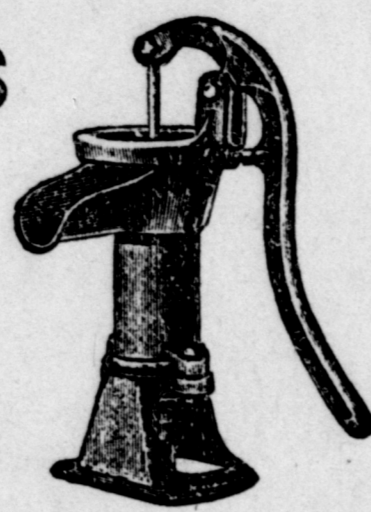


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Poetry.

THE TROUT HE IS AN ARISTOCRAT.

The trout he is an aristocrat He scorns all humble fry. From the haunts of the pike, the perch and "cat" Forever does he fight shy. The stream's wild course, Where it gathers force, Or the deep transparent lake, Or the waters cool of the shaded pool, He his home is want to make.

The pickerel is a fish very game, But his morals he is dark; And folks speak justly when they claim, That he's much like Captain Shark. For all luckless fry, that he may spy, Like that pirate he'll assail; Yes, all he does twig, that are not too big, Does he swallow head and tail. But the trout he is an aristocrat, To King Salmon is he allied, His blood is blue, just remember that, And false (?) never! was his pride. That a swell is he we must all agree, For his dress is loud and fine, But he earns his fame and you'll find him game, When you get him on your line.

Like the pickerel, a fish quite game's the bass, But they both keep company low, With the shiny eel 'mid the water grass, Both in quest of prey will go. True they fish touch not that in net are caught, As does that vile slippery sneak, Put round they'll hang a real hard, tough gang, And none good of them can speak.

But the trout he is an aristocrat, No mauling knave is he, He's a high spawned fish you can bet your hat, And he's e'er on his dignity. To the sportsman's fly, when it takes his eye; Will he freeze like flash of flame, Then with main and might, will he tug and fight For freedom, and e'er die game. WOODVILLE.

EARTH'S ROBIN.

"It's time to wake up now you sleepy old thing!" I fancied I heard the bright sun loudly crying, As he looked on the earth which the whole winter long Asleep 'neath her blanket of snow had been lying.

"Do you hear me? It's getting quite late in the day! And if you won't rouse why I'll just have to wake you, I'll pull off your covering, and if that won't do Dash water right into your face and wake you.

"Here! Wake up! Look alive! Would you sleep there all year?" And no response coming, as good as his word, Methought he sent April to sprinkle her freely. When all her soft covering had quite disappeared.

Indignant the earth at this treatment so shabby At last roused to find herself cold, wet and bare "With what can I clothe myself, now I am awakened? My old dress is gone, and I've nothing to wear."

But the sun dried her tears and said "wait just a jiffy, Instead of the old russet gown you last wore, I am making a new one of soft tints and tender, 'Twill be most becoming to you I am sure."

So the earth being "she" thus was comforted quickly At sight of her robe, a most exquisite thing, And the sweet face of nature still smiles and is happy, When each year she puts on her new dress in the spring.

KINDLY JUDGE ANOTHER.

Ah! pause and think, before you seek To harshly judge another. You cannot probe the inner life, You cannot note the soul's dark strife, Temptations, nor its dangerous rife, Then do not judge another.

Ah! me, and who should seek to be The one to judge another? Perchance a woman's fairest fame May be her pure, unsullied name, Yet slander drapes her oft in shame, Thus cruelly we judge her.

It costs so little, e'er to speak In kindness to another, Had you the same temptation seen, Had life withheld her golden sheen, Perhaps less stainless you had been, So do not judge another

Ah! life is sad enough it would seem, So kindly judge another, God help us when His face we'll see, And Death reveals its mystery, If He shall judge as cruelly As oft we judge another.

IT ALL WILL COME OUT RIGHT.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox Whatever is a cruel wrong, Whatever is unjust, The honest years that speed along Will trample in the dust. In restless youth I railed at fate With all my puny might; But now I know if I but wait It all will come out right.

Though vice may don the judge's gown And play the censor's part, And fact be cowed by falsehood's frown, And nature ruled by art. Though labor toils through blinding tears, And idle wealth is might, I know the honest, earnest years, Will bring it out all right.

Though poor and loveless creeds may pass For Poor Religion's gold, Though ignorance may rule the mass While truth meets glances cold, I know a law, complete, sublime, Controls us with its might, And in God's own appointed time, It all will come out right.

SOUL INTUITION.

BY SUSIE M. BEST. "Somebody rapped on the window-pane— Did you not hear it? 'Twas weary plain." "It was only the beat of the bitter rain."

Somebody spoke to me; did you hear That low, lone call as it snote the air?" "Twas the wind that rattled the casement, dear."

"There is somebody there, just back of you, Beckoning me." "Nay it is not true, There is nobody here but just us two."

Say, was she right? Was there one that cried? Was there one that rapped on the pane outside? Was there one that beckoned her as she died?

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge), a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address, REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, 33-lyr. Brooklyn, New York.

In Case of Fire.

The chief of the New York fire department, Mr. Hugh Bonner, has recently given some hints as to what ought to be done by people in the chances of loss of human life by fire.

Should you hear a cry of "fire," and columns of smoke fill the rooms, above all KEEP COOL.

Keep the doors of rooms shut. Open windows from the top. Wet a towel, stuff it in the mouth, breath through it instead of the nose, so as not to inhale smoke. Stand at a window and get benefit of outside air.

If room fills with smoke keep close to floor and crawl along by the wall to the window. Do not jump unless the blaze behind is scorching you. Do not even then if the firemen with scaling ladders are coming up the building or are near. Never go to the roof, unless as a last resort and you know there is escape from it to adjoining buildings. In big buildings fire always goes to the top.

Do not jump through flame within a building without first covering the head with a blanket or heavy clothing and gauging the distance. Don't get excited; try to recall the means of exit, and if any firemen are in sight, I repeat, DON'T JUMP.

"Do you think it proper," said the man who was trying to keep his temper, "to laugh at a man who slips on a banana peel by accident?" "Well," replied the spectator, apologetically, "I laughed by accident, too. I didn't think of such a thing until I saw you."

COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE.

The parent should recognize but one standard of morality for both the boy and the girl. He would not think of permitting his daughter to roam the streets at will, either day or night, and mingle with bad associates. By what law of right does he permit the boy to do so? Where is your boy to-night.—Simpson Ely in Standard.

AGRI-CULTURE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE A for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Devey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy, unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

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NOTICE!

Take notice that the firm of CHEYNE & PALMER, of Hibernia, Queens County, have dissolved partnership, and that all debts due said firm are to be paid to T. W. PALMER, who will still continue the business. Dated at Hibernia, Queens Co., October 24th, 1898.

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