A Winder Song. Oh, anestabe hat die rases? And the haghing light south wind, And the merry metillogs hined With dewy, dancing postes. But winter has the sprites And the witching frosty nights. Oh, summer has the splendoen Of the corn-fields wide and dero

Where scarlet poppies sleep. And wary shadows whider; But winter fields are sare With diam ands everywhere. Oh, summer has the wild bees,

and the ringing, singing note. In the robin's tuneful throat, And the leaf-talk in the trees : But winter has the chime Of the merry Christmas time.

h, summer has the luster Of the sunbeams warm and bright, And rains that fall at night here reeds and lilies cluster : But deep-in winter's snow The fires of Christmas glow.

WISH PULFILLED.

pretty white cottage standing from the road, within its large of garden, wherein clustered beds weet-scented flowers, woodbine and natis creeping about the porch. ow, darning a man's cotton sock, ooth brown hair and dark gray it into the house and placed it on the table, interposing newspapers to save the golden rays of the hot sumther the cloth from the mold.

"What can it possibly be? Who

HITC too peaceful in its monotony Denison. She had been key to fit the lock!"

But upon regarding the lock attentively she saw that it was a very simttage just a wee bit lonely, to-day; for the little maid Jane, had been sent for to the age at daybreak, her mother een taken suddenly ill, and

be back before night. own occupation lay in the and, one mile away. Someat home to midday dinner, Y: and though he ought led often that he was kept

ling upon me. Jane, shut up in her uncoaditionally. ald; but it is a shame of that latter must have been the case etched office not to let him come

Here Katie paused to thread her edle and the clock struck the half the lost desk and property.

th young wives I wonder? But I of them had been lost or stolen years n't feel quite like this when Jane is before; and how beautiful they are!" the house, She is a silly thing,

lould be something." Here Mistress Kate Denison looked | making two hundred and forty pounds! from her work to groun.

Ancies this home is perfection; be- spend it, no more almost fifty per cent. Quise he was always in it he forgets its interest to be paid on the hundred ppen-good or bad-yes, bad !"

g of the clock had an ominous sound. But she was then interrupted hat a wish it was something good

"I have a great mind to move that had been shot. Turning to

dancing about the garden. "I have saw a dark, wiry man, with long black agreeable one, Katie thought; more of son going to do it for ever so long— hair and keen eyes, standing there, a sickening odor, it was so sweet.

The point of the standing there, a sickening odor, it was so sweet.

The point of the standing there, a sickening odor, it was so sweet.

The point of the standing there, a sickening odor, it was so sweet. bear transplanting, and grow here as evidently a traveling peddler. Taking not," she said, doubtingly, we'll as there. Any way, I'll risk it— off her black silk apron, she flung it "That's because you have not tried well as there. Any way, I'll risk it- off her black silk apron, she flung it

sun was blazing and burning, and got the spade and hoe. A lovely moss-rose the room, unstrapped his pack and bush, covered with sweetest buds and began to open it. He did not glance

be before the window instead. her work. At last, with a great pull, never known them to be otherwise up came the bush, and Katie stood to than honest and well behaved. Still, take breath, flushed and triumphant. the shining jewels might be a tempta-"I wonder if the rose bush has been tion.

wishing something to happen to it?" she thought, laug ing. "It is going to be placed where it can see the world now; I'm sure it could not see it there." Pausing thus, and thinking what a

great hole the taking it up had made, Katie's eyes caught sight of something that seemed to shine. She thought it must be her silver thimble dropped out of her apron pocket, and she stooped to pick it up. But it was not her thimble; it was something that resisted her grasp.

Clearing away the earth from around it, she found at length that it was a box with brass-bound corners-a mahogany box or desk that had been window of the little square parlor buried there. With the help of the ed to the ground; seated in the spade and some trouble Katie got it out of the ground. It was neither very young girl with a pleasant face, large nor very heavy, and she carried

> can have placed it there?" she wondered in excitement. "If I had but a

> ple one and that the fastenings could easily be pushed back with a penknife. Another minute and the desk lay open before her. Some silver teaspoons wrapped in wash-leather first met her gaze; they were antique and massive and discolored. Eleven of them and a pair of sugar-tongs, all marked " A. D."

