



W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

VOL. XI.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1892.

Terms—\$1.00 in Advance: \$1.25 after Three Months.

NO. 6.

More than one million Federal soldiers of the Civil War are still living.

It is interesting to learn that Arizona is as large as Great Britain and Ireland combined.

"Soup, Soap and Salvation" is the concis motto in the rooms of the Baltimore Free Sunday Breakfast Association.

In the new Maine town of Rumford Falls, where not even a log hut stood a year ago, a \$10,000 residence is being and 700 men are at work upon mills and other structures.

The report of the Society of Friends in England shows an increase in its membership of 221 over last year, bringing it up to a total of 22,287. There are now in Great Britain 340 "meetings."

The Victoria Government finds itself compelled to reduce the bonuses paid for the export of butter. Last year as much as \$150,000 was used for this purpose, six cents per pound being paid on all butter that realized over twenty-five cents in the English market.

Few cities ever get started—"laid out," as it is commonly called—as they should be. They get in shape by mere chance and that, explains the Chicago Herald, is why they are so frequently misshapen. New York City has fewer alleys than any other city in the world, notwithstanding it is one of the largest.

"London requires some women to act as sanitary inspectors," is the opinion of Dr. Corner, Medical Officer for Poplar. With the help of efficient women working among the poor, he thinks epidemics might be nipped in the bud. Glasgow, Scotland, already has six women inspectors, who are doing an admirable work.

Certain gentlemen of large ideas announce that they intend building an air line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. "To those of ideas somewhat less magnified," comments the San Francisco Examiner, "the raising of the necessary \$700,000,000 might seem in the nature of an obstacle, though attention is not called to the fact with any view to discouraging enterprises."

Imports of wheat into Great Britain during the fiscal year just closed have amounted to nearly 180,000,000 bushels. This large quantity is in excess of the present requirements of the country, and the result has been that the price of this grain has fallen lower than ever known previously. It is believed that 160,000,000 bushels will be needed to supply the deficiencies of the coming year.

It seems to the New Orleans Picayune that another expedition to rescue Emin Pasha is in order. Dr. Stuhlman has written a letter from Tabora stating that Emin is at the south end of Lake Albert Nyanza, almost at the mercy of the Arabs, whose revolt has spread from the Congo Free State into the German territories, and that he is waiting for assistance to get away. It is not stated whether Stanley will go to his assistance again.

British newspapers are discussing earnestly the question of cloakrooms in churches, referring to the absence of, and absolute necessity for, facilities for disposing of wraps, hats and overcoats. Some churches in the country have wire hutchers beneath the seats, and a few have wire bars for overcoats and wraps on the backs of seats. One church in Chicago has regular opera chairs and the attendant conveniences. A cloakroom seems to the New York Tribune to fill a long-felt want, for there does not appear to be any good reason, these days, any way, why a man or woman should not be as comfortable in a church as in a theatre.

At a recent meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers, B. W. DeCourcy related an interesting experience while acting as Supervisor and Bridge Engineer of a railway. He had to use one of the three-wheel velocipedes running on the railway, frequently employed by the maintenance of way officials, and as his track ran through a number of narrow cuts, he happened one day to think over the best thing to do should he meet an engine. He decided that the only way out of this trouble would be to jump and at the same time over set the velocipede to the right. A trial of this plan showed that it could be carried out without injury. The value of this study was apparent some time after, when Mr. DeCourcy was running out with his locomotive ahead of time in a rock cut about eighteen feet deep. He threw himself to the right and jumped at the same time, catching the small wheel and throwing his back against the rocky side of the cut. It was done so quickly that the engineer thought he had run over the men and so reported at the station.

THANKSGIVING DAY!

With grateful hearts let all give thanks, All lands, all stations, and all ranks; And the cry comes up along the way, For what shall we give thanks to-day?

For peace and plenty, busy mills, The cattle on a thousand hills, For bustling barns, wherein is stored The golden grain, a precious hoard; Give thanks!

For orchards bearing rosy fruit, For yielding pod and toothsome root, And all that God declared was good In hill or dale, or field or wood; Give thanks!

For water bright and sweet and clear, A million fountains far and near, For gracious streamlets, lakes, and rills That flow from everlasting hills; Give thanks!

For summer dews and timely frost, The sun's bright beams, not one ray lost, For willing hands to sow the seed, And reap the harvest, great indeed; Give thanks!

For leaping and home-love's altar fires— For loving children, thoughtful sires; For tender mothers, gentle wives, Who fill our hearts and bless our lives; Give thanks!

