

KISSING THE ROD.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MANUSCRIPT.



UNLIKE Frankenstein, my creator loved the thing she had created. Out of innumerable scraps I was created, and built upon a disused skeleton of some old romance.

"How pale my white lilies are there in the moonlight!" Then, as a slight noise was heard in the hall, she whispered, "Is that you, Jefferson?"

With his house the honor of printing her work?
Then you should have seen her. She was like a glad June morning in her loveliness.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.
WASTE FROM BLOWING SOIL.
Few realize how much is lost by leaving land uncovered in winter.

Machine-Made Music.
"Playing by machinery is one of the latest novelties. The harp is arranged so that the plane of its strings is horizontal, the instrument lying on the table, after the fashion of a zither.

Advertisement for 'August Flower' medicine, featuring a rooster illustration and text describing its benefits for various ailments like indigestion and rheumatism.