

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT 24. 1884.

LAND WHERE OUR DREAMS be late for church, before he was heard COME TRUE. shouting:

"I can't find it." "Where are you looking?" "In the closet in your room,"

without it.

I put it there."

guess.

there.'

" It's gone."

being a mistake.

coat?

the aisle.

said Jim.

hif

her, "it's in the spare chamber closet.

She was heard stepping briskly from

one room to another, then back, and then back again. Then downstairs,

when she stood before them in silence,

on her face black consternation, and on

"I d'know. The day after it came, I

o I took it down and hung the new one

"Gone to Parson Graves!" The boys

stared, open-mouthed, unable first to

tell Parson Graves it was all a mistake,

and it was the old coat you meant for

But the farmer shook his head rue-

it can't be undone," he said with a groan.

Don't one of you ever let on about it's

Farmer Bingle never could recall a word of that service through which he sat try-

ing to bring himself into some friendly

recognition of the fact that he had pre-

heard of a country parson having such a

"Jings! Don't he look fine, though,'

"And don't Mrs. Graves look set up ?"

"Enough to make any woman hang on

to a piece of cloth like that," said Mrs.

he get that coat ?"

"Must had a fortune left him."

ejaculated Sam, as Mr. Graves came down

one arm of the sofa in the pulpit.

The family and the old coat were late

And

him, and of course he'll change back."

The old one always hung there,

"When did you put it there?"

Mrs. Bingle sank into a chair.

her arm-the old overcoat.

take in the great calamity.

under a wonderful sky, the rain never blots out the sunshine, of our loves never weary or dia; ru the flowers never faile-but in changing of magical sweetness renew. a gloried realm of enchantment. whend where our dreams come true!

some mist-hidden river

mystical symbols and tokens, We know of that beautiful land; alas! on the threshold of manhood The frail clue slipped out of our hand and the wild river wandered between; The white gates are hidden from view, and only in sleep we remember The land where our dreams come true!

We shall find the lost treasures we seek for Revealed in that wonderful sphere; alms and the droams of the bygone, e good that eluded us here; mt faiths of our childhood, moless friendship we knew, is our banished illusions and where our dreams come true!

w in divinest fulfillment ur vain hopes are gathered at home; jewels we mourn here are hoarded are the moth and the rust cannot come d oft when the sunset is faintest e catch through a rift in the blue ar-away glimpso of the glories t the land where our dreams come true!

ware garnered the prayers of our moth-

the soft cradle songs that they sung; hey move in the mist with white gar-

cos immortally young. m of the mists of the river r sweet hands shall reach us the dew, leads through the valley of shadow, the fand where our dreams come true!

soping, we lay down our idols, al bury our loves out of sight, gh we know in our hearts we shall find

sented his minister with a forty-five dollar overcoat, which he could not hope to and by, in the Mansions of Light; the salt tears that fall on their ashes, on his yearly assessment, for who ever

blossom in pansy and rus, we shall be lilies immortal, land where our dreams come true!

-Emma Alice Browne.

IR. BINGLE'S OLD COAT.

"Splendid !" said Mrs. Bingle, pulling "collar up and skirt down, and setthe pocket flaps, as farmer Bingle on the new overcoat. "Real silk et collar!"

Yes, and such a piece of cloth! Forty-dollars for the whole thing." Forty-five dollars!" echoed Sam and admiringly.

Yes. Seventeen for the tailorin' and nmin's, and twenty-eight for the cloth. do me till I'm gray.'

"It's in the closet in the small chamber," called the father. Another long

delay, and then Jim came downstairs it out." "Now, I'm even," said the farmer. "And I'm blamed if it wasn't the best "I tell you it's on one of them pegs in our closet," said Mrs. Bingle. "I'll go myself. It's dark, and he can't see; but it's there, for I put it there myself." "No," said Mr. Bingle, calling after

