

TO A CRICKET.

Piper with the rusty quill
Fifing on a windy hill
In a dusty coat;
Saddened by the fading glow
Softer measures seem to flow
From thy russet throat.

TITANE.

I had never seen her handwriting before;
and yet, the instant the letter was brought
to me, I knew it was from Paula, whom I
had not seen for three long years, in fact,

was he seeking the solution? What combat
had he dared to undertake? He became
morbidly silent, and replied to his
wife's questions only with haggard looks, as
if he begged her not to arouse some distressing
memory.

In the centre of the room, in the midst
of an endless variety of fantastically formed
plants, a being, a nightmare, a horror arose
before my eyes; a hydra, a polyp—a Thing
no man could name.



A BIG OFFER.

effort to rise, to hurl itself at us, perhaps,
and then, powerless, suddenly collapsed
with a flaccid sound like wet linen, and at
the same time I pulled the unfortunate
Frederick loose from the relaxed tentacles.

STAND UP!

You people who WORK HARD FOR YOUR MONEY,
and tell us if you can, where
lives the man or woman who is not anxious to get the most in QUALITY and VALUE
for every dollar they spend?

64c. TANT-MIEUX 4-BUTTON FRENCH KID GLOVE,
Every Pair Equal to Josephine.

Don't allow your (reasonable) prejudice against cheap Gloves to prevent
your discovering for yourself that our Glove is all we represent.

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A MYSTERIOUS CURSE.

A Ghost's Sanguinary Prediction to a
Wicked Woman.
There is a family in Boston which suffers
from a mysterious hereditary curse, of the
sort one reads about in hair-elevating
stories of the supernatural.

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Quick Sales!

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204 Union Street.

Identification Cards.

The latest whim in New York is the
identification card. Its aim is to enable a
person in a strange place to establish his
identity without the aid of any other means.

Now, Girls!

The following letter, written in excellent
German, reached the New York Bureau of
Vital Statistics the other day:

The Drama in Kentucky.

Two Newport men went over to see
Booth and Barrett in "Othello" a few nights
ago. When the show let out neither of
them said anything of consequence until
they got down to the ferry, where, while
waiting in the float, one who never says
anything unless he says it, said:

How About Pa?

Minister (to Bobby)—"So yesterday
was your sixth birthday, was it, Bobby?"
Bobby (with pride)—"Yes, sir."

An Important Invention.

"You women don't know when you are
well off," sneered old Brown. "Here you
are complaining just because you have to
do the house work. Why, in ancient times
wives used to be slaves."

A Vessel's Many Disasters.

Perhaps the most unlucky ship that was
ever launched from an American shipyard
was the *Harvey Mills*, which closed her ten
years' career of disaster by sinking off Cape
Flattery on the last day of December, 1886.

A Comedy of Errors.

Morris E. Ward, of Chicago, is charita-
ble, gallant and absent-minded. He has
a poor relative in the country to whom he
sends all his old clothes. There are ladies
in the city to whom he sends invitations to
the theatre. The other day he wrote to
his poor relation:

He Couldn't Chew in Their Pulpit.

Rev. Mr. Simminton, a colored clergy-
man from New York, preached in the house
of Mr. Scott, on Grove street, in Bloom-
field, N. J., Sunday night. During the
sermon, one of the women arose and pro-
tested excitedly against the continuance of
the sermon until the preacher took a quid
of tobacco out of his mouth. Others joined
with their request, but he said after the
service that he felt insulted, and would
never come from New York again to save
souls.