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Dear forests are rather expensive luxuries, \$20,000 being a sum often spent on their maintenance for the year. One English nobleman has already expended on one in the Highlands during his different residences there the sum of \$900,000.

The "woodchuck's" lot is not a happy one in some parts of Indiana. A few years ago these animals did so much damage in La Porte county, Indiana, that a bounty of twenty cents was offered for each woodchuck scalp. Since then some 25,000 scalps have been taken, and with in the last three months the county has paid \$1,039.20, which represents 5,196 of the pests.

A Minnesota man who knows the Indians of the Northwest well advances the theory that they are increasing instead of diminishing in numbers. He says that they have been steadily following the Buffalo westward, gradually moving from the Atlantic coast to the Far West, and multiplying as they moved. The first government report mentions 60,000 Indians; the last total number reported was 230,000.

On the authority of the American Cranberry Growers' Association, the 1886 crop is estimated at 600,000 bushels against 750,000 bushels estimated last year. These figures may be exceeded, as the actual crop last year was about 600,000 bushels. In order to secure a market, new channels of trade must be opened. Last year no less than 150,000 bushels failed to find an outlet, the enormous quantity of 750,000 bushels being marketed only by great exertions and at low prices.

Country people can make their own meters if they have no other use for wells. In the Swiss village of Genes some disused wells have been locally sealed to serve as barometers in a fall of atmospheric pressure through a small hole in the blowing a whistle, and thus of a coming storm; but when the outside pressure is increasing, the air, being forced into the well, causes a different sound, and announces the probability of fine weather.

On the Pacific coast, when they make up their minds to see a sea serpent, they generally observe one worth talking about. Ensign Selim E. Woodworth, of the United States Navy, tells the San Francisco reporters that a short time ago, when the Ranger was off the coast of Costa Rica on a surveying trip, the lookout reported a reef some distance away. They drew near to survey it, and saw that the reef was a huge serpent. The head was larger than a man's body, large, piercing eyes. The body was of a dirty yellow color. The serpent was a slow traveler, and the ship gained on it, but it escaped in the darkness, not before several musket balls had been fired into it without apparent effect.

That was a curious case of the girls in a cigar factory in New York, who fell one after another, into swoons and fits of hysterics, in imitation of one who had fainted. No doubt, says the Tribune, it was an instance of those epidemic influences of which the Convulsionnaires of St. Medard are the best known examples. During the Ulster Revivals of 1859, similar cases occurred. The explanation of them is that the emotions, acting on the nerves, simulate seizures the sight of which has caused the initial excitement. The influence of the mind upon the body is practically limitless. The former can simulate diseases so closely that the normal physical effects follow, and this is sometimes done with contagious diseases, death even resulting from purely mental or emotional processes. This is what is referred to when it is said that in great epidemics fear kills more than the plague.

There are about 300,000 miles of railroad in the world, of which fully one-half are in America. Australia is now building at the greatest rate, per cent. of any of the grand divisions of the world, partly because the mileage of that country is very small in proportion to its extent. Sixty per cent. of the railroads of the world are in the English-speaking countries. Australia has only 365 persons per mile of railroad, the United States about 500, and Canada the same. In Great Britain and Ireland there are 1,870 people per mile of road, and in Germany, France and Belgium still more. Austria heads the list with 2,786 per mile. The British railroads are very costly, the average exceeding \$200,000 per mile. The average in the United States is less than one-third as much, the difference being due not altogether to cheaper construction, but largely to the great cost of way in the more thickly populated country—about \$133 per head. Russia has spent only \$14 per head, and most of the European nations less than \$20.

THE YEARS.

The wee and weakling years!
When time flew and sweet unto the lip,
When steps are toddling, doubtful little things,
When stronger fingers lead us lest we slip,
When curls fall o'er our brows in fair, wild rings,
And kisses press the pure-eyed dears—
The wee and weakling years!
When staff must lend support and eyes grow dim,
When frost has nipped the raven of our brows,
When we are lonely-looking o'er the rim
Of two worlds—Here and There—when bent life bows
And from hid lips the last call hears—
The slow, sad-footed years!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

FROM SEVEN TO NINE.