Recollection flashed through Katie. She had heard the story more than once at home every evening at from George. Some years before, his Aunt Ann, his father's sister, who hood, in one or two cases accompanied by violence. Miss Denison was very "Thank you, I cannot buy," this day George had not come to by violence. Miss Denison was very er, and Katie, maid as well as much frightened, wrote word to her ress for the time being, had taken brother, entreating him to return, in my purse to-day; none to spend on own in solitude, cleared things and adding that she had, mean-pretty things." Jone Jane's work generally and while, hidden her property in a sat down to her sock-mending. safe place. That same night the cotbees hummed lazily in the tage was broken into, and Ann Deniair, the clock on the mantel son was so terrified that she had a things, and ladies like to look at them heat had affected it. er air, the clock on the mantel son was so terrified that she had a things, and ladies like to look at them od drowsily and the afternoon was seizure. Already in failing health, although they may not want to buy. she never rallied from it; though she Look at these little bottles of perfume; said, pushing her back into it with commen corpse, whappen in white the said, pushing her back into it with commen corpse, whappen in white the said, pushing her back into it with commen corpse, whappen in white the said, pushing her back into it with commen corpse, whappen in white the said, pushing her back into it with commen corpse, whappen in white the said, pushing her back into it with commen corpse, whappen in white the said, pushing her back into it with commen corpse, whappen in white the said, pushing her back into it with commen corpse, whappen in white the said, pushing her back into it with commen corpse, whappen in white the said, pushing her back into it with commen corpse, whappen in white the said, pushing her back into it with commen corpse, whappen in white the said, pushing her back into it with commen corpse, whappen in white the said, pushing her back into it with commen corpse, white the said is the said that the said is the said that the said is the said that the said that the said the said that the sai aned Katie, quite overcome by the cover proper speech or consciousness; notony around. "Who would have her mind was gone. She died; and bught that Jane's absence could when her will was opened it was ke such a difference? It must be found that she had left what property consciousness of being alone that's she possessed to her nephew, George,

chen, is no more of a companion to But no property was to be found. It other days than she is te-day over was supposed that she had, or ought Bestly. I do wish something would to have had, over two hundred pounds, All days here are lonely which she had always kept in the ough, for that matter; so different house with her, being afraid of banks it?" m home, with the eight of us in it. and all other securities. It had disis only the same routine over and appeared, together with her silver er again; the housework to be seen spoons-on which she set much store the brend to make and the meals to -her desk, and some personal orbaand then the sitting down in the ments. Either she had this effectphoon to mend or make, or knit or ually hidden it, or else the robbers kad Of course it is not George's fault; run away with it. Gracinally, the would be with me always if he family came to the conclusion that the

As Katie Denison opened her eyes on this wonderful treasure disinterred from the earth, she saw what it was-

Then Annt Ann must have dug "Only half-past four. An hour and a | a hole, and put in the desk, and planted alf yet to teatime! If I had only a rose bush over it," said Katie to hera little bit of sociable life-many self, her nimble fingers busy. "Eleven hers have. Is it always the same spoons-I remember George said one

After the spoons, wrapped in more Bugh well meaning, but she is com- leather, two brooches came to light, and my. I wish we could go traveling, two pairs of earrings to match, the worge and I. I wish some nice neigh-one set, real pearls and amethysts, the res lived at the end of the garden. I other, garnets set in gold. Beside them sh a carriage would come along now lay a beautiful necklace of pink coral, d break down the opposite gate, and And the greatest treasure of all was in mebody be hurt and have to come in a drawer ! itself-a packet of bank ere and rest awhile. No chance of notes, securely folded in a waterproof at however, in this lonely, cross-cut case that kept them from the air. ay. I wish it was a high-road! If Katie Denison, after some hesitation, a beggar-woman came along it timidly ventured to count them; twenty-four notes of ten pounds each,

Her breath came and went unevenam tired of the sunshine, ly as she looked at them, lying on the here's so much of it," decided Kate. table beside the jewels. Oh, what a I am tired of the flowers, and the boon it was. No more pinching for prubs, and the hedge that hides the herself and George, no more looking at the attar of roses from India, worth a ad, and of the green ga c. George every sixpence before they dared to guinea a drop?" eliness. I do wish something would | pounds borrowed by George's father, and which had kept the young [beginemed so still before. Even the tick- and hands on high in thankfulness, often smelled this."

