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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis.

WAITING.

I wait, Till from my veiled brows shall fall This baffling cloud, this wearying thrall...

I wait, While robbing days in mockery fling Such cruel loss athwart my spring...

I wait! The summer of the soul is long, The harvest yet shall round me throng...

-Mary Clemmer.

LIKE A MAN.

There is something sublime in a Niagara of trouble that roars and crashes through the world with a heroic fuss...

To begin with, I am a long, young person, with big bones, and plenty of them...

I have good reason to know that I am not considered beautiful; that my nose, for instance...

My father, Peter Brown, the best farmer in all Fairfax, be the dead one who he may...

Of course, girls are all very well as far as they go, but one gets too much of a good thing sometimes...

Most good folks sing out that they want to carry harps and be angels, but I-if only I were Peter Brown, junior...

I don't blame ma, of course, but I really do think the even dozen ought to have contented her-and, what's more, I say so...

When pa and ma's love was young, and their future a rose-colored rose- there! I've heard pa say it a dozen times...

But ma just kept on having her own way-which meant girls-until by the time she w-and up the home circle with me...

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But, though pa has been cheated of his bishops and senators and things (poor dear, he never dreams that sons of his might have turned out farmers like himself...

"If one could only feed them like chickens!" sighs poor ma, plaintively. "If one could only kill them like chickens, you mean," I retort, vindictively.

After that little business talk pa and I had behind the barn, I've settled in my mind that the Browns have got to economize-and I mean to start with the grandchildren...

"Now, look here, ma," I say to the dear old soul who is already staring at me with big, anxious eyes...

"I couldn't crawl there, much less walk, and my time for suppers is over for this world, I reckon."

I am so sorry for the poor, misery-ridden creature standing there in the summer twilight, with the fragrant woods all around him...

"There, there, sis," interrupts ma, pathetically, "they only mean to please pa."

"And a nice way they take to do it! Pa's an old man now, and after pinching and slaving all his life for us army of girls, what right have they to keep him pinching and slaving to the last?"

Oh, you needn't look at me like that, ma, dear; children, like good manners, ought to be found at home-hi, you Tom, Dick, Harry, etc. etc."

When I have impartially divided their howling household gods between the eight sisters who live so uncomfortably near, the sun is sinking behind the trees in a blaze of glorious yellow...

I read a story once of a devil-fish crawling over the roof of a pretty cottage by some southern sea. I don't suppose there was a word of truth in it...

Echo answers-where? If pa had only told me in time, perhaps I might have done something heroic with my poultry...

The way of it was ma started me down to the meadow one evening last week to see what pa meant by keeping supper waiting...

There is no woman in all this big, glorious world so weak as Samson with his head shaved, and so he told me between sobs...

"Never mind, dad," I said, "come along to supper; I'll get you out of your fix."

I don't think pa realized at the minute-and I am sure I did not-that I had never seen so much as a hundred dollars in all my life together...

"Say, young woman!" I am not a coward, but the creature who has brought the cart and my thoughts to such a sudden halt looks so like some great famished wolf...

His eyes turn toward his breast-his right arm lies stiffly across it clotted with something that must be blood, and the fingers look like the flesh of a dead man.

"I think he understands that I am sorry for him, for before my heart can jump back to its right place again he drops the reins and touches his mangy cap."

"I've been skulkin' in these 'ere woods, miss, nigh onto a week, and what with starvin' and the pain of this, I'm most about dead played out."

"If you will cut across the fields to that house over there," I say, kindly, I am sure-for God knows I pity him from the bottom of my heart...

"I couldn't crawl there, much less walk, and my time for suppers is over for this world, I reckon."

He totters as I say it, and I am just making up my mind that Calico and I have a disagreeable job before us when he lays one miserable hand on the wheel...

"There's them that's hunting me to my death; for God's sake, won't you help me?"

All my life I have wanted to be a man, and now the time has come to act like one, I am rubbing Calico down in her stall-pa and I being the only men-I mean pa being the only man about the place...

"Well, he came by here hunting up some scamp who robbed a bank in Richmond and got down to these parts with the money in his pocket and a bullet in his flesh..."

"I drove round by the mill," I answer, quietly enough, considering I feel like a tornado...

"He is making his way to warn justice as fast as his weak legs will let him, when I steady him against the stable door and take away his cane."

"You!" gasps pa-and I wonder the wisp of straw he has been chewing does not strangle him black on the spot...

"Exactly!" she means to make you an accessory after the act. Now, see here, pa, I don't set up to be a cherub...

"I am glad to see you today; I saw your good lady at church yesterday. How is your family?"

"I was far different from that of Clay, who was one of the kindest men who ever came to Washington. Clay had a good word for everybody..."

"You strike me pup, I strike another." For this he was indicted and fined twenty dollars.

"You say Clay was very popular?" "Yes, he was one of the most popular men of the past..."

"It's no use," means the poor creature, when pa has done his best with the wound. "I'm a goin' fast, boss, but she said they should not touch me."

"Don't worry, my lad," cries pa, cheerily. "Right or wrong, here you stay until-"

"It won't be long-I feel it comin' fast-and hard-I would have died out there on the black roadside except for her, God bless her!"

"There, there," says pa, tenderly; "and now, my lad, before you go to sleep, tell me, does this money belong to the bank?"

"Yes, yes," cries the dying man, with an imploring glance at pa while he tries to touch my hand with his own poor, feeble fingers...

