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LUCKY DAYS.

When May with apple blossoms Har loving cup is brewing, With beams and dews and winds that get The honey from the violet, With hopes on which the heart is set,

Oh, then's the time for wooing, For wooing, and for suing, Dear lad, the time for wooing!

When August calls the locust To sound the year's undoing, And, like some altar dressed of old In drapery of cloth of gold, High pastures thick with broom unfold, Oh, then's the time for wooing, For wooing, and for suing.

Dear lad, the time for wooing! When brown October pauses, The ripened woodland viswing, And all the sunny forests spread Their fallen leaves, as heart's blood red, A carpet fit for brides to tread,

Ob, then's the time for wooing, For wooing, and for suing, Dear lad, the time for wooing!

Oh, liston, happy lover, Your happy fate pursuing: When fields are green, when woods are sere, When storms are white, when stars are clear, On each sweet day of each sweet year,

Oh, then's the time for woolng, For wooing, and for suing. Dear lad, the time for wooing! -Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Bazar.

# AUNT MITTABLE'S THINGS.

The orange glow of the March twilight threw the leafless copses into strong relief; the little brook had burst its thick crust of ice, and sang merrily under the velvet fringes of the pussy-willows, and up from the woods there came an indescribable odor of sping. A red flag rolled up and tied around its stick by a hemp string, lay just inside the door-yard, when Mrs. Grigson came to with the last pail of water that she should ever draw from the old well. She sighed as she filled the squat copper kettle and hung it over the fire.

"The auction sale is to be to-morrow," said she, 'and I never was so glad of anything in all my born days. Seeh a time as I've had cleanin' up and scrubbin' down and scourin' and polishin'! There ain't a bone in my body but

"It's all time and trouble thrown away," sepulchrally observed Miss Ketchum, who had dropped in on her way from the store; "the old traps won't sell for sixpence apiece-you see if they do."

"But the things ain't no use to me, said Mrs. Grigson, "and I need a little money so awful bad! As for the poor luck I've had, right straight through, there sin't no calculatin' it. Ef I was to tell you, Martha Ketchum, you wouldn't believe it. Even down to my last gold

dollar!" "Eh?" said Miss Ketchum. Being of a melancholy turn, she liked to hear sad recitals, although personally her sympathies were enlisted on the Widow Grig-

"Why, it was last week," said Mrs. Grigson, in the level," complaining tone that always reminded you of the little brook down in the hollow, "brother Lyman left his little Brazil monkey here overnight. He was a calculatin' to sell it to Mrs. Gartney's little boy, John Henry. And ef you'll believe me, the mis'able critter swallered the gold dollar I'd left on my bureau to pay the meat peddlar with, and dropped my silver specs down the well."

"La!" said Miss Ketchum. "I seen him champin' it between his jaws," said Mrs. Grigson, "and shake and squeeze him as I would, I couldn't get it out of him!" "Well, I never did!" remarked the

"It did seem as ef that was the last straw that broke the camel's back," sighed Mrs. Grigson. "Brother Lyman he was dreadful consarned about it, but he couldn't do nothin' for me. He offered to kill the monkey, but I knowed how disappointed John Henry Gartney would be, and, arter all, the critter had only acted accordin' to its natur', and they was to pay brother Lyman a dollar and a half for him. As for the spees, brother Lyman flahed 'em up with a long pole with a crooked pin hitched on to the end on't. The glasses was broke, but the frames is good yet. I'm

ealkilatin' to get 'em mended when-' "Wonder how much the feather-bed 'Il go for!" said Miss Ketchum, breaking in on the monotonous refrain. "There ain't no tellin'." said Mrs

Mittable sho'd kep' house for forty year, and never had nothin' new. I don't s'pose an auction sale will pay, but what else could I do with all the old duds? Squire Daggett wants possession of the place at once, and-

"Ain't gwine to sell these 'ere house plants, be ye?" said Miss Ketcaum, nod-ding toward a green-painted stand in the

"Brother Lyman thought they might self. fetch a few cents, said Mrs. Grigson. of paint a year ago. I give one J'rusa-lem cherry-tree to Abigail Barton for helpin' me to clean out the old cupboards. She's been dreadful neighborly, and she wouldn't take a penny for what she did.

