

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and rate. Includes 'Rates of Advertising' and 'Legal notices at established rates.'

Summer. Oh, brightest season of the year! Thou white-robed goddess all divine! We bow in homage to thy shrine, And roses strow o'er spring's cold bier!

wealth who had been in the town only a few weeks. It was with a great effort that he succeeded in allaying his sorrow at the untimely end of his brightest hopes; but he was determined that Gertrude should never know how dear she had been to him.

Another week flew by and Edward's return drew near. He had shortened his stay at home in order to be with Gertrude. Nothing had been heard of Harold, though careful search had been made for him.

to the West, and was never again heard of by those whom he had persecuted and sought to wrong.

In the Trenches at Cold Harbor. A writer in the New York Sun, who was a young primer in the Federal army, gives this incident of life in the trenches at Cold Harbor, Va., during the terrific fighting early in June, 1864.

Farm Life. Saw ye the farmer at his plow, As ye were riding by? Or wearied 'neath the noonday toil, When summer suns were high?

GERTRUDE'S ABDUCTION.

BY SAMUEL AYERS. "Miss Gertrude, I have important news for you," said Edward Rutherford as he crossed the handsomely-carpeted floor of the luxurious parlor of the Moor mansion.

Before closing her eyes in sleep that night she resolved to free herself from her engagement to Harold at their next meeting, for she was sure that what Edward had told her was true, and she could never become the wife of a man who was guilty of such conduct.

An hour had elapsed, and the carriage was rolling rapidly along the road, when Gertrude, whose weeping had somewhat subsided, discovered that Harold was asleep. No words had been spoken since starting except by the driver, who swore occasionally at the horses.

CHAPTER 2.—At last, deserted by all but his faithful dog (who has been kept in ignorance of the facts of the case), our delinquent resolves to end his bitter existence by suicide.

Natural Enemies of the Telegraph. There is, apparently, no apparatus so liable to be interfered with by what we may call natural causes as the electric telegraph.

Statistics for Girls. A young English statistician who was paying court to a young lady, thought to surprise her with his immense erudition. Producing his note-book, she thought he was about to indite a love sonnet, but was slightly taken aback by the following question: