

Carl Schurz says of newspaper men that they "are the guardians of truth and personal liberty."

The Boston Globe has discovered that in six Eastern States there are now living 8,500 people more than eighty years of age.

Even the nationality of Shakespeare does not appear to be safe in these days of fantastic speculation.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia North American calls attention to the fact that Franklin's grave, at Fifth and Arch streets, is in a neglected condition.

Canada is asked to grant an annual subsidy of \$200,000 for fifty years in aid of the proposed subway connecting Prince Edward Island with the mainland.

Thomas A. Edison, the famous inventor, may spend the winter in California.

Professor F. E. Boynton says in the Popular Science Monthly that a region of country twenty miles in diameter, where North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia come together, "contains more interesting and rare plants than can be found in any spot in the United States occupying the same area."

A Birmingham (Conn.) electrician has a new rat-trap, which, it is said, works admirably.

At a recent meeting held in Alexandria, Virginia, to further the project to build a grand avenue from Washington to Mount Vernon, it was explained that the proposed avenue would run for two miles through the Arlington property.

A newspaper in Illinois recently brought suit against forty-three men who would not pay their subscription, and obtained judgment in each for full amount of the claim.

"The United States not only continue their work of feeding the rest of the world—they steadily increase the amount of that work," says the Philadelphia Telegraph.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion, 10 cts. One Square, one inch, one month, 25 cts. One Square, one inch, three months, 60 cts. One Square, one inch, one year, 1 00. Two Squares, one year, 1 50. Quarter Column, one year, 30 cts. Half Column, one year, 50 cts. One Column, one year, 1 00.

SONG. Go not, O perfect Day! O Day so beautiful, so golden-bright. A little longer stay! Soon in thy western window fades the light; Soon comes the Night!

BOTH MISTAKEN.

"Coming out to Rosedale this afternoon, Jack Dalton said, as he passed through the office where several young men were busy writing, 'I think Agnes said something about expecting you!'"

"Thank you, sir," Jack Hardy said, throwing down his pen with alacrity. "I promised to bring Agnes some books. I'll be ready in a moment."

"Very good," and Mr. Dalton took up a handful of letters, glanced at them carelessly, threw some to Michael Ainger, the chief clerk, and put the others, unopened, into his pockets.

Mr. Dalton was a widower, with one daughter, Agnes, who kept his house, and Jack Hardy was a distant cousin, whom the lawyer had brought up from childhood, and placed in his office, with every prospect of succeeding to the old-established and lucrative business.

"My hope is Miss Agnes," the clerk said, as he watched his master and Jack drive away that sunny afternoon. "She's too good and wise to encourage the lad in folly, or allow him to delude himself."

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"Home so soon, Jack!" she said, with a smile. "I thought it was quite early in the afternoon."

ago and lover should be: grave, silent, earnest; with a low, soft voice, eloquent dark eyes, wise, in all mere worldly learning and culture, or earnestness—she could hardly define the thing to herself—but a something that set him apart from other men, from the first.

It was an easy matter for him to win her heart, for all the possibilities she saw in him were for good, and he was a sensible wooer; but she did not so easily consent to show her love, much less confess it.

"I don't know," he said, "I thought much of it, Jack; you often do come on a Saturday."

"I promised to bring you some books," he said. "And you generally keep your promises like a good boy. What have you brought me to-day?"

"I don't know," he said, "I have never mind; I want to talk to you—Agnes—I have something very particular to say to you—but I don't know how to begin."

"Don't begin, then," she interrupted, with a swift divination of his meaning. "Don't, Jack," and she laid her hand caressingly on his arm.

"It is impossible! Oh! dear Jack, I am so sorry, I never thought of this." "And I have never thought of anything else," Jack replied, with a little smile.

"Then I can only pray for your happiness, Agnes, and say good-bye." "Oh! that need never be said," she said, with a sudden blush.

"Thank Heaven for that!" he said, earnestly. "It is the dearest, the only wish of my heart. Ah! I see that, I think I understand, and his lips trembled. 'If I am right, there is indeed no hope; if only remains for me once more to pray more fervently than ever, 'Heaven bless and keep you always, and I will love you as long as I live.'"

with a more tenderly sweet expression than in the old time. Two feeble, white-haired old men were pretending to play chess on the other side.

Glancing to the right through the car window just before the local express rushes upon the little bridge over Mill Creek to the east, and dashes on into the village of New Milford, Conn., the New York bound passenger gets a glimpse of one of the quaintest old graveyards in New England.

Some of the gravestones have sunk almost out of sight. Others, with sides warped and crumpled, push their weather-stained noses up through the rank, tangled grasses in defiance of time's decay.

Some of the gravestones are nearly 250 years old. Milford was settled in 1633, and the settlers began to die apparently about as soon as they got here.

Here Lyell Interred the Body of Col. Robert Frost, Esq., Who Faithfully Served This Colony in the Post of Governor and Deputy Governor Near Ye Space of Thirty Years, and at the Age of Four Score and Eight Years, Exchanging This Life for Better, July 13, Anno Dom. 1710.

Johnathan Law, another Governor of the colony, is also buried in this graveyard. He was born in Milford on August 6, 1672, and died there on November 6, 1750.

And adds that at last this excellent gentleman—Born by a long and distressing asthma. Died on the 15th of November, 1780. In the 55th year of his age.

Mortality abounds. Some of it is as old as Adam, and as startling as the most versatile genius in this line produces. Neither young nor old have escaped it in the Milford graveyard.

With a few modifications, these figures may be taken to represent the average expense entailed in raising an ordinary boy. Many parents spend several times as much.

QUEER OLD GRAVESTONES. QUAINT EPITAPHS IN A CONNECTICUT CEMETERY.

The Burying Place of Some of New Haven's Early Governors—Samples of Colonial Poetry.

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"WILL HE COME?" The sun has lit the wood and set; With heavy dews the grass is wet; The first stand out in silhouette, Sharp, tall and stilly; Sometimes a rabbit flits in sight, A scurrying whisk—a gleam of white; Naught else. Her scarf she gathers tight— The air is chilly.

There is about as much spring in the Waterbury watch as there is in two years in New England.—Sonsville Journal.

The woman who marries an ill-tempered husband is right in thinking that she has struck a Lucifer match.—Merchant Traveler.

It is said that the Empress Josephine had thirty-eight bonnets in one month. No wonder the whole family failed in business.—Eurlington Free Press.

Dr. Torsey, of Boston, marries a pair in eighty seconds. There are many young persons who would like to make a minute of this.—Courier Journal.

The latest and most wonderful cure effected by a patent medicine recorded in the following: "A boy had swallowed a silver dollar. An hour afterward the boy threw up the dollar, all in small change, principally dime pieces."—St. Louis Magazine.

A young lady in Missouri has a collection of 17,653 spoons. This hobby is far ahead of the crazy quilt man, and more useful than decorating china with flowers unknown to botanic science.

The Gait of Criminals. A curious study has been made by Dr. Peracchia of the difference between criminals and law-abiding citizens, as exhibited by their walk.

Occupation in Ceylon. The wretched villages of the maritime districts of Ceylon are, as a rule, exceedingly neatly kept, and the trade carried on by their inhabitants is sufficiently profitable to enable them to lead lives of comparative comfort.

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