

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life. It would only stop to take it; And many a tone from the better land, If the opportune heart would wake it.

THE DEACON'S WOOING.

The sun had disappeared behind the hills of New Bethany, and the lingering light on the mountain tops was changing from rose to purple, when Deacon Pinch stepped from the porch of his house in front of the village postoffice.

"Whoa, Mary Jane!" said the deacon with unnecessary emphasis, throwing the office on the floor and brandishing a stick at the ground.

"But the deacon! Mary Jane had already ceased her shambling gait from sheer force of habit. A ten year's service with the deacon had made her perfectly familiar with the accurate round of stopping places, Wednesday night it was prayer-meeting; Sunday, the church service; and Saturday night, invariably the postoffice, and as a late variation, an afternoon party at Mrs. Betsy Hill's, the miller, who for a quarter of a century had supplied the women of New Bethany with head gear fearfully and wonderfully made.

"The moment the deacon stepped inside the office he knew that the unusual buzz of conversation, that something extraordinary had happened.

"The deacon looked up inquiringly. "Miss Keziah had an amazing streak of luck."

knitting as usual. She had just begun to narrow for the toe of the stocking, when a step sounded on the walk. She threw down the stocking and opened the door, and holding the lamp high above her head, her eyes rested upon the amazing spectacle of the deacon in all the Sunday magnificence of white shirt and shiny black broadcloth.

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more, deacon; have you heard about the Western lands?"

"The deacon surveyed the attractive room, which, with its cheery fire and comfortable cushioned chairs, seemed a veritable parlor in comparison with his untidy, ill-kept home. He placed his hat on the floor beside his chair, displaying his scanty gray locks ingeniously plastered over the top of his head so as to cover as much of the bald surface as possible.

"The good woman followed her crestfallen visitor to the door. At a sudden gust of cold night air out to the light, she said: "The air is snapping to-night; have a frost, eh, deacon?"

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In the Hands of Brigands.

The following is an interesting account of the capture of the Suter family by brigands in the Indian Territory.

On Thursday evening, the 7th of April, at about 10.30, Mr. and Mrs. Suter, having retired to their sleeping apartment, Mr. Suter being already asleep, but some of the servants still up their room, Mrs. Suter attracted attention by hearing the dogs round the house bark furiously.

On being thus alerted on the top of the mountain, Mr. Suter was closely questioned by the brigands as to whether he or his wife had parents living, or relatives likely to pay ransom.

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Adventures of a Surveyor.

In April last, Frank Matthias, a civil engineer on the Deaver and Rio Grande road started from Salt Lake City to locate a route to Leadville.

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Reading Signs in the Sky.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

North Carolina has 86,500 colored voters.

There are no horses in Greenland and Lapland.

Mrs. John Mackay pays her cook \$6,000 a year.

The Government is now feeding 12,000 Indians.

Senator John Sherman is worth about \$300,000.

Boston is to have a music hall that will cost \$225,000.

Conterfeit \$20 silver certificates are in circulation.

A son of Stephen A. Douglass is quite a good actor.

The net profits of the Cunard line last year were \$965,000.

The colored Baptists in the United States number about 800,000.

Mrs. Bell, wife of the inventor of the telephone, is a deaf mute.

One of the New York Broadway milliners nets \$30,000 a year.