

THE HOT SEASON.

[As the weather demands and deserves an article every day, and the editors have faintly in the back, we copy the following poem, written by Oliver Wendell Holmes.]

The folks that on the first of May wore winter coats and hose, began to say, the first of June, "Good Lord! how hot it grows!" At last two Fahrenheit's blow up, and killed two children small, and one barometer shot dead, and a tutor with his tail.

all the visitors to Red Cedar Pond cum down to take a look at it; but it's grown rusty like. A hand-written book, miss—a manuscript sum folks call it. It's long, you might say, to Bowles' Mill, for it was left with the old deacon, to be kept till called fur, an' was writ by the curuset speller of a human cretur; but he died afore my time. I'm a stranger in these parts. I was reared twelve miles back.

"And no one has called for the book?" "Not yet," said Tim, mysteriously—"not yet. Folks is too suspicious. There be sum who say it never will be called for till 'the old deacon' lies aside of the cretur who writ it. He died snidin', an' was burid' up in the deacon's buril' lot. An' sum say he wush't burid' but is gone a sea voyage, an' il come back an' sum say he's been seed boddy round Bowles' Mill milllight nights. You needn't be scared, miss. The book is nat'ral harmless. An' if you say so, I'll git it fur you this mornin', when you'll be through readin' on't, I'll put it back."

of the village dignitaries, but the desire of his eyes was "up stairs correcting compositions," and he did not get a glimpse of her.

At noon the next day the mother of flaxen-haired Nettie, the pet of the baby class, came with Nettie's jonchion, accompanied by the indefatigable young man, who was then formally presented to Miss Thatcher.

mer-window. She never could tell, as she declared afterward, what made her peep.

The next excitement was at the somnolent dwelling of old Squire Wells. Mr. Mansfield had been closeted with him an hour. And when the Squire reappeared he nearly upset his ancient wife in the hallway in haste to get his hat and coat, and choked till he was scarlet, screaming in her wrong ear that he was going to U—"on business." Off he went at such a novel pace that the poor dame's feeble faculties aroused themselves to concentrate upon one fatal remembrance.

Money Savers. There is a general tendency to speak slightly of those who save money, and to extol those who do not. It is not easy to indicate the precise grounds upon which this is done; but there appears to prevail an impression to the effect that one class are mean-souled, sordid, and greedy, while the other are full of generous impulses.

Excitement third was a sealed letter, dropped by Mr. Seaman's errand to the post office at 10 o'clock, the hour of general delivery, directed to the trustees of the district school, which body, being in quorum on the spot, opened at once the envelope. Miss Thatcher, in favor of the highly recommended candidate for the winter term, for whom they had kindly given her the preference.

told him he ought to call his donkey Slow-coach.

After that, Jacob called him Slow-coach, not knowing any more about that name than he did about Lightning. But this change of name, instead of mending matters, made them worse. In short, no one would hire his donkey any more on any condition, and Jacob and Slow-coach were a rueful pair, as they stood lily before the hotel.

CENTENNIAL NOTES. The best Centennial notes a reporter can pick up are hundred dollar bills.

The vase presented to William Cullen Bryant, on his eightieth birthday, is now on exhibition at the Music Pavilion.

NEWS IN BRIEF. A number of married women of Cambridgeport, Mass., have formed a club for perfecting themselves in cooking.

None to Caress.

There had been a summer shower; roof, window, garden, were washed to dazzling polish, and the wonderful bluish color of rose of the moment poured over all an air of enchantment.

Up to the rafters he climbed nimbly by certain foot holds not very visible, and brought down, with a flying leap that startled Miss Thatcher to her feet in nervous apprehensions for his safety, a dusty volume, which he gallantly wiped upon his coat sleeve and offered.

An autobiography, not so very old, for its closing date was 1874. Four hundred pages of yellow letter-paper stitched together by the dozen sheets, and finally bound in a wrap of black leather. Written in a fine, pointed hand, difficult to read at first, but once mastered in its idiosyncrasies, legible at ease.

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"How lovely!" were the first words that escaped her lips; and they were appropriated as a fitting compliment by a rustic-clad man, who seized the little gloved hand vigorously in his horny palm, and "hoped he saw Miss Thatcher very well."

Not one—excepting Miss Thatcher. She read every page carefully, even with avidity.

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