"More fool she," curtly observed Miss Ketchum. "I'd like that thar monthly rose with the striped blooms on it."

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"It is pretty," said Mrs. Grigson, ignoring the broad hint. "And I guess it 'ill sell cheap. I'd like some friend to hev it, for the slip it growed from was give me by Grigson the very first year bouse plants, Mrs. Grigson's amazement we were married,"

leaving Mrs. Grigson sitting sorrowfull; which had never been suspected of the answer to his prayer.

refused to be made capable of further a half; an oleander was bid up to three, service, "Aunt Mittable"—which name half a dozen spindling fish-geraniums valonesome enough to be sitting there in seventy-five cents each; and the surplus the empty house with Aunt Mittable age of pallid primroses and cactus montucked away in a corner of the frozen strosities was lumped at a dollar to Mr. church yard. Her husband was dead, Tows, whose door-yard was laid out in gling up in the world as best they could. She had had a position as janitress in a public school, but she had lost it when she came to Mullein Farm to nurse Aunt | Grigson. Mittable in her last illness; and now she scarcely knew which way to turn. Brother Lyman, her only living relative, was poorer than herself—a good-hearted, empty-pocketed man, who occupied some position on a sailing vessel which which plied between Boston and the Azores islands. There was a mortgage on the place which had swallowed up all aspirations in the direction of selling Aunt Mittable's things?" it, and Mrs. Grigson faintly hoped that the auction sale might help to pay the expenses of her old aunt's burial. Otherwise she did not, to use her own expres-

Mrs. Grigson was not a sentimentalist. A janitress in a public school building, with foreinger roughened by the coarsest needle-work, and mind narrowed down by the daily tread-mill of the most groveling cares, has not much time for that sort of indulgence; but as she sat there, drinking an infusion of the weakest tea, and watching the yellow March moonlight lay the perfect pattern of the uncurtained window, on the carpetless floor, while the barrel staves smouldered into carmine-tinted ashes, she could but remember the days when she had hoped for such a different life.

sion, "see her way clear."

"I was a gal then," thought Mrs. Grigson. "It didn't seem as if there was anything impossible. Well, well, I s'pose most folks are disapp'inted jest as bad as I be, et they live long enough."

And then the poor widow went to bed to keep warm; and all night long the yellow moonlight flooded the solitary room where Aunt Mittable had died, and a solitary cricket sang on the hearthstone where the red ashes had long since faded into white dust. The morrow dawned wild, bright and

windy, as March mornings often come rushing over the bleak Connecticut hillcrests. The auctioneer arrived in a onehorse buggy from the village; the neigh-bors assembled from all points of the compass. For in Feltville Four Corners people entertained the same sentiment toward an auction sale as New Yorkers feel toward a private view of the Acad emy of Design, or a flower show at the Madison Square Garden. Miss Ketchum was there in her best dyed shawl, and the bounet which the irreverent youth of the neighborhood had christened "Old Plymouth Rock," from the fossilized appearance of its feathers; Squire Daggett drove down in his family carry-all with the six Misses Daggett. The parson and the parson's wife were there, punching pillows and inspecting bolsters, and counting cups and saucers. A man a J'rusalem cherry-tree you give her; who was vaguely reported to be an emis-sary from an old curiosity shop in the city was prowling about with a memorandum-book under his arm. Everybody was there, even down to the village fool, who had been allowed to come with his grandmother, under solemn promise of not speaking a word the whole time." In her special corner Abigail Barton was whispering to a knot of eager women with much excited gesticulation, and close by the high wooden mantel sat poor Mrs. Grigson in her best gown, trembling a little, she scarcely knew why.

"Aunt Mittable was always partial to know auction vendoos," said she to herself, finding "It does seem as ef she'd ought to be there.

And she thought of the lonely grave under last year's weedy mullein stalks in the neglected corner of the church-yard, and sighed.

"Illl set a rose o' Sharon there as soon as the spring fairly opens," mused she. "Aunt Mittable always liked flowers."

And the crowd around Abigail Barton increased, and a sort of intangible thrill went through the rooms like an electric

"Is anything wrong?" Mrs. Grigson asked, nervously, "Hey they heard any news?" "I seen it myself," she could hear Abi-

gail saving: "I've got it to hum in my pocketbook. I've always heard that she was queer, and I shouldn't wonder if that was the way she'd hoarded up." Mrs. Grigson rose to join the group; but just then the auctioneer's voice

"They're dreadful old. Aunt drowned all else in its high, sing-song drone: "Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, if you please," and the sale began in good earnest. The breadths of well-worn rag carpet brought a pitiful sum, but the four hair-

cloth "cheers" in the best parlor, and a certain uncompromising sofa of the same slippery material, realized twenty dollars, and the wooden clock was bid up to six sanctuary by having their eyes licked by dollars and a half by Squire Daggett him-

"He can't know that the machinery's "And the stand ought to be worth a clear worn out, and it hain't struck in quarter of a dollar. It had a new coat six months," said Mrs. Grigson. "I don't know but it's my duty to tell him." "Hold your tongue, Naomi," whispered brother Lyman, who, with his hands in his pockets, was flattened up against the wall. "I guess all the neigh-bors acreabouts know as much about

> "Eight dollars for the old feather-Folks must be crazy!" said Mrs.

Augt Mittable's clock as you do."

we were married."

And as she was not invited to stay to striped monthly rose brought a dollar: pius after being licked by two respents tes, Miss Ketchum at last went away, a stumpy old lemon bush in a green tub.

before the fire of discarded barrel staves, faintest inclination to bloom, ran up to ruinous packing boxes, ancient chair legs five; a myrtle-tree ascended the scale. and wooden stools which had absolutely and was finally knocked down at ten and was a pervision of the good old New Eng-land prenomen Mehitable—had been all and ten callas and a sickly carnation the mother she had known, and it seemed | were bought by Miss Dora Daggett at carrots and parsnips, and who did not know a pokeberry bush from a holly

"Be folks mad?" said breathless Mrs.

The proceeds of the flower stand amounted to eighteen dollars, and the purchasers eagerly seized their property and carried it off, as if unwilling to let it out of their sight, and the sale went briskly on.

"Well, Naomi," said brother Lyman, chuckling, when the "vendoo" was over, "how much did ye expeck to git for

"I did hope for fifty dollars, all told," said Mrs. Grigson. "But Miss Ketchum said I was a foo! for calkilatin' on any sech amount "

"What d'ye say to two hundred?" said brother Lyman, gleefully.
"What!" shrieked Mrs. Grigson. "Lyman, you're a-pokin' fun at me.'

"No, I ain't," cheerfully spoke up brother Lyman. "It's two hundred and fifteen doliars and eighty-eight cents, that's what it is! Oh, ef ye'd only seen the women-folks a-carryin' out Aunt Mittable's house plants nugged up close to 'em, like they was little babies!" Brother Lyman stopped to shake all over with a species of inaudible laughter

which convulsed him as if he were a mold of jelly. "Two hundred and fifteen dollars!"

gasped Mrs. Grigson. 'It's like a The auctioneer counted out the bills into the good woman's toil-hardened

"I congratulate you, ma'am," said he. "Are you sure there ain't no mistake?" said Mrs. Grigson.

'Quite sure, ma'am."
"Well, I don't nohow understand it." said the widow, slowly shaking her head. "P'r'aps, Mr. Pulfield, you can explain it to me?"

The auctioneer looked around, winked one eye solemnly, and twirled his quill pen backward and forward.

"No one here?" said he.
"Not a soul," declared brother Ly-

"Everybody gone?"
"Yes, everybody."
"Then look here," said the auctioneer. "I couldn't help catchin' a word
here and there; and it wan't no business of mine to interfere."

