

"WE ONLY."

Come, wife, dear woman, and sit by me,
For the toilsome day is done,
And many thoughts in my heart are born
With the setting of the sun.

DID HE PROPOSE?

"I couldn't do it," said Martin Ellerslie, with a shudder. It was just the seductive hour before the gasjets are lighted and window blinds turned down—the delicious twilight when grate fires shine like burning masses of ruby, and people sitting beside them grow strictly confidential.

that he had made a donkey of himself. Then he went away, and didn't see Fanny Glen again the whole evening—probably because she was the only person in the whole room that he cared a fig about seeing at all. But so unkind is fate to lovers.

friend. "She's engaged to be my wife." "Who is? The divine Fanny, the fairest of her sex?" "Of course; who else should it be?" "But I thought you couldn't screw your courage up to the proposing mark?" "I didn't propose."

TOPICS OF THE DAY. There are said to be fifty injurious insects in our vegetable gardens; fifty in our vineyards, while seventy-five attack our apple trees and more than fifty our grain fields.

bushels of wheat. Even Russia, supposed to be the great wheat field of Europe, grows 700,000,000 bushels of rye per year, against 300,000,000 bushels of wheat.

IN THE HARBOR. When I compare What I have lost with what I have gained, What I have missed with what attained, Little room do I find for pride.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Always shown up—Kites. Men of winning ways—Gamblers. A mild season—Adulterated pepper.