For heaven's care, life's journey through, For health and strength to dare and do, For ears to hear, for eyes to see, Earth's beauteous things on land and sea; Give thanks!

—M. A. Kidder. BESSIE'S THANKSGIVING. BY KATE M. CLEARY. MOST diffident and modest knock it was. Perhaps because it was so very diffident, so very modest, irritated all the more the peculiarly alert nerves of Mr. Godfrey Kirke. "Oh, come in, come in!" he cried.

An elderly woman entered the room. She had a small, pale, withered face; a kind face, though, pleasant, gentle. She was dressed in a worn dark gown. The net fichu, crossed over her slender shoulders, was clasped by an old-fashioned medallion.

"To-morrow will be Thanksgiving-eve," she said; "I wished to know if I might prepare for the day after."

Originally handsome apartment, this in which the old man sat, and it had been handsomely furnished. Now both the room and its belongings bore the mark of creeping poverty, or extreme penuriousness. The master of the house, seated by the center table, seemed to share the character of the room. He, too, had been handsome once. Now he was expressive only of age and indigence, from the threadbare collar of his limp dressing-gown to the tips of his thin and shabby slippers.

"Prepare what?" he growled. "Why a turkey, sir; or a pie, or—or a bit of cranberry-sauce, sir—"

He looked so fierce, her words died in her throat. "Turkey! And where do you suppose I can get the money to spend on turkey? And pie! To make us all sick, and bring doctors and doctors' bills down on me! And, with a sniff of disgust, "cranberry-sauce—the skinniest stuff! No, Mrs. Dotty. A bit of bacon and some bread will be good enough for poor folks like us—good enough."

His housekeeper, for that was the unenviable position Mrs. Dotty occupied in Godfrey Kirke's household, resolved to make one last appeal.

"Isn't she here?" Without waiting for a reply, she turned and ran up the stairs to Bessie's room. There she knocked. No answer. She opened the door, went in. The room was empty.

Heavily she descended the stairs. "She's not in, sir."

"Where is she?" "I don't know, sir."

Impatiently Godfrey Kirke pushed his chair back from the table. The tears were streaming down his cheeks. There might be Thanksgiving for his death, though there could never have been any for his life.

"Hark! He had the weapon in his hand. He started nervously. Was that Bessie's voice? He turned, dropping the revolver with a clatter. Yes, there she was, not three feet away, fresh, fair, damp, smiling.

"It is the queerest thing," she said, coming toward him as she spoke. "I felt—badly—yesterday, and I went over to Mrs. Farnham's to see if she could get me work. I met Mrs. Nelson, and she asked me to go home with her. Dicky was ill, and she wanted me to stay over night. She sent you a note. At least she sent the boy with it, but he lost it, and only told her so this afternoon. As soon as I knew that I started home, alone—although Dicky was no better."

"Yes!" said Godfrey Kirke. He was listening with an unusual degree of interest.

"And to-night, when I was almost here, Nelson's was quite two miles away, you know, I got lost in the fog."

Her grandfather regarded her in amazement. What made her pale cheeks so bright? What excitement had blackened her gray eyes?

"And—a gentleman who was coming here found me, and—brought me home. Please thank him, grandpa. Here he is!" With an incredulous, gasping cry, Godfrey Kirke retreated, as a big brown, muscular fellow came dashing in from the hall.

"Robert!" "Father!" Then they were clasped in each other's arms.

"Yes; and I heard." "Oh, don't—don't mind, dear!" said Mrs. Dotty, soothingly, putting a hand that looked like wrinkled ivory on the girl's arm. "He is just a cross, soured, lonely old man."

"I do mind!" Bessie passionately cried. "Oh, I don't! I sha'n't stay here! I sha'n't be an expense to him any longer. I will go away somewhere!"

She broke down in a fit of bitter weeping. "Now, Miss Bessie, dear, you mustn't cry that way; you really mustn't. I loved your mother before you, and I love you."

But the poor, little, old comforter was almost crying herself.

Years before, the Kirkes were the people of wealth and position in that part of the country. But one trouble after another had come upon the house.

First, the wife of the master died. Maud, the daughter, married a man whose only crime was poverty. He was a frail, scholarly man; quite unfitted for a fierce struggle against adverse fortune. He fell ill and died. A year later his wife followed him, leaving their child to his grandfather, Godfrey Kirke. To the latter had come the final blow when his only son Robert, his hope and pride, had run away to sea. Then in the house, which since the death of the mistress had been a cheerless and dreary place, began a rigid reign of miserliness and consequent misery.

