

ON THE STAIRS.

BY J. NEWTON.

Seeing an over and over seen,
Sitting upon the stairs,
Yellow curls and apron white,
Knee caps, pinked up tight,
Such a frown she wears.

The Ladies' Sculls.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

Muskegoe, which had the honor of being my birthplace, is a pretty little village that nestles upon the shores of one of the numerous inlets which are to be found on the Long Island coast, upon the Sound side.

and advantages of a sliding-seat, a quick stroke or a long, sweeping, steady one, as occasion demanded, the shallow dip, the clean feather, and the spurt at the most opportune moment.

stands little chance of doing anything else severely well.
Who could be angry with such an angel in petticoats? I couldn't; I freely forgave her, and asked her pardon for my conceit and selfishness, and the dear girl was Helen's bride when soon after I became a Benedict.

but went down into the reception room, at the arrival of the general, and introduced him to Mrs. C.
In quite a short time, the President came down, well dressed and neatly shaved. Mr. Buchanan introduced him to Mrs. C.

The Inevitable Baby.
At every room this summer, says the crowded Harding Davis, from the crowded mountain hotel to the tent on the bay.

Another illusion of travel is the fancy that you have entered the realm of perpetual holiday. Looking at the marriage of things only as you pass along, you refuse to look below the surface.

NOTES COLLECT.
A Potato Story Which Begins With a Bean.
Mr. Rockaway, being asked to begin one of his "potato" stories, said, "If it will content you, I will tell you a potato story which begins with a bean plant."

NEWS IN BRIEF
Live bears retail at \$20 per head in West Virginia.
An Ohio man paid \$27,000 fire insurance and never had a fire.