Seven o'clock in the morning, and Anabel Clifton's wedding day! The sunshine drifted through the half-closed blinds and danced upon the white wall of the upper room in the Elizabethan tower of the Cliftons' river-town villa. This little apartment, usually in studied order, was strewn with incongruous draperies, and was, as one might say, in dishevelment. Anabel was still asleep. She did not stir when her mother and her nurse—the aged nurse of all the family of eight, of whom seventeen-year-old Anabel was the eldest and the favorite—climbed up the narrow stairway from the nursery, and stood at the curtained entrance gazing in. It is not in a sleeper to withstand desperately earnest glances, and Anabel's eyelids trembled, then unfolded. She had been deeply asleep, for she seemed to come slowly back from the mysterious world as she fixed her eyes on the two matron figures and gradually recognized them. No sooner had one ray of recognition consciousness passed from her than one of the visitors—the mother—vanished. There had been something so girlishly, so almost babyishly, innocent in the sweet little sleeping face, and something so unpeppery dear in its awakening, that she could not trust herself to linger. She stole down the stairway, and catching up from its crib her youngest darling, a girl, and of all her children most like her fresh, faultless, beautiful Anabel, she burst into a passion of weeping.

The old nurse advanced. "Come, Miss Anabel, high time ye war' a'irrin'. An' dis yer weddin' day, an' de presen' a-fluddin' in bansum. Come, honey, bes' put on yer dressin'-gown and lebe de fixin' till after breakfast." For Dinah the gone got sech a breakfast; all de tibles yer fond ob, Miss Anabel, briled thicken, abbe tart, eberyting envying. Put dis yer's yer weddin' time, an' honey, dere isn't sech a bride ebery day.

"Such a happy, happy bride!" said Anabel. She had slipped from her bed in a twinkling, and stood beside her dusky friend, with her hand on the cumbrous shoulder, and her rosy face fondly near the dark-hued, wrinkled, but ever kindly one. She kissed the old goodie a kiss on her forehead.

"Such a happy, happy, bride!" said Anabel.

8 o'clock A. M.—Breakfast over, but hardly tasted, in spite of "tibles." Oh, why do they keep the pet morsels of life until the exact moment when 'tis impossible to swallow them?

"May the children come in?" asked a voice, cheerily.

A rush of little ones. They climb on Anabel's knee, they kiss her, they hug her. May, the eldest, steals her arm around the white neck, and takes one of the long bright golden curls of "the bride" between her lips. Jancey, the favorite brother, blurts out: "Oh, what a fool you are, Nannie, to go and leave us! Such lots of fun as we had ahead, too!"

"And we love you so!" whispers May. "Oh, you darlings!" cries Anabel, springing from her chair, and tumbling down the youngsters without noticing. "Bridget! nurse!" she calls to the maids in the ante-room, "take the children away directly."

She can hardly restrain her tears until she is played, and the door closes upon the little figures. Then murmuring to herself, "But I must not cry and spoil my eyes, for it is my wedding day," she weeps bitterly.

9 o'clock A. M.—The bridal dress arrived at last. "If it had not been for J—'s influence in the custom-house it would never have got through in time, and you would have to be married in—"

"Has it come?" says Anabel, perfectly indifferently.

Yes; a superb *chef-d'œuvre* of Parisian costume. White tulle over white satin, the tulle studded all over with white jasmine and orange blossoms; the veil bordered with orange blossoms; a corsage knot of jasmine and orange, and wreath for corsage to match.

Anabel rejected the bouquet of the corsage. "I shall wear—these at least—natural flowers," she said.

"An' de nat'ral flowers an' here," said the old nurse. "Dey an' com' to suah, 'long wid Massa Franklin's weddin' gif'. Better late den neber! A cross ob em'ra, Miss Anabel. Missus jes peeked in, an' I miscovered. A mighty pretty gif' for Massa Franklin." And the fond creature gave Anabel a strange penetrating glance—a reproachful glance, if anything so affectionate could be called reproachful.

10 o'clock A. M.—Anabel has tried on the wedding dress. Her groomsmen and bridesmaids have come to practice the formalities of the ceremony. The eldest brother, Jancey, with a look of great seriousness personates the bridegroom; May, with as seriousness at all, personates the clergyman. Then Anabel, alone in the tower room, disheveled of the bridal dress, glances into the small jewel case enclosing the cross of emeralds, Franklin Monroe's gift. "I would wear it if I could," she says to herself, "only a bride must be in pure white. What a lovely color these stones have! I do not wonder that tired ladies rest their eyes upon emeralds. I would like to wear it, for I love—oh, indeed I love Cousin Franklin next best to mother—next best in all the world to mother and Eugene."