Bessie broke from her friend and ran upstairs and into her own little bare room. There was no fire in the grate, though the day was cold with the penetrating damp of a wind from off the ocean. She went to the window and stood there looking out across the flat brown marshes, to where the waters tossed, ghorrid and turbulent.

"A horrid day," she said, with a shiver, "but it can't be worse out than in."

She put on a short old Astrahan jacket, a little felt hat and a pair of much-mended cloth gloves. Then she went quickly down and out.

The dusk, the dreary November dusk, was filling the room when the old man, plodding over his accounts, laid down his pencil and rang the bell. Mrs. Dotty responded. Mr. Kirke kept but one other servant (if Mrs. Dotty could correctly be termed a servant), and she absolutely refused to enter the protesting presence of her master.

"Tea!" "Yes, sir."

The meek housekeeper withdrew. Ten minutes later she brought in a tray on which were tea, bread, butter, two cups, two saucers and two plates. Mr. Kirke poured out his tea, shook a little of the sugar he was about to use back in the old silver bowl, added carefully a few drops of milk and cut a slice of bread.

"Butter has gone up three cents in the last week," he said. "I can't afford to use butter."

So he munched his bread dry, with a sense of exaltation in his self-imposed penance. He would not open the porch-door for himself by using butter. But, somehow, the rank tea tasted ranker than usual. Surely the bread was sour. And the gloom outside the small circle that the lamp-light illumined seemed singularly dense. What was wrong? What was missing? What was different? He paused, his hand falling by his side. The child—as he and Mrs. Dotty had always called her—the child was not here. She used to slip in so quietly, take her seat, and when her meager supper was over, glide away just as softly. Yes, little as he noticed her, she was generally there. He rang the bell sharply.

"Where is she?" he asked Mrs. Dotty, when she popped in her mild old head. There was no need to particularize. Mrs. Dotty cast a swift, searching look around.

"Isn't she here?" Without waiting for a reply, she turned and ran up the stairs to Bessie's room. There she knocked. No answer. She opened the door, went in. The room was empty.

Heavily she descended the stairs. "She's not in, sir."

"Where is she?" "I don't know, sir."

Impatiently Godfrey Kirke pushed his chair back from the table. The tears were streaming down his cheeks. There might be Thanksgiving for his death, though there could never have been any for his life.

"Hark! He had the weapon in his hand. He started nervously. Was that Bessie's voice? He turned, dropping the revolver with a clatter. Yes, there she was, not three feet away, fresh, fair, damp, smiling.

"It is the queerest thing," she said, coming toward him as she spoke. "I felt—badly—yesterday, and I went over to Mrs. Farnham's to see if she could get me work. I met Mrs. Nelson, and she asked me to go home with her. Dicky was ill, and she wanted me to stay over night. She sent you a note. At least she sent the boy with it, but he lost it, and only told her so this afternoon. As soon as I knew that I started home, alone—although Dicky was no better."

"Yes!" said Godfrey Kirke. He was listening with an unusual degree of interest.

"And to-night, when I was almost here, Nelson's was quite two miles away, you know, I got lost in the fog."

Her grandfather regarded her in amazement. What made her pale cheeks so bright? What excitement had blackened her gray eyes?

"And—a gentleman who was coming here found me, and—brought me home. Please thank him, grandpa. Here he is!" With an incredulous, gasping cry, Godfrey Kirke retreated, as a big brown, muscular fellow came dashing in from the hall.

"Robert!" "Father!" Then they were clasped in each other's arms.

"I'm back from the sea for good,

smoky, blinding fog, began to creep up from the Atlantic.

"If you don't mind," said Mrs. Dotty, making her appearance with a shawl over her head, "I'll just run over to Devers' and see what is keeping Miss Bessie."

"Do!" he answered. She had spoken as if the distance were not worth considering, but it was quite a journey for her. When she returned she looked white and scared.

"She isn't there—hasn't been."

"Hark!" said Godfrey Kirke, holding up one lean hand. "That is only the carrier with the flour."

"Ask him if he has seen her?" Mrs. Dotty went into the hall. Almost instantly she returned.

"He has not. He says there is the body of a young woman at the town morgue."

"What?" Godfrey Kirke leaped from his chair. "He says that the body of a young girl was found in the East Branch to-day."