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Grig-son, more bewildered than ever. "Don't ye, now? Well, less see if I can't make it clear t' ye," said Mr. Pulfield. "Abigail Barton she was a-whisperin' to Descon Plimpton's widow how't she found a little gold dollar buried in the earth of a flower-pot that held and it went from one to another like wild-fire. Oh, yes, Mrs. Grigson, your aunt Mittable was a good woman, a very good woman, but awful queer. And now every man, woman and child will be rippin' open feather-beds, diggin' up house-plants, and pokin' into cheer seats and bureau drawers for hidden treasure.

"You don't s'pose-" cried Mrs. Grig-

"Yes, I do s'pose," said the auction-eer. "If folks will be fools, there ain't no way of preventin' 'em as ever I knowed of. And I wish 'em good luck findin' what you aunt Mittible has hid

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Grigson. "Your things hev sold very well, ma'am," said Mr. Pulfield, buttoning up his coat. "I don't know when we've had such a successful auction sale in the neighborhood."

Mrs. Grigson went back to the city feeling richer than any capitalist. And not until the train was running into the New Haven depot did she start wildly from her seat in the corner of the car. was the monkey," she said, speaking aloud in the sudden enlightment of her soul—"brother Lyman's monkey! And there was me, poor, simple critter, a-repinin' again the mischief he had done!"

The other passengers stared dubiously at her, wondering if they had come all the way from Feltville Four Corners with a crazy woman. An old man took up a basket and shawl-strap and went to the other end of the car.

But they need not have been alarmed. Mrs. Grigson was not crazy.-Harper's

Basar. Medical Virtues of Dogs' Tongues, M. Reimach having recently called attention to the mention, in the recently discovered inscriptions at the Temple of Esculapius, în Épidaurus, of children having been cured of blindness at that the sacred dogs. M. Henri Gaidoz states that he has discovered the faith and practices of the dog-cure among several peoples and in a number of religious, The Hindoos believe that the English kill dogs to obtain possession of a sov-ereign remedy which is found in their tongues. In a Venetian legend, St. Roch was cured by a balsam distilled from the tongue of his dog. Dogs' tongues are considered to have medical virtue by many people in Portugal, France and In Bohemia they let dogs lick Scotland. the faces of new-born children for "good luck," A belief in the existence of divinities issuing from dogs, whose office it was to lick the bruises of the wounded, once prevailed in Armenia. In a scene in one of Aristophanes' plays Plutus rewhich the god sent for that purpose in

HOW THE WILD BIRDS ARE HUNTED IN ILLINOIS.

The Hunters' Keen-Scented Bogs -A Sportsman's Outfit - How Birds are Found and Killed. tite

West and South will reveal an unusual sight. In addition to the piles of trunks, Neither hunters nor dog stir a step. The empty milk cans, and the usual promis-cuous heaps of all kinds of luggage, anywhere from six to two dozen dogs of in their places. While he is loading, up various sizes and colors may be seen series a fourth chicken, this time to the various sizes and colors may be seen securely chained in different parts of the car. They may be chained singly, in pairs, and sometimes in double pairs; chickens rise on all sides. The left-hand but the different groups are kept care- man gets in both barrels and knocks fully apart and out of each other's reach. down two birds. They reload, and the The reason is that they are apt to be belligerent an l are extremely valuable, and birds are plenty and the stubbles in good 'scrapping match" of even short duration might result in the destruction of serious damage of several hundred dol- Hunters often "draw a blank," as they lars' worth of property of a kind not easily replaced, and the delay of a hunt-found in one field. The covers are ing trip just begun. The secret is out. They are hunting dogs and their owners are starting out for the corn fields and grain stubbles in search of prairie chickens. Contrary to what one would naturally expect, the dogs are far from being plump and sleek after the manner of well fed and comfortably housed pets. In fact, they are quite the reverse, and, as a rule, are lean and gaunt, although clean and sound of limb. They are kept thin on purpose, that they may work easily and without fatigue, and are trained with all the care bestowed upon a champion in the ring. Few of them are valued at less than \$150, and a check for ten times that amount would not buy a number in the car. Born with the instincts of the hunting dog of pure pedigree, they have been as carefully trained as children, and at a large expense, by their owners or by professional trainers, who make a handsome living at the business. The ordinary pup is worth from \$50 to \$250, according to the size, color, disposition and pedigree, and his training costs from \$50 to \$100. If well treated and intelligently handled the trained dog is a miracle of docility and intelligence, and the hunter's bag would be woefully small without his aid.