"Good-day, my lady, good-d y !"

Kalie put on her garden hat, for the desk, but leaving it exposed to view.

blossoms, bloomed in an obscure at all toward the table, and Katie

"The sun's very hot to-day, my lady," he remarked sociably but respectfully; "and we travelers get full benefit of it, especially with a load like this to toll under.'

"Yes, it is very warm indeed," civilly replied Katle.

The pack was thrown open at last, displaying all kinds of things; buttons, sewing-silk, ribbons, imitation lace neck collars, handkerchiefs, cheap jewexperienced country girls and women. What will you buy, lady?"

"I do not want anything to-day, thank you," said Katie, politely, not daring to be otherwise.

Nay, but I'm sure a pretty young lady like you must need something. Look at these gloves-real French kid, and only fourteen pence a pair. Dirt cheap, my lady; you'd pay three-andsixpence at the town draper's.'

"Not to-day, thank you. I have no money to spend. We are poor peo-

The peddler glanced at the pretty room, as much as to say that it seemed tion. However, he only went on to

"Any jewelry, lady? See, I have in this case a few choice rings, bracelets Mrs. Denison." and brooches. Look at these yellow topaz ear pendants! Don't they sparkle in the sunlight? Only look, my lady."

Katie advanced a step or two from the table, before which she had been standing, as if to guard it, and did two after it. A hard-lived at the cottage here with the look. Such pretty earrings as they were, long, shining pendants, flashing of www. were both young and left in the house alone, her brother with in the peddler's fingers; as pretty buoyant, content to work his wife and son being away on a as those under her apron. But y and cheerfully for the week's visit, when there arose a rumor she wanted them not. The rings were under her apron. But money might be more of sundry burglaries in the neighbor- lovely; being a daughter of Eve, she

she, slowly. "I have very little money

The peddler turned over his goods with undiminished cordiality.

she never rallied from it; though she Look at these little bottles of perfume; only sixpence each."

The bottles were extremely pretty, and Katie loved perfumes. Perhaps she might spare a sixpence for one of ting out her hands. "Oh, wait-lis- These almost without exception, were them. As she caught one up, the peddler took the glass stopper out of another, pouring some of its contents on Katie's chair close by, and held it to her face. hundred and forty pounds," " Jessamine, my lady. Do you like

"Oh, it is delicious !" cried Katie, smiling at it. "Only sixpence, you say? I think I must have this."

The peddler laughed pleasantly, and fossed back his long black hair from was not quite herself at present.

"I thought you'd be tempted by the scents, lady. Why, the beautiful little

"Nothing more to-day," she answered, decicively, giving him the amiss?" sixpence.

And the peddler made a comical feint of yielding in despair. Familiar though he seemed to be, his manner had not lost one atom of its respect.

"Then I conclude I may strap up my pack again," he said, beginning to put the things straight in it. "If you would but be tempted to a knot of ribbons or a pair of these delicate gloves! Stay, though; here's a rare perfume -my lady has a love for perfumes, I see.

"Indeed I have," said Katie, who had not ceased to smell at her jassa-"But I cannot buy any more." "I don't ask you to buy this," he an-

swered, producing a larger bottle of curiously carved glass, which appeared to be filled with a colorless liquid. This is a rare and costly perfume, that I never offer for sale save to customers whose purses are as deep as their be Aunt Ann's lost desk. A peddler!

Katle opened her eyes in surprise. "A guinea a drop! And is this attar of roses?'