In an article in the Atlantic Monthly telling how animals were legally punished in the Middle Ages, the writer says: On the 10th of January, 1457, a sow was convicted of murder, committed on the person of an infant named Jehan Martin, of Savigny, and sentenced to be hanged. Her six sucklings were also included in the indictment as accomplices; but "in default of any positive proof that they had assisted in mangling the deceased, they were restored to their owner, on condition that he should give bail for their appearance should further evidence be forthcoming to prove their complicity in their mother's crime. About a month "But you can get it again," at length suid Jim, hopefully." "Of course!" said Sam. "You can later, the sucklings were again brought before the court; and as their owner, Jehan Bailly, declined to be answerable for their future good conduct, they were declared forfeited to the noble damsel. Katherine de Barnault, Lady of Savigny. Sometimes a fine was imposed upon the fully. "No, that won't do. It's done, and owner of the offending beast, as was the case with Jehan Delalande and his wife, condemned on the 18th of April, 1499, by the Abbey of Josaphat, near Chartres, pay eighteen francs "on account of to the murder of a child named Gillon, aged at church, thus missing the sight of the entrance of the new coat, but it hay over five years and a half, or thereabouts, committed by a porker aged three months, or thereabouts." The porker was "hanged

the chronicles of mediæval cloisters are full of examples. That such cases usually came under the jurisdiction of monasteries will not seem strange, when we have count at anything near its full value remember that these religious establishments were great landholders, and at one time owned nearly one-third of all real estate in France. The frequency with which pigs were adjudged guilty of death was owing in great measure to the freedom with which they were permitted to run about the houses as well as to their immense number. They became a serious nuisance, not only as endangering the lives of children, but also Bingle. Mr. Bingle was unhitching his horse as Mr. Graves came out of the church as Mr. Graves came out of the church as generating and disseminating disfound at large.

he listened to the remarks passing he listened to the remarks passing around. "Bless me! What a fine lookin' fellow our parson is, anyhow! Where on earth lid he get that coat ?" tercian abbey of Beaupre, in 1499, sent Mr. Bingle could not help a feeling a bull to the gallows for having "killed that the coat had been well bestowed, as with furiosity a lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age;" and in 1389 the Carthusians at Dijon caused a horse to be condemned to death for homicide. The magistrates of Bale in 1474 sentenced a cock to be burned at the stake for the heinous and unnatural crime of a very old cock and to furnish the most active and effective ingredient of witch or by the sun, it brought forth a cockatrice, which would hide in the roof of a house, and, with its baneful breath and 'death-dartinggeye," destroy all the inmates. Naturalists believed in this fable as late as the eighteenth century; and in 1710 the French savant, Lapeyronie. read a paper before the Academic des Sciences to prove that the eggs attributed to cocks owe their peculiar form to a disease of the hen. Animals, also, bore their full part of persecution during the witchcraft delu-sion. Pigs suffered most in this respect, and were assumed to be pecularly attractive to devils, and therefore particularly liable to diabolical possession, as is evident from the legion that went out of the tomb-haunting man and were permitted, at their own request, to enter into the Gadarene herd of swine. Indeed, the greatest theological authority of the Middle Ages, Thomas Aquinas, maintained that beasts are but embodiments of evil spirits. Chassence quotes this opinion, and adds that in excommunicating animals the anathema "is aimed inferentially at the devil, who uses irrational creatures to our detriment," Still more recently, a French Jesuit, Pere Bougeant, set forth the same view in a philosophical treatise.

AMUSEMENTS OF LADS AND LASSES AT A COUNTRY FAIR.

Scenes that are Disappearing Before a Dude Influence—A Common Picture Twenty Years Ago.

all reserve is laid aside, and Johnny and Molly do really enjoy themselves. A stranger might walk a hundred miles through the country and never meet with a tithe of the character he will here pick up. Johnny invariably carries a stick in his hand, and, unless when talking, eating or drinking, you find the knot thrust into his mouth. He wears high ankle boots, laced very tight, and twines the lace three or four times around the ankle before he fastens it. He has on worsted hose, either blue or gray, and prefers having them ribbed. His breeches are either velveteen, corduroy, or velvet with pearl buttons on the knees, and a large bunch of drab ribbon, the ends of which he likes to see hang a good way down. If these are new, he generally tucks up his smock-frock to show them. His waistcoat is either plush or a light kind of fustian, stamped all over with spots, rings, squares or diamonds. If he can get a pattern with half a dozen colors in it he likes it all the better, for if it is large and staring he knows Betty will consider it very neat. His neckerchief is generally either red or yellow; he likes the ends to hang out a good way, and to feel the real India blowing about the face. He rubs up the down on his hat the wrong way to show how thick it is of "beaver," for he loves to see everything he wears stick out and be conspicuous.

