

THE PERSISTENT EDITOR.

The editor knocked at the pearly gates (He was always good at knocking) And the man in charge, so the legend states, Indulged in a laugh that was mocking.

REUBEN COLE'S CHANGE.

"And roses, Reuben?" Leah Cole said, quietly. The seed catalogue lay open, and she could see the bunch of trifly onions on the open page. Reuben most always ended his list with onions! That wasn't time to wait any longer.

It wouldn't have been so bad with prints of little feet on its graceless sod. "I'm agoin' to run up to John's before the plantin' begins, Leah. There's some business I've got to do with him, an' I need a little change," Reuben said at supper time.

The immediate prospect of a "change" made Reuben unwontedly jovial. He chuckled in pleasant appreciation of his little joke. But Leah was intent on her own thoughts and remained grave enough.

John and Leah were bending over a white redbush, and their hands and fingers came together now and then, in the friendliest nudges. Both of them were laughing with their voices keyed to a spring music.

John's wife laughed and went to it as if the John baby had waked up yet. "She's a great one for fixin' me, Letty is," John remarked, proudly. "I leave the selectin' all to her; then I help set out and tend. There's nothin' like havin' things kind o' pretty around the house."

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All the way home Reuben Cole was revolving his new ideas. In the back of the wagon was a bulky bundle of shrubs done up in burlap. He had driven ten miles out of his way for these. John's wife's slips were in a moist packet under the seat.

Grand ideas—brave ideas. Three-fourths of the way home, he was going to help Leah set out the things and prune them and dress them for her. Poor Leah! She had had of a hard, uphill time of it tryin' to fix up things around home. Come to think of it, Leah was growing real sober and old, late years—Leah! and she used to be the sprightliest, handsomest little woman in the United States!

Why, Reuben—land!—The Housewife.

Dr. Swallow Is Still After Thieves.

Auditor general Mylin has but recently issued his report for the year ending November 30th, 1896. It should have made its appearance in March, 1897, but at that time a very interesting trial was in progress in the Dauphin county court house.

Let us look at a few of the items. PUBLIC GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS. John C. Delaney, salary, \$3,000. Salaries of watchman and employees, \$12,499.92.

What was this for? Arthur A. Hodges, decorations, \$31,998.33. This must have been for the beautiful pictures on the walls of the hall of the house and the corridors.

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An Appropriate Death.

W. C. Brann, of Waco, Tex., met an appropriate end on April 2nd, as the result of a meeting with Captain M. T. Davis. Both men used pistols, and Captain Davis was wounded, perhaps fatally.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Jessie E. Parker, who has just been elected mayor of Kendrick, Idaho, is said to be both young and pretty.

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THE PRACTICE CRUISER BANCROFT.

Several well-known French cyclists have lately, it is said, been rejected as unfit for military service by reason of hypertrophy and other diseases of the heart. Medical men will be rather surprised that the members are so small. There must be few of us who have not seen the ill-effects of over-exertion on a bicycle.

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