Godfrey Kirke sank back in his seat. Mrs. Dotty smiled a hard little smile to herself as she closed the door and went away. She knew how many friends Bessie had. She shrewdly suspected if she were not found at one place she would be at another; and she was maliciously and pleasantly conscious that she had given the hard-hearted old man a genuine scare.

Long the latter sat where she had left him. Thinking. For the first time in years he was thinking, sadly, seriously, solemnly. Than's-giving-eve! In his wife's time the house used to be gay and cheerful on that night, so filled with comfort and bright anticipations, so odorous with the homely fragrance of good things in the kitchen, so delightfully merry with the brisk bustle attendant on the morrow's festivity. Now it was desolate, dreary, darksome with depressing and unutterable gloom. Whose fault was it? His! He decided Godfrey Kirke, as savagely relentless to himself in this moment as he would have been to another. His!



HE HAD THE WEAPON IN HIS HAND.

when his devoted wife had drooped and died under his ever-increasing arrogance, dictation. His! When Maud married the first man who offered himself, to escape from her father's pretty rule. His! When Robert ran away to escape the narrow obligations and unjust restrictions laid upon him. His! When the child his long-endured his brutality, or except from him the scant support he so grudgingly gave. His!—all his! In those lonely hours the whole relentless truth dawned upon him, as such truths will dawn, in most bitter brilliance. He dropped his head on his hands with a groan.

He looked around the dim, shabby room. He looked at the dying fire in the grate. He wondered of what use would be to him now his twenty-thousand in bonds, his eight hundred acres of meadow land, the money he had out at interest. He rose in a dazed kind of way, a shadowy purpose taking definite-ness in his mind. He wished he had been better to Bessie; he wished—but what was the use of wishing now! There could be but one satisfactory answer to all his self-condemnation. A shot from the revolver in the drawer yonder, that he had always kept in readiness for possible burglars. He rose. He moved toward the table. His figure cast a fantastic shadow on the wall. The tears were streaming down his cheeks. There might be Thanksgiving for his death, though there could never have been any for his life.

"Hark! He had the weapon in his hand. He started nervously. Was that Bessie's voice? He turned, dropping the revolver with a clatter. Yes, there she was, not three feet away, fresh, fair, damp, smiling.

"It is the queerest thing," she said, coming toward him as she spoke. "I felt—badly—yesterday, and I went over to Mrs. Farnham's to see if she could get me work. I met Mrs. Nelson, and she asked me to go home with her. Dicky was ill, and she wanted me to stay over night. She sent you a note. At least she sent the boy with it, but he lost it, and only told her so this afternoon. As soon as I knew that I started home, alone—although Dicky was no better."

"Yes!" said Godfrey Kirke. He was listening with an unusual degree of interest.

"And to-night, when I was almost here, Nelson's was quite two miles away, you know, I got lost in the fog."

Her grandfather regarded her in amazement. What made her pale cheeks so bright? What excitement had blackened her gray eyes?

"And—a gentleman who was coming here found me, and—brought me home. Please thank him, grandpa. Here he is!" With an incredulous, gasping cry, Godfrey Kirke retreated, as a big brown, muscular fellow came dashing in from the hall.

"Robert!" "Father!" Then they were clasped in each other's arms.

"I'm back from the sea for good,

father. And I chanced to find my little niece Bessie lost out there in the fog. A young lady, I vow! And I was thinking of her as a mere baby yet! Just think! She tells me Charlie Nelson wants her—"

"No! Well, Charlie is a fine fellow. He can have her—a year from to-day."

So now you know why the Kirke homestead is dazzling with lights and flowers, and why it resounds with laughter this Thanksgiving; why old Godfrey



"ROBERT!" "FATHER!"

wears a brass-nail suit, and a flower in his buttonhole; why Robert, in his right hand, looked so proud and pleased; why dear, busy little Mrs. Dotty beams benignly; why Bessie, gowned in snowy, shining silk, thinks this is a lovely old world after all; why Charlie Nelson is so blessedly content, and why in each and every heart reigns supreme Thanksgiving.—The Ledger.

Thanksgiving: Roast Pig. Take a choice fat pig six weeks old, not younger, though it may be a little older. Have it carefully killed and dressed, and thoroughly washed. Trim out carefully with a sharp, narrow-bladed knife the inside of the mouth and ears, cut out the tongue and chop off the end of the snout. Rub the pig well with a mixture of salt, pepper and pounded sage, and sprinkle it rather liberally with red pepper, and a dash outside, too.