He held the bottle under her nose, Mrs. Denison started as the agh she sensation, inhaled a long breath of it. ac win- Why, what a strange, sweet, penetratse bush," she cried presently, after dow, whence the saintation | ne, she ing odor it had. But not exactly an young Farmer Lake took another, and Chaucer,

"I don't know whether I like it or

and it will serve to pass away this over the notes and the glistening ornatic sufficiently," he said. "You must dreary afternoon." ments, and shut down the lid of the smell it for a minute or two; you'll

How strange things were looking corner of the garden; she wished it to hoped he had not seen what was on it, around her! Was this curious per-Peddlers were not uncommon visitors fume too strong for her? Had it gone She went to the corner and began in the rural districts, and she had to her head? She felt confused and dizzy, and did not seem to see anything clearly save the peddler's great black eyes, fixed so keenly upon hers. He gently put her into the arm-chair, toward which she began to stagger.

"It is a beautiful scent," he said, the words sounding in her ear like a faint murgeur, "but it has been a little strong for your nerves, lady; but you in at the gate here, and see a lot of must take some more of it to revive

He poured some of it on her handkerchief and held it to her face, and Katie Denison fell back in the large chair and lost her senses. She had ciry, scent bottles and many other ar- been wishing something would hapticles calculated to take the eye of in- pen, bad or good, and it had happened with a vengeance.

When she came to herself the sun had gone off the window, the hands of the clock were approaching six; her handkerchief, all crumpled together, lay on the carpet, and a neighbor who lived half a mile off was standing over her.

"Where am I?" exclaimed Katie, in confused bewilderment. "What is the matter?"

"That is what I want to knowwhat the matter is," replied Miss Lake, a capable young woman with a merry tongue. "I came down to take tea with you this evening, sans ceremonie, to be a contradiction to the last asser- for I know you are always glad to see me, and I walk in here at your open doors and find you asleep, as I thought at first. But I could not awake you,

Katie's head was aching terribly; she put her hand up to her brow. What was it all-what ailed her-why was she feeling so strange? Miss Lake gently pushed back her hair and began to fan her hot face. Recollection gradually returned to her. Where was the peddler-was he gone? And where—Katie started up with a cry and snatched her apron off the table. Nothing was under it. - No silver spoons were there, no jewels, no bank clean away as if it had never had place blue-robed women uttering a cry which in the room.

shrieked Katie. "He has taken it hen announcing a newly-laid egg. The

"I do not charge for showing my head was wandering; that the intense sure that it was really not some curious

said, pushing her back into it with coffined corpse, wrapped in white

ten! Jane is not here to-day, and there's no one to get anything. And which we could only account by imagthat dreadful man has gone off with ining they might be the Muezzins handkerchief, which lay on an easy- the money and the silver. It was two hired as mourners, blind men being

> have it in a jiffey," cheerfully an- evening ascents of the minarets to call swered Miss Lake, quite ignoring the the faithful to worship would give too other information. still where you are."

Bewildered yet, Kotie sat still; she yard or on the flat roof.

came in, whistling gleefully, and much on their heads. At the funeral of a wanting his tea. But he found no rich man from sixty to a hundred of tea-tray on the table, and Katie in the these hired mourners are present, wail-Better take a pair of them. This one chair, sobbing as if her heart would ing and beating their breasts. In break.

" Halloa!

and laid her wet face upon his shoul- Mecca, and the survivors offer up der, while she told him the tale. Miss prayers for the forgiveness and peace Lake came in with the tea things at of the departed. The lament and the time. She gave a side nod to wailing are renewed every Thursday George and a significant look, as and Friday following until forty days much as to say, "her mind is wander- are fulfilled, the tomb being strewn

ing." He took the same view of it, young wife, when she detected their wealthy raw meat is often given to unbelief. "I only wanted to trans- the needy plant the rose bush-George knows I won't believe me. And I got it open,

was a huge hole.

turning to the garden gate. "I met a man looking like a peddler as I was the tomb. They consisted of libations "No, this is not; but it is a perfume and carried something under his coat; fruit. In the interval between em-There was a curious hush all through ners down. The debt itself could be as costly. Smell it, my lady, take a he was on the path as if making for balmment and burial, social feasts little parlor; to Katie it never paid off now. Katie lifted her heart good deep breath of it. You've not Bestley. A moment more, Mr. Deniand she, preparing for a pleasurable are in; get one saddled at once, and decked with flowers. you will overtake him."