At the very thought of the name "Eugene," Anabel colored. She was much in love with the young man Eugene Sands, her chosen husband—deeply in love, although she had known him scarcely three months and but for his high credentials, his wealth and position, his impetuous persistence in hastening the marriage, and the urgent fatality that precipitates a love-match, Anabel's sole guardian, her mother, could not have been persuaded to part so early with her child.

"And to-day I shall be his wife!" gasped Anabel, with a sudden time-stroke on her heart, half dread, half ecstasy. 11 o'clock A. M.—"A note for you, Miss Clifton," says a servant, breaking up Anabel's solitude. 12 o'clock M.—Anabel is lying motionless in a "dead faint," and the ceremony to be at three!

The news spread through the house like wildfire. The mother, the nurse, and the doctor, hastily summoned, were at her bedside. "She never fainted afore in her bressed lifetime," said the old nurse. "Sue 'n' happened for suah."

"She had a note sent to her," some one suggested. She dismissed immediately the servant who brought it; then a sharp call was heard—a cry. When the tower room was reached, Anabel lay stretched on the floor in a death-like swoon. Where was the note that a moment before she must have had in her hand? It was nowhere to be found.

1 o'clock P. M.—The flower decorators busy in finishing the fragrant ornament of the house, nothing remaining to be done but to hang the shields of camellias in the halls, and twice the bulsters of the stairs with pink carnations and smilax. Time for the bride to be at her toilet; the hairdresser is in waiting.

"I must see my mother all alone," said Anabel, still white as a ghost, and almost smothered by the anxious thronging of her attendants. "I want her with me quite alone."

"Den swaller dis yer quietin' bowl ob nourishin', Miss Anabel, an' bear up, honey; missus a' crubbed an' areddy." Anabel drank the strengthening potion unquestioningly. Then the authoritative croak ordered everyone from the tower room, and the mother, pale as her child, came to the bedside.

"Dear mother," said Anabel—and the fond eyes that looked upon her as she spoke seemed to see before their wistful glow no longer a child, but a woman—a child quickly but surely aged into the lot of woman. "Dear mother, this is my wedding day, but I have changed my mind. Don't be troubled, dear; 'tis only another trifle. I shall be married," she spoke on, hurriedly, "to-day. At three o'clock every one will be here, of course, and I may be a little late. I have changed my mind, dear mother, about my first groomsmen." Anabel had a choice in this, because her lover Eugene Sands, was but a stranger in the town—an Englishman arrested upon a pleasure tour by the fascination of Anabel. "I want Cousin Franklin to be sent for immediately."

"My darling," said the mother, with gentle hesitation, "I will do just as you say, for I want everything to please you to-day. But do you think it is quite kind to Franklin, who has loved you so long and faithfully, and who, although we love him so for affection, is not really your cousin, remember—do you think it is quite kind in you to ask him to accept such a conspicuous place in this ordeal?" Anabel sank back on her pillow with an ashy line drawn about her lips threatening another swoon. "I must see him," she murmured. "Send for him, dear mother, if you love your little Anabel. Send for him at once."

2 o'clock P. M.—"Is Cousin Franklin below? Tell him to please go into the library and take a book. I shall be ready to receive him presently. And now bring the hair-dresser; and then dress me as quickly as possible."

This was Anabel's order. When every touch was complete she went to the mirror, and for five minutes or more—so they said afterwards—looked at the reflection of herself sadly.

"Is this you, Anabel Clifton?" they heard her say; and then she came back to her mother and the children, who waited to view her, and showed herself—dazzling—to them, all smiles.

3 o'clock P. M.—Carriages rolling up to the door. The drawing-rooms in splendor, the reception-rooms on the upper floors filling with opera-cloaked guests and with gentlemen drawing on their light gloves; the bridesmaids and groomsmen grouped in an ante-room apart.

"Tell Cousin Franklin he may come to me," said Anabel. She was now in the radiance of her beauty, two bright roses glowing freshly on her cheeks, for so young masks with bloom its fever; her eyes violet-lidded, radiant. She whispered to her mother, who was the last to linger: "Darling, bring him yourself, and then leave me for ten, for twenty minutes." She was glancing toward the dressing table, and added, without change of voice: "Stay a moment, dear mother. Let me see if the ribbon is secure on my fan. Yes, everything is in order." And so, never suspecting the storm that was sweeping over a soul disguised in this smiling calm, Anabel's mother left her.