Make a rich stuffing of bread crumbs—corn bread stuffing is de rigueur for pig, though you can put half of one and half of the other inside of Mr. Piggy if somebody insists on loaf bread stuffing. If you use corn bread, have a thick, rich portion of bread baked, and crumble it as soon as it is cool enough to handle, season it highly with black and red pepper, sage, thyme, savory marjoram, minced onion—just enough to flavor it, and plenty of fresh butter; moisten it well with stock, cream, or even hot water. Stuff the pig well and sew it up closely.

If you have a tin roaster and open fire, the pig will be roasted by that much better. If you have not, put the pig in a long pan and set it in the oven, and leave the stove door open until the pig begins to cook, gradually closing the door, so that the cooking will not be done too fast. The pig must be well dredged with flour when put in the pan. Mix some flour and butter together in a plate, and pour about a quart of hot water in the pan with the pig when it is put on the fire. Have a larding-mop in the plate of flour and butter, and mop the pig frequently with the mixture while it is roasting.

If a roaster is used, set it about two feet from the fire at first, but continue to move it nearer and nearer as the pig cooks. Baste it frequently with the water in the pan betweenwhiles of mopping with flour and butter.

To be sure the pig is done, thrust a skewer through the thickest part of him; if no pink or reddish juice oozes out it is done, and ought to be a rich brown all over. When the pig is done pour the gravy in a saucepan and cook it sufficiently. This will not be necessary if the pig was cooked in the stove oven. The pig's liver may be boiled in well salted water, pouted up, and added to the gravy, which should be very savory and plentiful.

The pig should be invariably served with baked sweet potatoes and plenty of good pickle and sauce, either mushroom toothsome, roast pig is not very safe eating without plenty of red pepper.—Good Housekeeper.

An Informal R. Post. "I suppose," said Mrs. Brown, "you would like me to wear a new dress at this Thanksgiving dinner you are going to give?"

"Can't afford it," growled old Brown. "As long as you have the turkey well dressed you will pass muster."—Judge.

The Thanksgiving Turkey. As Thanksgiving Day walks down this way the strutting turkey is ill at ease; "I'm poor as the turkey of Job," says he; "Tough and unfit to eat, you see; I gobble no more of my psalm; I'm a poor poor fellow though gobble me; And a turkey buzzard I think I'll be. For the present, if you please."—Binghamton Republican.

Cause for Thanksgiving. Sunday-school Teacher—"Willie, have you had anything during the week to be especially thankful for?"

Willie—"Yes'm, Johnny Podgers sprained his wrist and I licked him for the first time yesterday."—Burlington Free Press.

A Thought For the Season. He in whose store of blessings there may be Enough, and yet so spare, Bestowing with a gentle charity, Upon the poor a share. By all the gladness that his gifts provided Will have his own thanksgiving multiplied.

Tommy's Dream on Thanksgiving Night

"Tommy!" "Father!" Then they were clasped in each other's arms.

"I'm back from the sea for good,

"I'm back from the sea for good,

"I'm back from the sea for good,

"I'm back from the sea for good,

"I'm back from the sea for good,

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A doctor has launched the theory that the best method of inducing a flow of thought is to lay the head flat on the table.

Dr. David D. Stewart, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, claims to have discovered that hydnaphol is a cure for cholera.

There are ten places of the earth, distant from each other 300 miles and upwards, and yet none of the ten has either latitude or longitude.

Londoners seriously discuss the advantages of placing a school of crocodiles in the Thames, to act as scavengers, and thus purify the water.

Carl Voght, the celebrated German anatomist, is responsible for the theory that small-headed idiots are a retrograde movement toward the monkey type.

A post-mortem examination of the brain of a Missouri pauper showed that it weighed 144 ounces, or more than three times the weight of the normal brain.

A microphone device has been invented by a Frenchman which will reveal the approach of distant vessels by making audible the noise produced by the motion of their propellers.

The latest cure for obesity is to partake of only a single dish at a meal. This, it is said, will in a few weeks reduce the weight of the most obese person to a normal condition.

If a man who weighs 168 pounds were proportionately as strong as a flying beetle of the cockchafer family he would be able to push along level ground a weight equal to 131 tons.

Chemical action formed a stone in the stomach of La Marshale, the famous hurdle jumping horse of Paris. He died, and the stone, a ball nearly eight inches in diameter, is in the museum of a Parisian veterinary.

It is suggested that the muscular contraction to which the corpses of cholera victims are subject might give a clue to the real nature of the disease. These twitchings have led to the delusion that many patients have been buried alive.

