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M VERS & BATHPON.

HAGER & BROTHER.

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LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY. DECEMBER 6, 1882.

A MEADOW IDYI. WHY BOB BURDETTE WANTS & FARM.

The Erratic Wanderings of a Crooked Littie stream-A Beautiful Morceau of Nature.

Robt. J. Burdette in Hawkeye.

Robt. J. Burdette in hawkeye. I wish I owned a farm just a few miles west of Cadiz junction, I don't care a cent for the farm, but there runs through it the' crockedest little brook you ever saw. The Star Route business is straight as the golden rule in comparison with it. Crocked? It goes wandering through the mendod as the part of the sear were reen meadow as though all the year were June and it had nothing to do but kill time and loiter about in shady nooks and sunny beaches. Crooked? Not a silver plated shiner that flashes his glittering scales in the sunlight down in the limpid ripples can tell whether he is going up stream or down. The purple plumed iron weed and the bending golden rod, bowing to each other with stately grace across the singing brook, don't know whether they are standing on opposite sides, or if they are on the same side, which side it is. All the way across that meadow it plays hide and seek with itself, boxing the compass in its erratic wander-ings every hundred feet. It came into the meadow, I think, when the wind anemone's were blooming in the ke of the hills that fringe the farm. "Oh, my beautiful darlings," it said, "I will stay here near you." But the wind flowers passed away and the violets opened their blue eyes and the but-tercups shone in the grasses of the meadow. "I have lost my sweethearts," said fiele little brook, "but the meadow

TION COLLAR, WOOLEN POCKETS AND is beantiful since you came into it, and I will stay here until you are gone." And it turned again and loitered to the north, where the wind flowers died, and eddied to the cast, where a bank of violets looked shyly down at him with their great purple blue eyes, and he strolled to the sour a where the butterenps, none abashed, laughed merrilly in the golden sunlight, and he sauntered to the west, where the wild rose, shivering a little, was just trying on her new spring dress, which wasn't long enough to cover her round, wine red arms. And by and by the violets closed their dear blue eyes, and the buttercups faded, and the poor little brook who had got back nicely to the place where he ran under the fence to get into the meadow when he first saw the flowers, rippled slowly over to the wild rose again, who was now in full dress, and where her lovely pink bonnet, and had clusters of buds

Hoffenstein's Busle. New Orleans Times Democrat. "Mr. Hoffenstein," said Herman, as he folded up a pair of pants and placed them on a pile, "if you hof any objections I vould like to get avay from de store von vould like to get avay from de store von efening, and go mit de soldiers to de Span-ish fort." "Vell, Herman, I dinks you had better keep away from de soldiers," replied Hoffenstein, " und stay mit de store, because you know you don't can put any confidence mit de soldiers. I vill tell you vhy.

" Von day vile I was in Vicksturg dur the var, a cock-eyed soldier come in my store mit an old bugle in his hand und he looks around. I asks him vat he vauts, nocks around. I asks him vat us vauts, und he buys a couple of undershirts, den he tells me to keep his bundle and bugle behind de counter until he comes back. After the cock-eyed soldier vent de store out, some more soldiers came in und valk all around vile dey look at the goods. 'Shentlemens, I says, 'do you vant any-ding ?' 'Ve are shust looking to see vot you haf,' said you of dem, und afder avile anodder says ' Bill, shust look dere at de bugle, de very ding de captain told us to get. You know ve don't haf any bugle in de company for dree months. How much you ask for the bugle ?' I debe dem dot I can't sell the bugle because it belongs to a man vot shust vent out. 'I vill gif you \$50 for it, said de soldier pulling his money out. I tells him I don't can sell it be cause it vasn't mise. '1 vill give you \$100,' he said. My gracious Herman vants to sell the bugle so bad dat I vistles De soldier dells me vile dey vas leaving de store dot if I buy de bug'e from the man vot owns it dey vill gif me \$125 for it.' I dell dem I vill do it. I sees a chance, you know, Herman, to make some money by de oberation.

"Ven de cock-eyed soldier comes back he "Ven de cock-eyed soldier comes back he says, 'Get me my bundle and bugle; I got to go to de cam." I says, 'my frent, don't you vant to sell your bugle?' He dells me no, und I says, My little boy Loopold, vot plays in de store, sees de bugle, and he goes all around crying shust as loud as he can, because he dont get it. Six times I dakes him in de yard und vips him, und ho comes right back and cries for de bugle. It shows, you know, how much trouble a man vil haf mit a family. I vill gif you den dollars for it shust to please little Leopold.' 'De soldier von't dake it, und at last I offers him fifty dollars, und he says, 'Vel, I will dake fifty because I can't vaste any more time, I haf to go to the camp.' Af der he goes away was now in full dress, and where her lovely pink bonnet, and had clusters of buds all the way from her throat and shoulders down to her waist. "Ah me," he murmured, "my friende are gone, and I am so lonesome, I was just going to run down to the sea and drown myself. But you are so beautiful I want to stay here where I may see you." And so Violet and Buttercup were laid away with poor little Bloodroot and Sailor's-breeches, and by this time the tittle brook had so many I goes to de door und watches for de sol

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