4 o'clock P. M.—An hour after the time fixed for the wedding. The bridesmaids and groomsmen becoming very impatient. Anabel still lingers in her tower. Franklin Monroe is seated in the window-seat at her side. Fortunately for the

order of the day, and Anabel's sudden wish, he is in full dress. He had intended to be present at this marriage, cost him what pang it might.

"Cousin Franklin, said Anabel Clifton, 'I am in very great sorrow, and naturally in my sorrow I turn to a trusted friend.'"

At this moment a knock at the door demanded attention. "Every one is waiting," a voice said; "but Mr. Sands has not come. Mrs. Clifton will send to his hotel, if Miss Anabel is willing."

"Send for him," said Anabel. And Franklin thought that he saw her shudder. He glanced at his watch, as at the door he reiterated the most maudible order. He returned, troubled.

"Tell me," he said, "the cause of your sorrow. I will help you if I can. You can trust me—you know that, Anabel—to my life's end."

Anabel had allowed him in his earnestness to drop the little white-gloved hand. He felt that it was ice-cold. Then she went to her bureau—the bureau rifled that morning of all its delicately attached treasures—quite empty now, excepting one drawer, which Anabel unlocked. She took from it an unsealed note—the message that, with a woman's new-born instinct of "veiling her heart from the world," she had concealed and turned the lock upon, before, in the uncontrollable climax of her misery, she had cried for help, and fallen, as they had found her, in a death-like swoon.

She stood still, looking downward, and holding the unsealed note in her hand. Another knock, another message. "Mr. Sands has left his hotel. The thought he was to leave town by the 4:30 express. What shall we do, Miss Anabel?"

"Send to the depot," was the order. She flew to Franklin's side. She clasped his hand. "Dear friend," she said, "you have loved me truly for—so long. You love me now, do you not?" Something forbade the loyal soul of Franklin Monroe to say "I love you" to an affianced bride. But his eloquent eyes, his earnest face, gave assurance to Anabel. He said: "I am at your command."

She put the letter into his hand. He glanced over the passionate protestations, the plea for forgiveness, the breaking of a heart at Anabel's feet, to comprehend the one marked sentence that explained why the announced marriage was unlawful, impossible—why Eugene Sands had fled.

Get more message. "No tidings from the railway depot. Mr. Sands has not been seen there to-day. The people are very impatient. Mrs. Clifton sends to know what we shall say."

"Say I am coming," said Anabel. She closed the door. She was almost fabulous in her brilliant beauty as, in face of her mingled love and resolve, she returned to Franklin.

She tore from the knot of orange blossoms that had accompanied Franklin's gift, and which was already clasped against the bosom of her bridal dress, one flower, and fastened it in his vest. 5 o'clock P. M.—Two hours late; but at last the wedding march strikes up. The bride is coming! The long delay is rewarded by the vision. "She looks like an angel," they said.

One riveted gaze at the bride, and then all eyes turned upon the bridegroom. Already bridesmaids and groomsmen had rallied from the shock of surprise. The throng of guests accepted their astonishment as best they might. Anabel's mother, pale and trembling, glancing toward her darling when the cottage entrance, with its surprising *décoré*, murmured "Thank Heaven!" The young bride's loveliness subdued everybody. Even the children behaved discreetly, beyond all precedent, in extreme expectancy of children's behavior. The whole household—the whole town, in fact—had been so long of sympathetic indignation when it might be Anabel's lover was usurped by an arrogant stranger.

6 o'clock P. M.—Under the marriage bell of lilies and white roses, a married woman, Anabel Monroe. And every one pushing up to kiss and congratulate the bride. And the bridegroom? He was equal to the occasion—a good deal to say of a married man, in addition to the usual nervousness ascribed to the masculine mood. On such an occasion, had known in the rapid experience of a moment the transition from despair to triumph.

7 o'clock P. M.—In her traveling dress, and in the carriage, the adieu all made; the lack of propitiating shoe, May's pet embroidered slipper, to be framed in a glass case eventually, hung after the wedding, wheels in the highway. The sound of the dance tread and the music poured into the open air. And from between half-barred blinds of a window not far off an anxious, grief-stricken face follows with its guilty eyes the carriage receding in the avenue's sunset reddened dusk.

8 o'clock P. M.—A companion in a palace car destined to stop at West Point. Rooms bespoken by telegraph, which at morning shall show the dawn's speech outlook upon a wooded path superb to the river's edge, the well-known Flirtation Path, freighted for Franklin Monroe with a memory of first love's first love buried, as he thought, but awakened by fate at last so strangely, and strangely, from the sleeping, not dead, past.

