Miss Keziah Pruden, "and it's a prize of twenty-five dollars. I know I could get it if I had the silks, for I've got a real dangerous maniac idea about one. But, gracious me! nobody won't give you no scrapsnowadays; and as for buyin' 'em, why, could nummore afford it than a cat. sides, there wouldn't be no objec'. I've got sewin' silk enough. Samanthy Spriggs,

throw her ends of spools and skeins tito a

paper box, that she left when she got married. Said I might have 'em, but I can't get pieces. Well, I've got to give it up, that's all; though it would give me fortune turned for the mild old woman. church clothes this fall!" Poor Miss Keziah was old and plain and poor, and her house was not well furnished summer boarders had left her he stood be- It was a romantic moment. tween the little household and starvation. There was a little boy to be taken care of.

promise of plenty every summer, but was given over to evil-minded worms long one. Do you know a girl has fallen in love

But poor old Keziah shook her head, and he say her wipe away a tear with the corner of her apron as she turned away; and it occurred to him that men had accomplished much more hopeless things than the procuring of bits of silk for a crazy quilt. A woman would have known man, did not know how or where a number +SHOES+ small pieces of various colors might be procured. He knew enough of crazy quilts to see that these were necessary, and he

pondered long and deeply. Finally, he went to his room and brought down two cravats, a blue and a pearl color, and laid them on the old lady's apron as she sat "Would that sort of silk do?" he asked,

'Just perfect; but don't you deprive yourself? No? Well, thank you. I'll get a bit of black, and start-sort of pretend to And the professor, with a smile, caugh p his hat and started for the college. Or the way he purchased a box of delicate note

you no clew to my identity. You will see tha when you have road what I am about to write I am a young lady of seventeen, belonging to a family of high social position; and I may say since you do not know me, that I am not only rich but handsome. I have had many offers but since I have seen you I can think of no one else. Your appearance, your manner, the inteligence of your countenance, all thrill my very

Having manifolded this letter, the pr

purpose brought a bugful of envelopes to will be done," has received the kingdom of terian Church. the professor each evening for three days. beaven as a little child .- (Luke xvii, 17). vivacious, or sentimental, according to the | luck will, with some exceptions, of course, character of the writer, and a brand new | be found in something he has thoughtfully

Is love benign:

To those who will, the shado and gloom

Tocsday-There is a greater difference both in the stages of life and in the seasons of the year than in the condition of men; yet the healthy pass through the seasons. from the clement to the indement, not only unreluctantly but rejoicingly, knowing that the worst will soon finish, and the best begin anew; and we are desirous of pushing forward into every stage of life, excepting that only which ought reasonably to silure us most, as opening to us the Via sacra, along which we move in triumph to our eternal country. We labor to get through a crowd. Such is our impatience, such She concocted of the delicate cravats a our hatred of our procastination, in every very marvel of beauty, that reminded one | thing but the amendment of our practices of the leaves of wild flowers cast down to- and the adornment of our hature, one

Thursday-At our outrance into the world, when health and vigor give us fair promise of time sufficient for the regular maturation of our schemes and a long engreat fair is a crazy quilt, the work of Miss joyment of our acquisition, we are eager to seize the present moment; we plack every gratification within our reach without suffering it to ripen into perfection, and crowd all the varieties of delight into a ing and soffer the last part of life to steal from us in languid preparations for future undertakings, or slow approaches to remote advantages, in weak hopes of spme fortultous occurence, or drowsy equilibrations of undetermined counsels .- Dr. S. Johnson.

shape that faith reads on it, "Be it unto

Be lost: lest from the ruins leap The spirit of the unrest set free. And o'er thy life dark chaos fall

And dark contention mark thy lot, Fear, not, He ruleth over all.

Fry several slices of sweet pork until crisp. in the frying-pan turn out a part, then fill with onions peeled and sliced; cover closely. and cook until done,

done, and fresh boiling water added; this Escalloped or baked onions are prepared by boiling them as described above : drain and put them into a deep pie plate or a shallow pudding dish. Make a white sauca like that so often described in the cookingschool reports, but which I will repeat. Melt a table-spoonful of butter; in a sauce-Willie?" The little lip quivered, but the | pan, and add one table-spoon of flour, stir together until well mixed and bubbling you wish." The child was strangely silent | have ready one cup of hot milk, pour during the drive and when the carriage little on to the butter and floar, and stir until smooth, then add the remainder of his mother's side and looked up in her face | the milk gradually. Pour this sauce over with pathetic wistfulness. . The party the onions; sprinkle on a layer of cracker crumbs, add a few bits of Butter, set in the oven until the crumbs are brown. The white sauce may also be poured over plain

New York Press.

THE JOLLY PARTER.

Said folly Farmer Gray. As he laughed with a loud and if paicel votes

Jolly? Welliolly I am, indeed, And you't be folly, too,

A broad suile lightened the farmer's feet. It rippled from brow to chin. As his stout bands sproad abroad in space

Are touching the crops I raise;

The farmer's is the best."

" Well," said the father, " you've fallen behind this month have you?"

thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the and he said:

"And now." he continued, "put those

it up with CHIP PIRT-che p novels." The boy torned on his a lel, whistled

BRIBED WITH POTATOES.

without corruption, I rejute 2 not a few conversions. So the Lord con sall things to work for His glory, and to be advancement of His cause:" Chicago Child-Look at that Junny man, mamma. What makes him to howlegged? Mamma-I presume, my diar, he lives in St. Louis, and got that way trying to avoid being knocked over by the pigs. Teacher - In the sentence " The poor

my small reserve of potatoes! A they kept

their side of the bargain loys grand came

to hear me preach three time YI tried to

make the gospel plain, and I . I glad to be

ableto state that from this ch tof bribery.

Yes, beat her four games of checkers."

And the doctors all said she must rest

JOHN WILLIAMS.