with their clothes and outfits. A dozen or more conditions of life and business interests are represented by the group. The chicken shooting in Iowa, Minnesota and the West generally is poor this year, and the hunters as a rule have obtained most of their sport in Illinois and Indiana. These men are bound for the central and southern parts of Illinois, and the rich corn and grain fields of the Prairie State. The outfit of each is quite similar, varying only in quality and completeness. It may be briefly enumerated as follows: A dog or two, a gun, a of level valley land which is to be irri"shell-box" filled with loaded cargated. The entire length of the canal tridges, rubber or leather hip-boots, a pair of lighter shoes or boots, stout breeches, hunting-coat and cap, rubber coat and game-bag. The coat is the most remarkable part of the costume. It resombles the Irishman's cannon, which was built around a big hole, in that it appears to be constructed around innumerable pockets. It is made of stout canvas, the color of dried reeds or an oat stubble. The hipboots are for use in the morning when the dew lies heavy on the fields and for wading in the marshy bits. In the afternoon in dry weather the lighter shoes or boots may be used. In the pockets of the coat are a short rawhide whip and a silver whistie, articles of whose use the dog is well aware. The prairie chicken is an accommodating bird, and may be hunted in pleasant weather; and this fact may partially account for the ardor with which it is pursued. Chickenshooting, however, is a fascinating sport in itself, the game being wary, strong of wing, and exceedingly palatable. Day light finds the hunters-for they generally, like their dogs, hunt in pairsleaving the farm-house where they have passed the night. At the word of command the dogs leap into the wagon, and a few moments' drive brings the hunters to a "likely field." The hunters alight, slip a cartritdge into each barrel of their guns, and turn into the field. The dogs are eager for the sport to begin, and at the words "Hunt 'em up," and a wave of the hand, spring out into the stubble at full speed, one hunter and one dog to each side of the field. The dogs work from the edge of the field to the centre, cross, keep on to the outer edge, return, and cross again, covering the field in ever-varying and irregular circles. and then one pauses and snuffs the wind blowing down the field, or turns quickly aside from his course and follows up for a few yards an old scent in the hope of finding it grow stronger. Suddenly one of them running at full speed in long, clastic bounds, with ear and tail waving as he leaps, falls, flat as if paralyzed and remains motionless as a stone. Quick as is the movement, the other dog has also crouched and is pointing at the first "backing him up with implicit confidence, though the scent may not have reached his keen nostrils. the sagacious animals turn their heads and look back at their masters with intelligent eyes, as if he says, "Hurry up; here they are!" The men move rapidly and noiselessly up to the first dog. The intelligent animal, who has not moved a muscle, except to turn his head and look back, rises slowly and crouchingly to his feet, and with nose extended slowly forward, intelligence and wary

his eloquent body. His feet are lifted and put down like paws of velvet, and

follow carefully close benind, guns cocked and ready for use.

Down goes the dog as though shot dead, and this time he does not dare to look back, the tremor of his body giving warning that he can go no further without walking into the covey. The men take one, two steps-whiz, whirr-three A Chicago letter says that a glance, almost any day, into the baggage cars of the trains leaving the city for the West and South will reveal to the left but and the left but and south will reveal to the left but and so the left but barrel and misses with his second barrel. left-hand man breaks his gun, draws out the discharged shells and slips fresh ones dog is told to "hunt 'em up." If the condition, the chances are that a covey will be found in each stubble-field. found in one field. The coveys vary widely in size; sometimes as many a thirty or forty birds are found together and sometimes an old cock is found alone with a field ali to himself. The chickens in different coveys also behave differently. At times they will get up singly, and in such a case two shooters will get nearly the whole covey. At other times the whole covey will rise together, and it needs quick and skillful shooting to make each of the four barrels count. If the country and flight of the birds allow, it is sometimes possible to "mark a covey" and follow them from field to field, unless they fly into the corn, when pursuit is hopeless.