George Denison took one horse, and

they rode away at full speed. Half way to Bestley, in a lonely part of the road, they came upon the man with the pack. Divining the errand of the horsemen, the peddler dropped the desk he had stolen, ran toward Bestley woods as fast as his pack would let him, and disappeared. George Deni-son recognized his aunt's desk, undid the strap which had been put around it, saw that the contents were safe, including the money, and stopped pur-

"And you never rode after him, you never took him !" cried Mary |Lake, breathlessly, when he got back. Mr. Denison shook his head.

"You let the fellow escape?" "Why, yes, I did, Miss Mary. It was an almost irresistible temptation, you see, to which he had been exposed. Only fancy what it must be to a man of his caliber to come unsuspiciously money and jewels set forth on the table with nobody, so to say, to guard them. I dare say it will have taught him a lesson; and I hope it has taught my wife one," turning to her with a nod; "not to display treasures right before an open window.

"Oh, George! But what should we have done if he had got clean off with the booty?"

"Well, Katie, we should only have been where we were before.' "And I dare say you would never have believed that I had dug up anything, or that it was your Aunt Ann's desk. One thing I can promise,

George, and heartily, too-that I will never again, when I am dreary, wish anything to happen, good or bad. Bad enough this has been."

"Nay, my little wife, I think it has been all good, barring your dose of ether-or whatever the stupefying stuff might be. And you must not let Jane go home again, to leave you alone, or you may have all the fraternity of pedlers paying you periodical visits."

"The earrings are so beautiful, George, especially the blue ones. Shall you let me have both pairs?" They will look so pretty in my ears!"
"Eve, Eve!" cried George Denison.

An Egyptian Funeral.

The following, from the Nineteenth Century, conveys an accurate idea of the observance of obsequies in the oriental city of Alexandria:

One of the first things that attracted our attention in one of the quiet side notes; even the desk was gone. Every streets was a lugubrious processindividual thing had been swept as ion, followed by a great company of I can only describe as "clucking," it "The peddler, the wicked peddler!" was so exactly the note of a joyous similarity was so extraordinary that Mary Lake thought her friend's we went close up to them to make procession of poultry, when we per-'Stay you quietly in the chair," she crived that it was a funeral, the unof tea directly. I'll go and help Jane head-foremost, and preceded by a long to make some." "Mary, wait!" sobbed Katie, put- who were chanting a solemn dirge. blind of one or both eyes-a fact for always preferred to fill that sacred "I'll get the tea myself, then, and office, inasmuch as their morning and "You only sit good occasion for prying into their neighbor's domestic life in the court-

The women are also hired to how! In a short time George Denison and make lamentation, and throw dust cases of real grief it is customary for women of whatever rank to sit unveiled in the dust. The dead is laid in She stretched out her arms to him, the grave with the face turned toward with green leaves and alms given to "But indeed it is true," sobbed the the poor. At the funerals of the

The Egyptians believed the soul to have intended to do it-and I found be not only immortal, but a portion of the desk buried under it. Look at the divine essence that after death and the mold upon the newspaper if you judgment, was, if found unsulfied by the habitation of the flesh, again united and it had Aunt Ann's spoons and to the Deity, of which it was an emjewels in it and two hundred pounds." anation; hence they worshiped their The poor rose bush was lying on the | dead with divine honors, that is, they ground, sure enough, and by its side made oblations to them similar to the ordinary oblations in honor of "There must be something in it, the gods; and they hailed them after all," said George. "It may really with the hallowed name of Osiris. In addition to such public rites, private wishes. Has my lady ever heard of I wonder which way the fellow has commemorations were constantly made by priests on altars set up for the pur-"Stay," eried Mary Lake, as he was pose in the buildings where mummies were kept till they were consigned to coming here; he had a box on his back | and of offerings, including flowers and son," detaining his impatient steps; dead, at which the guests, relatives "call at the farm; I know the horses and friends of the deceased were

The fiterature of tobacco dates from

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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We Know in Part.