Molly has generally a pair of pattens in one hand and a cotton umbrella in the other, it matters not how fair or how fine it may be. She bought them a May-day or two before, and she argues that it's no use having such things unless she brings them out. If she has a sweetheart he generally carries the pattens, and they are the cause of a little attention on both sides, for she says:

"Let me carrien 'em a bit, John, to wresten thy fistas." He answers, "Noah, Molly, thankeen thee; I wool howd 'em mesen."

Her gown is the grandest she can purchase. The pattern is either a great unnatural flower, or a trailing seaweed bordered with shells. She likes a red shawl because it can be seen a long way off. As soon as they get into the fair, John either buys a pound of gingerbread, or of nuts, which he ties up in his handkerchief, leaving, however, one corner open into which they can insert their hands. They crack and munch away while there is one left. Some-times she says they are "mixed," and he says "Hey?" They then saunter around and have a look at the shows and

"A good forty-five dollars' worth if I'd carted it half a mile further," he said to his wife, with a face which that it must only be captured by laying hold of the tail. Molly has now a job to rub the mud off Johnny, which she does by pulling up large handfuls of grass. While she is cleaning him, he stands very

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

still and looks very sheepish.

The hat still stands very high on the pole, ornamented with blue ribbons. The pole itself is rubbed with soft soap and grease from top to bottom. Those who have attempted to climb are as greasy as butchers. In vain do they try to, reach it, sand and saw-dust are useless; even the miller's attempt, upon one occasion they called to mind, was a failure, although he went up with his pockets filled with flour, and rubbed the pole with it every inch he gained. At length a sweep came, with his soot-bag twisted around him. They shook the pole, but still he continued to ascend, and all the shaking was in vain, for whenever you looked up you saw him looking down, showing his white eves and white teeth. He trusted to his soot, feet and hands, together with his long experience in difficult chimneys, and brought down the prize.

But the wheelbarrow race, blindfolded, at this particular fair was the best of all, for no one could see the mark he was running at. Some called "left." some "right," and as each competitor had only the voices of the bystanders to guide him, away he went at full speed, obeying their directions as well as he could. Some foundered in a neighboring pond, others in an opposite ditch. Johnny- was the most fortunate of the lot, for he trusted to the clanking of Mollie's patten rings (a device of her own before agreed upon), and won the new smock frock, with all its garniture of sky-blue ribbons, the perquisite of his beloved Moliy-for this

stroke of policy was her own. Nor was the donkey race the least amusing part of the country fair; although we had bet ten to one on the favorite, there were the same odds against his moving at all-for it was ten to one if he would ever start; if he did we well knew that he could "win in a canter" as they say.

Thus I have given you a true picture of an English fair of fifteen or twenty years ago; and rare fun it was too for us town youngsters to watch Johnny and Molly at their enjoyment. But gradually the "dude" influence of the city is extending to the rural districts, and now one has to look a long way before finding such a picture as I have endeavored faithfully to give.

Narrow Escape of Booth's Brother.

"One of the most exciting mobs I ever saw in my life was the one which attempted to hang Junius Brutus Booth at Cincinnati the morning after Lincoln's assassination."

Emile Buelier was the speaker. He made the remark in conversation with some friends last evening. "I was then a clerk at the Burnet

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion
One Square, one inch, one month
One Square, one inch, three months
One Square, one inch, one year
Legal notices at established rates.

Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-ery. Temporary advertisements must be paid in terry, T

Job work-cash on delivery.

I MIGHT HAVE DONE.

ys there a sadder word than this, "I might have done?"

- might have filled life's cup with bliss, At least for one!
- 'I might have done!" So simple joy-Love's word or wile-
- Robs life of half its sad alloy, Makes life a smile.

I might have donal" While young life strewed

Her prescient seeds, Each folded germ, with life endued, To bloom in deeds.

Oh love-fraught Hours, sail mutely on; Die, one by one; Tis life to sigh, when all are gone:

"I might have done?" _____Mary Clemmer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The inner man-A convict in jail. A country seat-The milking stool. The moon is a sort of matrimonial overseer. She is mistress of the tied .-Scissors.

It is said that quiet eyes denote self-command. Come to think of it, so does a quiet mouth.

Strawberries used to grow on trees. That is probably the reason they come so high in winter. - Graphie.

A man sometimes loses his voice from excessive smoking, but locomotives are never troubled in that way .- Boston Bul. letin.

