

LOVE'S SEASON.

In sad sweet days when hectic flushes
Burn red on maple and sumach leaf
When sorrowful winds wail through the
rushes...

PRISCILLA'S MANAGEMENT.

BY MARAH CROSSER FARLEY.

DEACON DODGE felt "blue" enough, as he sat down to his six o'clock tea, in his humble home on Forest Hill.

Miss Prissy, the deacon's strong-minded daughter, perceived the lowering countenance, and wishing to conciliate the old gentleman a little, put an additional lump of sugar in his tea.

"Third, and lastly," he said, in an abstracted manner, as he passed the cup for refilling.

Prissy smiled almost involuntarily at this "power of habit" exemplified.

"I'll tell you what," said he, carefully adjusting his knife and fork, "unless something happens in our favor pretty soon, we are gone to smash completely."

Even the lingering shadow of the smile that had played round the corners of Prissy's mouth died out, and she looked anxiously at her father as he went on:

or so, I have accepted the offer. That is cow No. 1, eh?"
"Cow No. 1—yes."

"Uncle Bemus has taken a fancy to my gold watch, and wants to trade me a cow and a hog of the female persuasion for it, and as the watch is useless to me in our present circumstances, I have made up my mind to close with him.

The deacon opened his eyes.
" 'Pon my word, Priss, you're a born trader. But what about the chickens?"

"I shall raise as many chickens as possible through the heat of the coming summer; so that the next spring I shall have eggs by the quantity, when the market reports quote a good price, with supply less than the demand."

"You talk like a farmer, Priss," ejaculated the deacon. "When did you learn so much, I wonder?"

"I never felt so lonesome in my life," said a gentleman recently, "as when I chanced to be thrown one day with a picnic party of deaf mutes. They could understand each other, laughed and carried on and had a good time generally, while I sat like a mummy, apart, looking on, but unable to participate in any of the fun."

"One thing that surprised me greatly," he continued, "was to see them indulge in dancing. I had always supposed that it was absolutely essential to hear the rhythm of the music in order to keep the time of a waltz or a polka. To be sure they had an orchestra on the dancing barge, and for a time I regarded that as peculiar, for few if any of the party could hear the strains."

"After a little thought I solved the mystery. The mutes could not hear the music, but they felt it, which was just as effectual. To be sure of the matter I spoke to the leader of the orchestra and he assured me that my surmise was correct, and that when he was employed by the party it was expressly stipulated that he should bring his biggest bass drum and bass viol. The deep tones were more vibratory than the others and the mutes kept excellent waltz time by feeling the vibration of the wood flooring upon which they danced."—New York Herald.

the third year of Miss Prissy's management.
But I saw the deacon the other day trimming his hedge, which was all white and sweet with bloom, and he tells me that the carpenters are busy at his house, and that he shall have enough produce to dispose of in the fall to take him completely out of debt.

Geologists agree that many thousands of years ago—they do not agree on the number of thousands—great ice fields, like immense glaciers, moved slowly out of the north over a large part of the United States and Europe.

Those were days of great things, and among the huge creatures that roamed about in the region of the advancing glacier was the Elephas Americanus, or American elephant.

In a cave in France has been found, scratched on a bit of ivory tusk, a rude picture of one of these prehistoric mammoths. This picture is supposed to be the oldest known, and was made by some man or boy who was more clever than his fellows, but who lived in a cave, ate raw meat, and wore scanty clothing made from untanned skins of wild beasts which the filthy and savage men of those far-off times killed with clubs and stones.

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At the end of their first year Prissy found she has sold six dozen chickens at four dollars per dozen, and had as many more to winter over. She had sold six hundred pounds of butter, at an average of thirty cents a pound. The two calves fetched twelve dollars readily, and the fattened hog twenty-seven more.

As this is no fancy sketch, but, on the contrary, is a veritable "leaf from life," I cannot state what the result was for

During the winter of '61 my company occupied two islands in the upper Potomac, where they did constant picket duty, having their posts and "dugouts" along the entire south shore of the islands.

One morning a Confederate officer, evidently on his rounds inspecting his pickets, had stopped at a house probably 100 yards back from the shore, and was engaged in conversation with a woman standing on the porch.

What is said to be the largest sawmill in the world is in Clinton, Iowa. It has ten saws, seven band and three gang, and two batteries of ten boilers each. Its capacity is 500,000 feet of lumber a day.

BEWARE OF FRAUD.
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Look for it when you buy. Sold everywhere.

LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DIZZY FEELINGS, BILIOUSNESS, TORPID LIVER, DYSPEPSIA.

THE KIND THAT CURES.
JEROME BALL, Waterford, N. Y.

Headache for 10 Years!
Dana's Sarsaparilla
"I WAS CURED!"

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Waterford, N. Y.

Beast Men.
After all there seems to be some shadow of probable truth in the old legend which tells us that Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were reared and suckled by a she wolf.

These "beast men" or "wolf children" resemble both the savage races of men and representatives of well-known types of the animal kingdom.

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How to Keep Young.
We find this circulating in the newspapers. The author is unknown to us. It contains much truth:

"Past grief, old angers, revenges, even past pleasures, constantly dwell upon—all dead, decaying, or decayed thought—make a sepulchre of the soul, a cemetery of the body, and a weather beaten monument of the face."

"The student woman who makes wise use of her acquisitions has no time to corrugate her brow with dread of the beauty destroyer leaping fast behind her."

Moliere, at the age of forty, married an actress of seventeen, and soon separated from her.

"Each Spoonful has done its Perfect Work."

Is the verdict of every woman who has used Royal Baking Powder. Other baking powders soon deteriorate and lose their strength, owing to the use of inferior ingredients, but Royal Baking Powder is so carefully and accurately compounded from the purest materials that it retains its strength for any length of time, and the last spoonful in the can is as good as the first, which is not true of any other baking powder.

Good Wives Grow Fair in the Light of Their Works, Especially if They Use SAPOLIO

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