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Poetical.

SEPTEMBER.

Sweet is the voice that calls From babbling waterfalls...

Among the stubbled corn The blithe quail pipes its morn...

And past each swallow call their flocks together To fly from frost and snow...

Now comes a fragrant breeze Through the red cedar trees...

Yet though a sense of grief Comes with the falling leaf...

Miscellaneous. YOUNG AMERICA'S WEDDING TRIP.

The train from Grafton due at 11:40 A. M., under the management of that efficient conductor...

"Well, I sorter calculate them 'em," said Jeems...

"Come out of that," said the baggage man; "you're in the wrong car."

"Look here, stranger," said Jeems; "I low you think I'm a darned-fool, may be I am, but there's some things I know, and one of 'em is you'll get your mouth broke if you don't keep it shut."

"Certainly, Lize, you've got some with you? Let this gent look at 'em."

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG OUR COUNTRY."

THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

"What's this?" said the captain. "Why, that's one of the tickets to our wedding..."

"I'll have my way about it; the first one will be a son, sartin," said Jeems.

"Well, I cut her 'posse she won't from in that line she wants, and more to."

"That's a duces party list!" said Jeems, eyeing the well-known "Wonder what it's for..."

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"BRICK" POMEROY ON MOSQUITOES.

"Brick" Pomeroxy gives the following as his experience in getting mosquitoes intoxicated...

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A Tale of Terror.

At the "Crow Inn," at Antwerp, some years ago, a white spectre was seen haunting a lamp in one hand and a bunch of keys in the other...

"Mr. Peter C. Brooks' maxim was that 'the whole value of wealth consists in the personal independence it secures.' An amusing and singular illustration of that distinguished merchant maxim is thus given:

"The landlord finding himself on the brink of ruin, determined to sleep in the haunted room, with a view of proving the groundlessness of the story..."

"The person raised his head, and after a violent and intemperate struggle, as though he were about to unveil the hoarded mystery of his soul, said in faltering tones: 'Porter, you are a gentleman, a christian and a New Yorker...'"

"The London Times."—The pre-eminence of "the old thunder" among the journals of the press is so well known, and though rivals have often attempted to dispute the proud position it occupies...

"The Prince Imperial of France."—It is stated in the late foreigner that the health of the Prince Imperial of France has greatly improved...

"My son," said a father, "take that jug and fetch me some beer."

"Give me your money, then, father."

"My son, to get beer with money, anybody can do that; but to get beer without money, that's a trick."

"Can you tie a knot for me?"

"Well, then, I want a knot tied in my handkerchief to keep it out of the snow should the wicked wind, but as I drove rapidly away, fearing lest the minister, in his profane wrath, should fall from grace."

Recr vs. Tea.

The London Telegraph, in an article on the taxes, takes occasion to say something about beer, (of which the Englishman is so fond), and compares it with tea, the duty of which has lately been reduced.

Wherever the modern Briton goes, he carries with him, as a kind of liquid talisman, his bottled beer. He has been known to take it to the Arctic regions, and when it became frozen, to serve it out almost by the square inch...

With an impartial catholicity of palate, the votary of the amber ale loves to see his bonded bubbles winking at the brim, and yet is never forgetful of the darker charms possessed by porter or stout.

The statistics of beer drinking are simply stupendous. Mr Gladstone, after making all the deductions that occurred over to his peculiarly exact and analytical intellect, computed that every adult male in England consumed the enormous quantity of six hundred quarts per annum.

His father before him were burnt and had passed their lives. But bidders were as scarce as customers; the inn remained for sale for nearly a year, during which from time to time, the spectre re-appeared.

At the usual hour of midnight, accordingly, when the door flew open and the white spectre bearing a lamp and a bunch of keys, motioned him to enter.

From that period the spectre was seen no more, probably because the landlord's daughter removed shortly afterward to a home of her own in the district, who had been one of the loudest in circulating the rumor concerning the Haunted Inn.

"New York City."—The New York World states that New York is at present witnessing an avalanche of prosperity and rush of business unknown in the history of the city.

"Louisville, Ky." of the "loyalty" of which, it is presumed, there is no doubt, must be a pleasant place to live in, just now.

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