A new song is called : "Wilt thou, oh, Wilt thou?" It is supposed to be dedi-cated to a collar and pair of cuffs.-Boston Post.

"I preserve my strength by husbanding it," said a wife, as she ordered her other half to bring in a bucket of coal. -Merchant-Traveler.

"Do cats reason?" asks a Rhode Island preacher. If he had ever slept in a house where cats could get under the floor he would have heard them reasoning. - Courier-Journal.

An old lady, having several marriage able daughters, fed them exclusively on a fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorous, and phosphorous is the essential thing in making matches.

A poet sings, "How can I meet my darling?" Well, if you know the old gentleman has gone out you can ge boldly up to the front door, ring the bell and ask for her.-Boston Post.

A learned anatomist has declared that, owing to the peculiar construction of the female form, a woman cannot jump. Perhaps he never saw an old maid jump at an offer .- Saturday Night.

Bland-"How did your son pass his I suppose he tions?" Blunt--college examination? passed without conditions?" "Yes; that is to say, they said they would take him under no conditions."-Boston Transcript.

Young men, it isn't always the girl whe

shone as he sat down to breakfast. "And not a soul heard us," said Sam, rubbing his hands in great glee. "Wish I could see 'em when they find

Animals Before the Law. and executed by justice." The records of mediæval courts and

"What you going to do with the old pa?" asked Jim.

It's a good coat yet." said Mrs. gle. Sam'll be grown into it by two rs more."

"First-rate coat. But-I was thinksome of givin' it to Parson Graves. see it'll go on my account for a year, I won't have so much to pay on his

Bingle measured with her eve how h Sam would have to grow before fitwell into the roomy coat, and ded it might be at least three years, in ourse of which time, added to the during which it had been doing on Sunday and great occasions, it at begin to look old-fashioned, and might object to wearing it, that gentleman having already devela taste for clothing which came

overcoat. ordingly, on the next Saturday,

the farmer and his wife were about rive into the country town, he asked the last moment :

"Now, where's that coat?"

"Bless me," cried Mrs. Bingle, "I've een so busy over that butter and eggs, I didn't clean forget about it! Sally Sally," she ran into the house, calling to the hired girl who helped in the kitchen, 'run up to the spare chamber and take overcoat that hangs there, and shelf, and wrap it up well and bring it to

Sally brought it, and the huge bundle lay in Mrs. Bingle's lap as she rode.

"It's a good coat, "she observed, half regretfully, smoothing with her hand a her mind the possibility of Sam's don't know just how yet. rowing in two years. "Sam won't be kely to get any ready bought coat half good as this.

"Like as not he won't," agreed the armer, "but never mind. 'It's more blessed to give than to receive,' you know.

The Bingle household awoke the next thing of an event was impending with the family, which impression became, with full wakefulness, defined into the remembrance that the new overcoat was to be worn for the first time on that day. There was, however, no undignified haste or trifling in the matter. The norning chores were done, morning myers conducted with the time-honored othiness, and then the farmer leisureshaved himself as usual, at one of the ing in as indifferent a voice as he command:

Jim, run upstairs and get my over-

and with the remark that they would market.

its wearer came to meet him with outstretched hands and a few quiet, though very earnest words of acknowledgement of his gift. The coat had fitted the farmer well, but there was something more than the mere filling out of good cloth in the minister's laying an egg. The œuf co-dignified bearing; and in the scholarly quatri was supposed to be the product of dignified bearing; and in the scholarly face above it, something which stirred up a feeling in many members of the congregation that this servant of the Lord ointment. When hatched by a serpent had not hitherto been clothed in a fashion

worthy of his high office. "That's a shabby old hat to wear with 'said one of the village storekeepers. "I'll see about that before another Sunday comes 'round."

As Mr. Bingle felt the grasp of the pastor's hand, he began almost to be glad he had given the coat; and then, as the fact of his having given it was whispered ably near fitting him. So it was about, to feel ashamed of receiving so that Parson Graves shauld have much credit for an act which he never would have thought of performing. For an honest, and really warm nature lay underneath the crust of parsimonious

selfishness which had hardened over his heart, as it has, alas! over so many which might overflow with deeds of kindness to bles those who have given not grudgingly, but their whole selves to the master's service.