Aside from the honey stored by the busy bee the Rhode Island Experiment Station expresses the belief that the influence bees and insects exert in the proper fertilization of the flowers of fruits and vegetables is of far greater importance than is generally allowed.

Fossil remains of the huge animals that inhabited the plains of Eastern Oregon hundreds of years ago are found in the placer mine above Prairie City. A huge tooth several inches across the crown was picked up a few days ago, while early in the summer the immense skull of some ancient species of animal was found near the same place.

The color of certain shrimps and crabs and also the color of their eggs are known to vary greatly with the surrounding. Those living in green sponges are much larger, lay vastly more eggs, which are also a little larger, and the shrimps are green or yellow, and the large claws are always orange-red, while those of the brown sponges are red, blue or brown.

For all kinds of metals mix half a pint of sweet oil with half a gallon of turpentine; stir into this powdered rotten stone and of the consistency of cream; use in the ordinary way. For tin, to three pints of water put one ounce of nitric acid, two ounces of emery powder and eight ounces of powdered pumice stone; mix well and use with a flannel, letting the mixture dry on the article to be cleaned; then polish with leather.

A Railroad Toboggan for Mule. "One of the queerest railroads anywhere in the country," said Rev. D. S. Banks, of North Ontario, "is a novel line that runs from South Ontario up to North Ontario, in San Bernardino County, California, where I live. The line is seven miles long. A span of stout mules draw the car up over the road. There is nothing singular about that, but it comes in on the return trip.

"The seven miles are on a tilt all the way, although the track does not look like it. So when the car starts back the mules get on and take a ride, the car booming over the whole line by gravity. The mules enjoy it, too. They ride there in as self-satisfied a way as any other passengers, and the view seems equally as charming. North Ontario, you may know, is situated at the mouth of San Antonio canyon, but there are a lot of magnificent mountains around there. One colony, for they can scarcely be called towns, is situated on the Santa Fe road and the other on the Southern Pacific. It is the seven miles of street railway that connect the two.

"The way they get the mules aboard is this: There is a little truck under the car, and it is pulled out, becoming an adjunct to the regular passenger department. The moment the truck is slid out the intelligent animals make a start for it and step up and on. It is extremely amusing the way they do it, and the way they enjoy this ride, and they are great favorites with the people."—San Francisco Examiner.

A Curious Difference. "Did you ever notice the curious difference in the sexes which is shown in the way a man or a woman fixes a date?" remarked a gentleman to a lady the other day.

"You ask a man when such and such a thing happened, and he always answers, 'In the year so and so,' or 'About 1880 and something'; but the woman invariably says: 'About so many years ago'; or 'It was so many years after I was married'; or 'The Year after Teddy was born,' and so on."

"Yes," replied his companion, "I have noticed it in myself. I feel that I am getting like the American widow who dated all her farming operations from or before 'The year I planted Jim,' which was her realistic way of referring to her husband's burial."—Yaukee Blade.

THE BOBOLINK.

Across the stretch of marshy plain The sunbeams flash and quiver, Among the ranks of ripening grain And blooming brakes of raising cause

By many a winding river, Upon whose low and sedgey brink The blithe and bright eyed Bobolink Sings "Chack! Chack! Tweedle-dee!" Come with me! You shall be Glad and free—glad and free! Chack! Chack! Tweedle-dee-ee!"

The sea wind pliffers many a gem Among the dewy rushes, Upon her lithe and graceful stem, The quessly star of Bethlehem

Droops, bathed in crimson bluish; The sluggish waters rise and sink And time thy song, oh, Bobolink! Hark! "Chack! Chack! Tweedle-dee!" Fame nor fee—troubles me!— In my glee—glad and free! Chack! Chack! Tweedle-dee!"

Through interlacing boughs that bar The woodland's mystic bosom Among you showy depths afar Shines like a newly fallen star

A bright magnolia blossom, Near where the wild deer comes to drink From some clear pool the Bobolink Chants "Chack! Chack! Tweedle-dee!" Fair and free—wool and lea— Turf and tree—for thou and me— Chack! Chack! Tweedle-dee!"

The splash of gold and scarlet, Who would suspect such tender note Should echo from thy dusky throat

Thou young Bohemian variat! The bashful stars begin to blink, 'Tis vesper time, sweet Bobolink! Ah! "Chack! Chack! Tweedle-dee!" Come with me—so happy we— Borrow free—our dreams shall be— Chack! Chack! Tweedle-dee-ee!"

—M. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.