In the car alone, a bride and bridegroom.

"Cousin Franklin," says the new-made wife to cousin (she cannot drop at once the old time term), "you are sure, perfectly sure, are you not, that you love me?"

"Perfectly sure," not very audibly, not very steadily, but stung to his soul with the blissful assurance of the truth of his assertion, her husband answers.

"I love you," said Anabel. 9 o'clock P. M.—A moonlight night. All well! Hudson River express train entering the Highlands.—Harper's Weekly.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

In old calendars the saints' days were marked with red letters. Any lucky day is now called a "red-letter day."

A European economist reckons that there are on the face of the globe 47,500,000 head of cattle and 105,000,000 sheep.

At the conclusion of the play, or of the epilogue, it was formerly customary for the actors to kneel down on the stage and pray for the sovereign, nobility, clergy, and sometimes for the commons.

An artisan well at Lemore, Dak., sunk for railroad uses, is attracting attention on account of its medical qualities. It is said that its continual use will put an end to a desire for alcoholic drinks.

Three hundred natives of the West Indies of both sexes were sent to Spain as slaves during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. This was an act of retaliation for the murder of Spaniards in the New World.

The one place in the country where the most railroad trains pass is said to be the Union Depot, Elizabeth, N. J. A man was put on for the purpose last week, and counted up 3,255 as the total, and in one day of twenty-four hours, 600. It is a crossing at the street level, too.

A London paper says: "Eighteen hundred and eighty-six began on a Friday, will end on a Friday, and contains fifty-three Fridays. Four months in the year have five Fridays. Five changes of the moon occur on a Friday, and both the longest and shortest days in the twelve months are on Fridays. This might, indeed, be termed a Friday year."

In England high treason was once punished by dragging at the horse's tail, through the streets from the prison to the place of execution; or by plucking out and burning the entrails, while the prisoner was yet alive; or by hanging by the neck, so as not to destroy life; also by beheading, quartering, and the exposure of the fragments of the body in such places as the king should direct.

It has been found by Dr. Tit that the ear in women can perceive higher notes—that is, sounds with a greater number of vibrations per second—than the ear of men. The highest limit of human hearing is somewhere between forty-one and forty-two thousand vibrations per second. Few persons have equal sensibilities to acute sounds in both ears, the right ear usually hearing a higher note than the left. The lowest continuous sounds have about sixteen vibrations per second.

Some Anecdotes of Stonewall Jackson. In the *October Century* is a collection of "Personal Reminiscences of Stonewall Jackson," from which we quote as follows: "Talking with him once about some subject of casuistry or prevarication, I put the question direct to him: 'Did you ever tell a lie?' Pausing, as was his invariable manner before giving a categorical answer, as if for an introspective review of his consciousness, he said: 'Yes; but only once, so far as I can remember. I was leading my men through a rank chaparral, infested by Mexican guerrillas. The balls were flying incessantly, and the broad leaves of the tropical plants were being riddled through and through. They became panic-stricken, and notwithstanding my repeated order for advance, they hung back. Stepping some distance in front of them, into a narrow pass, where the bullets were whizzing round my head, and the foliage was being cut to ribbons, I called out: 'Follow me, men! Don't you see, there is no danger!'

"He never posted a letter without calculating whether it would have to travel on Sunday to reach its place of destination, and if so, he would not mail it till Monday morning. Still further did he carry his Puritanical observance. Unnumbered times have I known him to receive important letters so late on Saturday night that he would not break his fixed resolution never to use his eyes, which were very delicate, by artificial light; he would carry the letters in his pocket till Monday morning, then rise with the sun to read them."

"In the winter of '61-'62, while Jackson's forces were at Winchester, he sent a brigade to destroy the canal leading to Washington. The expedition proved a failure; and he attributed it, in some measure, to the fact that Sunday had been needlessly trespassed upon. So when a second expedition was planned he determined there should be no Sabbath-breaking connected with it that he could prevent. The advance was to be made early on Monday morning. On Saturday he ordered my husband, Colonel Preston, at that time on his staff to see that the necessary powder was in readiness. The quartermaster could not find a sufficient quantity in Winchester on Saturday, but during Sunday it was procured. On Sunday evening the fact in some way got to Jackson's ears. At a very early hour on Monday he dispatched an officer to Shepherdstown for other powder, which was brought. Then summoning Colonel Preston, he said, very decisively: 'Colonel, I desire that you will see that the powder which is used for this expedition is not the powder that was procured on Sunday.'"