"I feel like a liar, yes, I do!" said Mr. Bingle to his wife, with an energy which started her, as they rode home. "To have that man shakin' me by the hand, some of them papers that lay on the and talkin' about my generosity, and his wife's eyes beamin' up at me, and me not able to right and tell 'em I'm a grudgin', tight-fisted old-I tell you what!"-he gave his horses such a vigorous cut with the whip that Jim and Sam, on a backless sent of the bob-sleigh, nearly went orner of the cloth which peeped through over backward into the snow-"I've got hole in the paper, and again revolving to get even with myself somehow, but I

It was astonishing what a commotion Farmer Bingle's gift created in the parish. Not one eye had failed to mark the justice done by Mr. Graves' goodly figure to 1 goodly garment, and with an awakening pride at the possession of such a fine-looking pastor came a desire to see him thoroughly well equipped. morning with the impression that some- This desire found expression at the parsonage as had never before been dreamed of. Cheap goods and castoffs were ignored in the generous supply of winter comforts which each giver made sure should be in keeping with the new overcoat; and the wives and mothers had seen to it that Mrs. Graves and her children should look fit to walk beside that tailor-madeup piece of cloth.

Mr. Bingle had smiled with a light dows of the great kitchen, before in his eyes, which came up from somewhere under that broken crust, at the set of furs which his wife carried to Mrs. Graves that night. But in the early gray of the wintry morning after, in wont, but delayed until his her had put the finishing touches to pow in her bonnet strings, a process in was invariably interrupted by her and with the mark of apples, packed for

Origin of "He's a Brick,"

Plutarch, in his life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, gives us the origin of the quaint and familiar saying. On a certain ocasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown y the king over his capital. The amassador knew of the monarch's fameknew that though only nominally king of Sparta, he was ruler of Greece-and he looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defense of the town; but found nothing of the kind. He marveled much at this, and spoke of it to the king.

'Sire," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and 1 find no walls reared for defense. Why is this?" "Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied

Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning, the king led his guest out upon the plain where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and pointing proudly to the serried hosts, he said :

Sparta-10,000 men, and every one a headlong into a ditch, while the grunter alone than in all of France. brick lu

booths. He buys a knife with three or four blades, which is only fit to cut butter. Molly purchases a few yards of red or blue ribbon. They then pay a penny each, and have a look into a peep show; when it is over Johnny wonders however they can get such long streets and big houses into such a small place. and Molly answers that "it's all magic." They next try their fortune in a penny lucky bag, which they are assured contains "all prizes and no blanks," Johnny gets a cotton stay lace and Molly a row of pins. They purchase a song of a bal-lad singer, which is "all about love and such like." They then get into a swing boat, and are tossed up and down until they begin to feel very queer indeed, for they have eaten all the pastry they could fancy, to say nothing of apples, nuts, oranges, pears, plums, and gingerbread.

So they adjourn to the public house 'to rest and settle down a bit." John meets a few acquaintances and tries to smoke a pipe; this with a few glasses of ale sets his tongue a-going. There is generally a recruiting party in the room, and as the ale gets into his noddle he talks about 'listing, at which Molly pulls his sleeve and says: "Dunna be a fool, Johnny." He then tries a song, and to make the tune and metre harmonize lays his accent in very peculiar places.

He offers to thrash, plow, reap, or mow with "any man i' the room for a gowden guinea, and to put the money down.' He gets his comrade, who is drinking with him, to feel his arm, and sometimes bares it to show the strength of his muscles. He tells how he once lifted a sack of corn into the wagen without ever letting it rest upon him, only touching it with his hands. He would quarrel were it not for Molly getting up and popping her pattens between her lover and his opponent. Johnny gets mellow, is ready for anything, and will go out. Mollie has picked up a female companion whose sweetheart is as far gone as her own, and they follow arm-in-arm to see that noth ing happens to their lovers.

Now John is either ready to climb the greased pole for a new hat, ridea donkey race, wheel a barrow blindfolded, jump in a sack, or, as he says, "Any manner of thing." There is soon seen a lot of sacks full of men, with only a head peeping out, and Johnny's about the most stupid of the whole lot, for he makes up the one of half a dozen who begin with jumping in sacks. He gets in with great difficulty, has his arm thrust down, is tied up

about the shoulders, and when the word "Off" is given, he is about the first that falls. Molly can hardly unloose him for "Better luck next time," says laughing. Johnny, and he cuters the chase for the pig with its soaped tail, rubbing his hand well in the sand to make it rough before he starts. The pig is turned loose, and after him they start. Johnny is begin ning to get a little sober by this time.

a serried hosts, he said: "There thou beholdest the walls of sizes the pig by the tail, and it pulls him

house," he continued. "I had gone there with Captain Silas Miller, who had purchased it just prior to that time. Junius Booth was billed to play there, and arrived at the hotel on the evening when his brother shot Lincoln.