Yes, that is the true and simple story of my fortune, no matter what the papers said. For a long time pa would not let me touch a penny of that five thousand dollars...

Composition of a Dude. Kate Field says: Take a strip of something that, for the sake of convenience, we will call a man...

"F-f-fifty d-d-dollars for the d-d-dog? Why, I'll s-s-sell you my r-r-r-at for t-t-twenty-f-f-five."

Mrs. Spiggins was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were stained. "That's too bad; but won't turpentine or benzine wash it?"

"I wouldn't mind going up so high," said the hotel guest, "if the bill was not made out in the same way."

Clay and Randolph.

A Washington letter says: Just below the treasury, within gunshot of the White House, lives David Callan, one of the oldest citizens of the District of Columbia...

"I knew Mr. Randolph," said he, "and often came in contact with him while he was here in Washington. But he was an amstere man, cold and uncompanionable..."

"How do you do, Mr. Randolph? I am glad to see you. I passed your house the other day and had a notion to go in, but I did not."

"It was far different from that of Clay, who was one of the kindest men who ever came to Washington. Clay had a good word for everybody..."

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HELPING HIS PA TO MOVE

THE BAD BOY MAKES HIMSELF EXCEEDINGLY USEFUL.

Aiding His Paternal Progenitor to Disguise Himself With Blacking that Wouldn't Wash Off in Less Than a Week.

"See here, you coon, get out of here," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store with his face black and shining...

"Oh, philopene," said the bad boy, as he put his hands on his knees and laughed so the candy jars rattled on the shelves...

"What in the name of the seven sleeping sisters have you got on your hands and face," said the grocery man, as he took the boy by the ear...

"Well, I'll tell you, if you will keep watch at the door. If you see a bald-headed colored man coming along the street with a club, you whistle, and I will fall down cellar..."

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WILLOW.

Oh, slender willow, that beside The meadow brooklet leanest here, Sad, in this joy-time of the year, Dost cast gold catkins on the tide,

As strips the widowed Hindoo bride Her jeweled arms, with grief austere- Oh, slender willow?

Or maketh fickle haste to hide The pale young sunshine's gifts, once dear, Ere beam more splendid shall appear, To clothe thee all in viriduous pride- Oh, slender willow?

-C. E. Sutton, in Atlantic Monthly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An early spring-Jumping out of bed at 5:30 A. M.-Siftings. Should music be sold by the chord? Drum music might be sold by the pound.

Any raw recruit can write about face by preparing an essay on cheek. -New York News. From the way in which the bruffers stick to their business, it is evident that this is the muscle-age.-Yonkers Gazette.

Pugilists are generally considered plucky fellows, but none of them get through with a sparring match without fainting.-Boston Commercial. Let those who fish with patent flies: The small boy's bait of worms despise; The chances are as ten to one The small boy has the greatest fun.

The mill owner who turned the fire hose upon one of his disorderly employes explained his conduct by saying that he was only washing his hands. Teacher: "Can you tell me which is the olfactory organ?" Pupil frankly answers: "No, sir." Teacher: "Correct." Pupil goes off in a brown study.-Boston Transcript.

Mulcahy says the statement that Roach's ship is the first iron vessel launched in America is a mistake, as Mrs. Mulcahy frequently launches iron vessels at him.-Boston Bulletin. No matter how glad Ma may be, he is sad And angry and mad When the bone of the shad Makes him wish that he had Ordered liver, deadad. -Puck.

"What can a boy do?" asks an exchange. We are just Yankee enough to answer by asking another: "What can't a boy do?" Parents who have brought up male offspring will at once see the force of the reply.-Lowell Citizen.

A young lover in Iowa paid \$40 for a locomotive to run him thirty-five miles to see his girl, and when he got there the family bulldog ran him two miles and didn't charge him a cent. Corporations have no souls.-Duluth Tribune.

Much of the trouble in married life originates in disputing who shall carry the pocketbook. A young Philadelphia husband got around this trouble by letting his wife carry the pocketbook while he kept the money.-Chronicle-Herald.

A young lawyer appeared before a Washington judge with his umbrella under his arm and his hat on, and in his agitation he forgot to lay either aside when he began speaking. "Hadden't you better raise your umbrella?" the court kindly suggested.-Baltimore News.

"Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the Norwegian poet, is soon to visit London. Bjornstjerne could have a good deal of fun now if he only knew it. He could have his name printed on cards and circulated through the streets of London. The frightened inhabitants would think it a Fenian cipher dispatch, and it would create a panic.-Puck.

"Father," said Johnnie, "this paper says that 'many prominent citizens are now ill with pneumonia and kindred diseases.' What is a kindred disease, father?" "Why, my son," said Smithly, "a kindred disease is-is-why-yes, yes! a kindred disease is one that runs through an entire family-kindred, relatives, you know. Surprised you didn't know that, Johnnie."

Influence of Pictures. A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and spheres, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books, they are histories and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

A Juvenile's Query. On a Boston street car the other day a half dozen happy fathers were watching babies. To the anecdotes of prize children a listener whose offspring had grown to the age of talkativeness contributed an account of his boy's experience in peeling an orange with his thumb. With great difficulty the rind was taken off, but to remove the inner lining or film without breaking into the pulp was still harder. Finally, in vexation, the little fellow cried out: "Papa, what makes oranges wear flannels?"