We do not feel, when day is done, The restful blessing of the night; Nor welcome with the morning sun, The broad beneficence of light.

We only know a day has passed With interchange of thought and toil; And that the night has stepped, at last, Most softly on her sacred soil.

foo full this world of heart and brain, To leave us room to recognize The voices whispering from the main, Or falling from the starry skies.

And so we tread the little round Of daily toil and nightly care; Our life, at best, a broken sound, Our death, at last, a granted prayer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Any girl will tell you that gold bangles are warmer than worsted

wristlets .- Picayune. Though not much of a conversationalist, a mute might get along very

nicely in a spoke factory. We hope we shall not be accused of exaggeration when we say we have received 1883 calendars.-Boston Bul-

If you think nobody cares for you in this cold world, just try to learn to play the fiddle in a populous neighborhood .- Siftings.

"No, sir," said the passenger to the ship's doctor, "I am not seasick, but I'm deucedly disgusted with the motion of the vessel."-Boston Post. The earth is said to have two mo-

tions; but to a drunken man coming home at 1 o'clock at night it doubtless has more than 200 .- Pittsburg Leader. "Whistlers are always good-na-

tured," says a philosopher. Every-body knew that. It's the folks that have to listen to the whistling that get ugly .- Boston Post. A hen that was recently killed at

Beauce, Quebec, had inside her two pellets of gold, valued at \$550. This is another instance of the profits to be made in poultry.-Poultry Monthly. Scales so delicate that they will

weigh the thousandth part of a grain are now manufactured. We learned this interesting fact from a coal dealer, who thinks of getting a pair .- Philadelphia News.

Why bugle trimmings are so called: "Why are those things on your dress called bugle trimmings ?" George wanted to know. "Oh," Emily replied, lightly, "because pa blows so over the bill."—Hawkeye.

First swell-"By Jove, Fred, that is quite the highest collar I've struck Second swell-" Think so, old man? Well, I don't mind telling you; it's a little idea of my own. It's one of dad's cuffs."-Columbia Speciator.

The man with a cheap Derby hangs it on the peg; but the man with a Derby lined like a coffin, and bearing the imprint of the swell hatter, always lays it down so that he who runs by may read the legend of its maker .-Puck.

Parson (to ne'er-do-well): "What's this I hear, Giles-that your wife has left you? Ah! this is what I"--Giles: "She might do worse than that, Parson (shocked): "Worze?" Giles," "She might come back again." -Puncha

"I wouldn't lose that roller-pin for money," exclaimed an Oshkosh woman, brandishing a chunk of wood that looked as though it had a fight with a sausage chopper. "Every time I lose a husband I cut a notch in it,"-Brooklyn Eagle.

We often hear of a man who began life with nothing, dying worth a miltion. Poor fellow! and he has got to begin all over again in the next world, just the same as the man who began life with a million and ended with nothing .- Boston Transcript.

A PRESSING HINT. Her lips were like the leaves, he said, By autumn's crimson tinted;
Some people autumn leaves preserve
By pressing them, she hinted.
The meaning of the gentle hint
The lover did discern, And so he clasped her round the neck, And glued his lips to her'n,

A Cure for Cold Feet.

To cure cure cold feet the Philadelphia Record says: People who write or sew all day, or rather those who take but little exercise, may warm their cold feet without going to the fire. All that is necessary is to stand erect and very gradually lift one's self up upon the tips of the toes, so as to put all the tendons of the foot at full strain. This is not to hop up or jump up and down, but simply to rise-the slower the better-upon tiptoe, and to remain standing on the points of the toes as long as possible, then gradually coming to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do in sustaining the body's weight a sufficient and lively circulation is set up. Even the halffrozen car-driver can carry this planout. It is one rule of the "Swedish movement" system: and, as motionwarmth is much better than fire-warming, persons who suffer with cold feet at night ban by this plan just before retiring to rest.