"He came down stairs the next morning, and after breakfast was on the point of going out to take a stroll. I had just heard a few minutes before that the people were in a tumult, and had torn down his bills all over the city. He came up to the desk, and as he did so I informed him that I thought it would be best for him not to go out in the streets. He looked at me in astonishment, and asked what I meant. "Havn't you heard the news?" said I. He replied that he had not. I didn't like to say any more, and he walked off, looking greatly puzzled. Going to a friend, who was standing near, he asked in rather an excited manner what that young man meant by talking that way, and wanted to know if I wasn't crazy. The man told him no, that I was the clerk. More mystified than ever he returned and demanded my reason for the remark. I saw then that he was in ignorance of the tragedy, and reluctantly informed him that his brother had killed the President. He was the most horrified man that I ever saw, and for the moment he was overcome with the shock. I suggested to him that it would be better to go to his room, and he did so, being accompanied by one or two of his friends.

"He had scarcely gone up-stairs before the room was filled with people. The mob was fully 500 in number, and wanted to find Booth. They were perfectly furious, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we checked them by the story that their intended victim had left the house. They would have hung him in a minute if they could have laid hands on him, so great was their rage. They returned almost immediatebut by this time we had removed Booth from his room to that of a friend. The mob watched the house so closely that it was four or five days before he We finally had a chance to leave. smuggled him away, however.

"I've seen four or five different necounts of that circumstance, but none of them were correct. The story that he was disguised as a woman to effect his escape is all wrong. He left in his or-dinary clothing. - Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Benefits Forgot."

Old gentleman (he had been chased and had only just scrambled over the with it. Put on pepper and salt, and gate in time-gasping for breath)-"You in-fernal un-grateful beast! An' me 'been veg'tarian all m'life !"- London Punch.

Although Frenchmen are spoken of as 'frog-caters," it is assorted as a fact that ; more frogs are now eaten in New York quarts of edibles are canned in this coun-

looks loveliest in the soft, sweet shadows of the darkening twilight, who takes that beauty with her in the grim, gray morning as she wrestles with a kitchen stove. - Merchant-Traveler.

When a young man lays siege to a young lady and insists upon her consenting to becoming his wife, she cannot but confess that he is "a man after her own heart," however heartless she may appear. - Chicago Sun.

A writer on health advises people to "live in the sun." Owing to the present inadequate facilities for transportation and the high price of real estate on that luminary, we should not advise any of our readers to emigrate there this season. -Burlington Free Press.

How doth the busy orator

Improve each shining hour, And win applause with all his strengtl Of seventeen-lung power.

He wanders on from point to point, His mouth he stretches wide, While from his throat the gilt-edged words Seraphically glide. --Washington Hatchet.

Visitor (just arrived from town)-'Now, my good man, tell us the truth. Have you got an epidemic among the mackeral on this coast?" Ancient mariner-"Lor', sir, I couldn't tell owt but the trueth of I tried hever so hard, Seen any heppidemics among our mackcrel? Why, I got one in our net last week as weighed nigh on twelve pounds. Just you an' your good lady let me take yer for a sail, I'll show you heaps of heppidemics."-London Fun,

A pretty Beston school ma'am and a youth of mein selate

Were parting in the evening beside the garden gate; His hand and heart he'd offered, in a grave

and soher way, And she, with quiet dignity, had named the

happy day; He lingered at the gate with her, and said, in

accents low: "There is a little favor I would ask before I

A favor never askel before; sweet malden, it

is this

A lover's privilege, that is all-a sweet be-trotharkiss."

"If you wait," the mulden whispered, with her color rising high,

"Till I remove my spectacles, Fil willingly comply,"—Somerville Journal.

A Successful Charm.

A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her: "Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion across the field by the infuriated animal, in two, and ruly the meat on both sides toast it on each s'de over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter add two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it." The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

> It is estimated that over 500,000,000 try annually.

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