

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Daniel Ellis, a hotel keeper at Ringtown, Penna., on the 26th shot and dangerously wounded his wife. Both are reticent, he denying the shooting and his wife refusing to say whether it was accidental or not.

had been kept prisoner by strangers and was turned loose on the 28th. He had less than \$100 in his possession.
A limited express train on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad ran into an open switch at East Rio, thirteen miles east of Portage, Wisconsin, shortly before one o'clock on the morning of the 28th.

ern Abattoir at Montreal, on the 28th, destroyed the hog slaughtering house with 400 dressed hogs and 500 barrels of refined lard. Loss \$27,000. An adjoining lamp factory was damaged to the extent of \$10,000.
Two tramps were run over and killed by a train near Little York, Ontario, on the 30th ult. A telegram from Baraboo, Wisconsin, says that John A. Hamilton, who fell from a car on October 22d and broke his neck, from which resulted a complete paralysis of the body from the neck downward, died at his home on the 28th ult.

Wayside Flowers.
The cultured flowers in gardens bloom And scatter wide their rich perfume For the merry, careless soul; The rose, the lily, mignonette, Geranium, the purple violet, And the ruddy marigold.
But many a little wayside flower Has had a sweet persuasive power To cheer a pensive mind; The asphodel, the golden-rod, The daisy blooming in the sod And nothing in the wind.

air of relief, disregarding the drowsy protest which she uttered.
"Where did you get it?"
"Where did you get it?"
"Where did you get it?"
"Where did you get it?"
"Where did you get it?"

let's side not quite a year ago. She was patient, always, and uncomplaining, but she did not often smile. Perhaps Stephen won those infrequent smiles oftener than anyone else, and he counted them as precious payment for all time and trouble spent in her service.
Only once did he see her shed tears. This was when hoping to give her pleasure, he brought in the first wild roses of the season, and held them before her. Suddenly a spasm passed over her face, she gave a gasp, turned aside, and struggled for composure.

THE WAYSIDE FLOWER.

They were walking down "Love Lane" in a gay, chatting procession—girls with laurel-wreathed hats, young men bearing shawls and baskets, a matron or two; last of all Stephen Fulton, a child on either side of him, and in his arms little Nannie Forsythe half asleep.
Wherever Stephen went children followed, led by an attraction irresistible as that which draws iron filings to the magnet. Grown people could not understand this attraction, but the little ones never mistook it. Sleepy as she was, Nannie's small hand kept patting his shoulder as they went along, and her voice cooed words of drowsy endearment which made Stephen smile, gloomy as he felt that day.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various commodities like Flour, Wheat, Corn, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN'S FIRST WEDDING FEE.

It was their first wedding. The groom was "new," so was the bride, and the Congregational clergyman had committed matrimony only in his imagination. Finally, however, it was all over; the twain was one flesh, and the little wife was weeping in the arms of the mother.
The groom slipped up to the nervous minister, and as that gentleman was about to pass out into the night, pressed a coin into his hand.