

BOBOLINK.

Little Bobolink, flying through the meadow, looking on all grass, nodding at his abode...

The Haunted Oven.

It was in the days of our grandmothers, when there were brick ovens in the land...

"Mrs. Hubbard," he said, when his wife shook her head over the purchase...

"What's the matter, mother?" he gasped. Mrs. Hubbard pointed to the bottom of the loaf lying in her lap.

Mrs. Hubbard got over her fright at last, but the news of the awfully marked loaf spread through R—, and the people came to Hubbard's all the week to look at it.

cross-bones visible, but on the last were sundry characters of letters. What, no one could tell, until they were dropped in a chat at a certain printer in the neighborhood...

"It is me!" cried Mrs. Hubbard, "I am am going to go to-morrow—this is the 1st. I do feel faint—yes, I do. It is awful, and so sudden."

"Pard," said he breathlessly: "I heard Mrs. Hubbard was dying, and she'd warn me of her bakings. I came over to explain. You see, I was a sexton of the church here a few years ago, and I know all about it."

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The following compilation of business laws contains the essence of a large amount of legal verbiage.

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The tightness with which I held it, it was unable to do much mischief.

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In the whole range of the mechanical arts it would be nearly impossible to find another process as simple and so common in practice.

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The proper whitening season is considered by the principal Thames fishermen to begin when Parliament begins.

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