

Write to Me Often.
Write to me very often, write to me very often. I would like to hear from you more than I do now. I would like to hear from you more than I do now. I would like to hear from you more than I do now.

SOMETHING BEHIND IT.
"Oh, yes, mother, you're always saying, 'There's something behind it.' I'm glad I'm not so suspicious of everybody and everything. I believe there's a great deal more to life than what we see on the surface. I believe there's a great deal more to life than what we see on the surface. I believe there's a great deal more to life than what we see on the surface."

changing the position of his feet; "I'm glad the doors were all shut, I would like to hear from you more than I do now. I would like to hear from you more than I do now. I would like to hear from you more than I do now."

GOOD FUN.
The City Boys in the Country.
I am not a professional summer resort tender or anything of the kind, but I am a plain man that works and slaves in the lumber woods all winter, and then blows it in, if you will allow the term, on some New York friends who come down, as they state for the purpose of relaxation, but really to spend themselves out over our new white coverlets with their clothes on, and murmur, in a dreamy voice, "Oh, how restful!"

A MODERN MIRACLE.
Gle's Mishap Develops Into a Strange Malady.
One of the most remarkable cases of insanitary recovery from what was pronounced by physicians an incurable malady, took place recently seven miles south of Hartford City, Ind., in a family of well-to-do, respectable farmers. One is a young, fair, blooming girl, aged 22, who, after a long and painful, seemingly fatal affliction, had been in the enjoyment of perfect health. Mary Jane, as she was familiarly known to every one, had a great number of suitors, among them a young farmer named Cole. Mary Jane selected Cole from among the host of rivals for her hand and they planned their wedding, and arranging for the nuptials she paid a visit to relatives and friends in Ohio. This was nearly three years ago.

HANDLING FRUIT.
They Are Ripened Here.
The largest and finest consignment of West India fruit that has ever reached the Northern market came into the port of Philadelphia recently, and when the hatches of the Charles Morand, one of the Tropical Fruit Company's steamers, were lifted the contents were found to be of a quality never before seen in this market. The fruit was packed in crates and boxes, and every day brings additional carloads and carloads of fruit from the ports of the Southern seas and the West Indies.

NEWS IN BRIEF.
For the first time in many years it is said, robins and orioles have again appeared in the New York city parks. The Prince of Wales, it is said has been making heavy bets for years, but that he will not outlive his mother, the money, if he wins, to be divided between his two sons.

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HOUSE KEEPING IN LONDON.
"Keeping house in London," writes a correspondent, "is accompanied with conditions very different from American housekeeping. It is the tenant, not the landlord, who pays all taxes (except the property tax) in England, and the rates are high. In many families, a habit of nagging, crossness, or ill-natured grudging, gradually covers the real feeling of love that keeps beneath."

JAY GOULD AND HIS FLOWERS.
Winter and summer flowers are very attractive adornment of Jay Gould's home at Irvington station, near New York. His home on Fifth avenue is made particularly attractive by them on the black and snowy winter evenings. All the great rooms are filled with flowers, and the winter variety. They are not placed there because visitors are expected, as it is well known the Gould family receives very little. They are there, as Mr. Gould says, for the enjoyment. When talking to you he frequently stops, stoops over, smells and admires the flowers, and then sums the talk about financial matters.

THE STORY OF A CELEBRATED MICH.
In the city of Coldwater, Mich., there is a large sorrel horse, known by the name of "Old Sam." He is the most popular horse in the town. In his younger days he was used as an omnibus horse, and he and his mate, a large bay, were so well trained that they would take any passenger to any place and back the omnibus up to the sidewalk to let the passengers out, without being guided at all by the driver. The horse was first captured by a hunter and while waiting at the train for passengers the driver fell asleep. "Old Sam" and his companion, after standing by the omnibus for some time, returned to the stable and consummated the postponed nuptials.

LIVING ECONOMICALLY.
Problems Which Stare Every One in the Face.
"Do you suppose there is a harder nut to crack than that which is put between the teeth of a young artist who has just begun to work, and the artist's wife who is poor? She was lying on a sick bed with three beautiful Imps tumbling about her, and some expense book clasped in her arms."

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