### A Great Irrigating Canal.

There is now in progress in Merced county, California, a great irrigating canal. Merced, the capital of the county, lies in the heart of the San Joaquin valley, which has been for some years the chief wheat-producing section of the State. The valley extends from the Sierra Nevadas on the east to the skirt of the coast range on the west, its greatest width being ninety miles, and its length from north to south about forty miles. The town of Merced is expected to make enormous strides when the canal is completed. The first sight In the smoking car will be found the hunters themselves. While their costumes are much alike, the similarity ends a fort, the ground being ridged up from the six to sight feet. There are 300 men at a fort, the ground being ridged up from six to eight feet. There are 300 men at work on the canal. The undertaking was begun on March 14, 1883, and has been carried on continuously ever since. The canal will run across the country from the Merced river just above Snelling to Plainsburgh, ten miles below the city of Merced, on the Southern Pacific railroad. The slope during this whole distance is a gradual one, and the canal is carried well up on a slight elevation, so that without artificial means the water will flow over the wide extent will be thirty-five miles, of which sixteen miles are now completed. In the portion which has been built there is one tunnel a trifle over a mile long, and another of sixteen hundred feet is now being excavated. The general grade of the canal is one foot to the mile. Among the hands employed are 150 Chinese. They receive \$1 a day and board themselves, while the white men receive \$20 a month and their board. The Chinese live in a camp by themselves, and run their commissariat. The company which has charge of the enterprise has expended already nearly \$700,000, and it is roughly estimated that the entire cost of work will be double that sum. Land on the banks of the canal, which was previously valued at \$2.50 per acre, has now advanced to \$8 per acre, and the owners claim that it is worth \$35 per acre. Close to the town of Merced, however, land can not be bought for less than \$150 per nere .- Chicago Times.

# An Intoxicating Palm.

The Missionary Herald gives an account of an inland tour lately made by the Rev. Dr. Richards, a missionary of the American Board, stationed at Inhambane, on the east coast of Africa, from which the following in relation to the Amakwakwe tribe was taken:

"They have no gardens at all. They are so frequently robbed by Umzila's impis (soldiers) that they have become quite discouraged. Another reason is that the native fruit is capable of sustaining life, and is abundant; and, again, the palm wine flows freely all over the country. This palm-tree is four or five feet high, seldom ten feet. It manifests little life, save at the top, where a few leaves appear, looking like a flower-pot on a stump. These leaves are all cut off, and from the cut each tree yields daily about a pint of delicious juice, but highly intoxicating when allowed to stand for a few hours. There seems to be no limit to these trees, and we were surrounded on every hand by drunken men and women. Even little children were staggering about as ingloriously as their parents. It was difficult to avoid trouble with these people, yet our guns were respected, and a ball fired carelessly at a near tree would produce quiet for half an hour. They were coarse rough, drunken fellows, often plunder ing, often plundered, and accustomed to quarrels and fights not altogether bloodless. One could scarce expect to find pleasure in passing among them."

Little Johnny, on being asked by his school teacher if he knew what was meant steals by "at par," replied that "Ma was always at Pa when he came home late." caution expressed in every movement of Life.

And now Chicago claims that pork is his progress is noiseless and as true as a brain food, being a product of thous the needle to the pole. The hunters and of pens. - Lowell Citizen.

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PLL KNOW THEE THERE.

[G. D. Prentice said: "No living poem can surpass in beauty the following lines from the muse of Amelia."]

Pale star that, with thy soft, and light, Comes out upon my bridal eve, I have a song to sing to-night, Before thou takest thy mournful leave. Since then so softly time bath stirr'd That months have almost seemed like

And I am like a little bird That slept too long among the flowers,] And, waking, sits with waveless wing, Soft singing 'mid the shades of even; But, oh! with sadder heart I sing-I sing of one who dwells in heaven.