Both Waiting.

There's a flush in her satin cheek to-night,
And her heart is palpitating,
And her eyes are filled with love's sweet light.

For her beau the maid is waiting.

Ah! would that a friend the youth would warn—
The visit he'll dearly rue—
For her pa with a club behind the barn
Is awaiting his coming, too.
—Boston Courier.

MIDNIGHT AT THE HELM.

I.
"What seest thou, friend?
The frail masts bend.
Thy ship reels wildly on the tossing deep;
Thy fearless eyes
Regard the skies,
And this broad waste where through white
chargers leap:
Seest thou the foam?"
Pilot—"I see my home,
And children on a white soft couch asleep."

II.
"What seest thou, friend?
The tiller end
Thou graspest safely in thy firm, strong grip;
Thine eyes are strange,
They seem to range
Beyond sea, sky and clouds and struggling
ship,
Beyond the foam."
Pilot—"I see my home—
Brown cottage eaves round which the swallows dip."

III.
"What seest thou, friend?
Black leagues extend
On all sides round about thy bark and thee;
Not one star speak
Above the deck
Abates the darkness of the midnight sea;
The waves' throats rear—"Pilot—"I see the shore,
And eyes that plead with God for mine and me."
—George Barlow, in Boston Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A designing man—The architect.
Large revolvers—The earth and moon.
A cool baseball player—The ice pitcher.

The motto of the sheriff. Hold fast that which is goods.—*Tid-B's*.
Question of the chirologist—"Do you acknowledge the corn?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Some things are most valuable when they are upside down. A figure 6, for instance.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"A handsome woman is dangerous," says an exchange. Perhaps this is the reason why so many men court danger.—*New Haven News*.

Summer boarder—"I have heard that silk tassels grow on your corn!" Farmer—"Yes, miss, regular gros grain silk it is, too."—*Lowell Citizen*.

It is stated that Henry Clay never was at a loss for a word. From this it is evident that Henry never jammed his thumb in a door.—*New Haven News*.

Mamma (to Noel, who is inclined to be talkative). "Hush, Noel! Haven't I told you often that little boys should be seen and not heard?" Noel—"Yes, mamma, but you don't look at me!"

A musical composer writes: "Have you noticed my 'March for the Piano'?" We have not. When we observe any one march for the piano we invariably march in another direction.—*Texas Sittings*.
"Jessie!" "Yes'm." "What are you crying for?" "Laura hit me on the head." "Where?" "That's the matter. I tried to keep the mark I'll get home to show you, and, boo-hoo! it's gone away."—*Chicago Ledger*.

Wise Matron—"Yes, my son, I earnestly hope you and Miss Blank will make a match of it; I like her exceedingly." Her Son—"But Miss Blank is such a giggler." "Oh! she will get over that after she's married."—*Omaha World*.
"What's home rule, John," asked his wife at tea.
"That the papers talk of so?" John looked as sad as he could be, and groaned in utter misery.
"I wished I didn't know."—*Tid-B's*.

They were speaking of a Buffalo bride's trousseau. "Were her robes made in Paris?" one asked. "Oh, no," another one said; "they were made in Buffalo. She takes pride in wearing nothing but Buffalo robes."—*New York Sun*.

"Excuse me dearest," he said, disentangling himself. Then he stalked to the edge of the veranda, and fiercely demanded: "Boy, what are you lurking about the front gate for at this time o' night?" "Mornin' papers, sir!"—*New York Sun*.

Poetical Grammar.

The following verses are old, but are well worth republication and preservation from oblivion, for they are doubtless the briefest grammar of the English language in existence:

I.
Three little words you often see,
Are articles, a, an, and the.

II.
A noun's the name of anything,
As school, or garden, hoop, or swing.

III.
Adjectives, the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white, or brown.

IV.
Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.

V.
Verbs tell something to be done—
To read, count, laugh, sing, jump, or run.

VI.
How things are done the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill, or well.

VII.
Conjunctions join the words together—
As men and women, wind or weather.

VIII.
The proposition stands before
A noun, as in, or through the door.

IX.
The interjection shows surprise,
As Oh! how pretty, Ah! how wise.

X.
The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.
Stout Falls, D. T., intends having an ice palace and carnival next winter.