The winds are soft, the clouds are few, And tenderest thought my heart beguiles, As, floating up through mist and dew, The pale young moon comes out in

And to the green, resounding shore In silvery troops the ripples crowd, Till all the ocean, dimpled o'er, Lifts up its voice and laughs aloud; And star on star, all soft and calm, Floats up you arch, serenely blue: And, lost to earth, and steeped in balm, My spirit floated in ether, too.

Loved one! though lost to human sight, I feel thy spirit lingering near; And softly—as I feel the light That trembles through the atmosphere, As in some temple's holy shades, Though mute the hymn and husbed the

prayer, solemn awe the soul pervodes, Which tells that worship has been there; A breath of incense, left alone, Where many a censer swung around; Which thrills the wanderer like to one Who treads on consecrated ground.

I know thy soul, from worlds of bliss, Yet stops a while to dwell with me. Hath caught the prayer I broathed in this, That I at last might dwall with thee; hear a murmur from the seas That thrills me like thy spirit's sighs; I hear a voice on every breeze That makes to mine its low replies-A voice all low and sweet like thine; It gives an answer to my prayer, And brings my soul from heaven a sign That I will know and meet thee there.

I'll know thee there by that sweet face Round which a tender halo plays, Still touched with that expressive grace That made thee lovely all thy days, By that sweet smile that o'er it shed A beauty like the light of even, Whose soft expression never fird. Even when its soul had fled to heaven; I'll know thee by the starry crown That glitters in thy raven hair; Oh! by these blessed sights alone I'll know thee there, I'll know thee there.

For ah! thine eye, within whose sphere The sweetest youth and beauty met, That swam in love and softness here, Must swim in love and softness yet. For ah! its dark and liquid beams, Though suddened by a thousand sighs, Were holier than the light that streams Down from the gates of Paradiso-Were bright and radiant like the mora, Yet soft and dewy as the eve, Too sad for eyes where smiles are born, Too young for eyes to learn to grieve.

wonder if this cold, sweet breeze Hath touched thy lips and fanned thy brow.

For all thy spirit hears and sees Recalls thee to my memory now; For every hour we breathed apart Will but increase, if that can be, The love that fills this lonely heart, Already filled so full of thee. Yet many a tear these eyes must weep, And many a sin must be forgiven. Ere these pale lips shall sink to sleep, And you and I shall meet in heaven!

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The golden mean-The miser. A dead best .- The muffled drum. Inquirer asks: What must I do to make my hands soft! Do nothing .- Boston Courier.

An exchange says that there is a mis-sion in this life for dudes. We hope it is a foreign mission .- Burlington Free Press.

An Iowa veteran draws a pension be-cause ten years ago his wife struck him with a broomstick .- Burlington Free Press.

"Atland your church," the parson criss; To church each fair one goes; The old go there to close their eyes, The young to uye their cloth

"You are bound to read, I see," said Mrs. S, to her husband, who, with novel in hand, was busy among its pages, "So is this book," he replied, without looking up, and his talkative wife collapsed. Merchant-Traveler.

RHE COMPLIED WITH HIS REQUEST. "Fray call me a pretty name," said he One night to his darling Carrie. The girl he had courted so long that she Thought he never meant to marry. Up from his bosom she raised her head, And her cheeks grow red as roses,
"I think I will call you 'man," she said,
"For they say that 'man proposes."

—Bo don Courier.

"If you should allow me fourteen dollars per week on which to run the house," she said, as they sat together in the twilight, "and I saved three dollars per week out of that, what would you say?"
"Say? Why, I'd say you ought to run
it on 'leven," he growled, as he lighted the gas .- Detroit Free Press.

Oh! for a girl with bright blue eyes,
A girl that knows how to love.
A girl that cale make good squash pica
And is sweet as the angels above.

Oh for a garl that will not flirt,
A woman kind and true:
A wife to sew buttons on your shirt,
When she's nothing clasts do.
—Lyna Union.