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DREAM OF FAIR OCCASIONS

In the darkening shades of twilight, As I wondered, rose distraught, Grief and woe of days departed, Sarg'd unbidden on my thought; Joys and sorrows intermingled In the memories of the Past, Fair occasions, lost and vanished— All too beautiful to last.

I laughed when I read that letter; it didn't trouble me much of any. Think I for myself, "He is old enough to pack his own bag, less he's a gump and a fool, and if he is a gump and a fool the quicker we find it out the better!" I felt the wist because Carline wa'n't comin' to the weddin'. It worried me to think she was so silly 'bout them bangs.



Well, come Sunday mornin', when it was time to dress ourselves, Hannibal took one room and I another and we begun. I'd just got my hair all down, when Hannibal hollered tew me, and said he: "Ruth Ann! I wish you'd bring in your needle and thread and dew a little job o' sewin' for me. I find my vest is all split out behind, though goodness I know I do not so. I never wore it but once in my life. It's a bran new one."

order of the day, for ject as we got all ready ter begin, the minister was called to the door on important business that kep' him ten minutes or so, and there we stood in the middle o' the floor lookin' at one another and feelin' awkward enough.

Among the folks I invited to the weddin' was old Aunt Betsey Griffin, dear as a post, and settin' beside on her was old Miss Potter, and Miss Potter's daughter, in measure, as it were, I knew it would please 'em both ter come, so I invited 'em. Well, while we was waitin' for the minister and the room was still as the grave, all of a sudden Miss Potter turned to Aunt Betsey and screamed in her ear loud enough ter wake the dead.

"Who did you say our Ruth Ann is goin' to marry?" And Aunt Betsey screamed back just as loud, though Miss Potter ain't dead a mite: "Mr. Hannibal Hickeys!"

Everybody was laughin' by this time, and I don't know how long them poor creatur's would 'a kep' our names goin' backwards and forwards if the minister hadn't come in just then and put an end to it.

expression does beat all! Everybody was looking at him. Why he acted, it all out so, as you might say. When he struck a high note he riz up to his full stature, balanced himself kinder teeterin' on his toes, stretched up his neck, rolled his eyes 'way inter the back part of his head, and soot a tone as he fetched—high—oh, terrible high! and on the ceiling, when he sang a low note, he just scooped all down inter his stomach and chist, and somethin' rumbled way down in his insides, low—oh, terrible low and solemn! I think his "low A" was the very lowest one I ever heered! His singin' was 'sartinly imposin'.

The George Weber Brewing Company of Cincinnati, has failed. Liabilities estimated at \$500,000; assets \$450,000.

FATE OF TWELVE MISSIONARIES.

A Remarkable Feature of the Work in Which They Lost Their Lives. Many Roman Catholics in America will remember Father Connaughton, who came to this country about two years ago to collect funds for his mission work on the gold coast of Africa.

It is well known that some of the Niger River tribes offer a man sacrifice to their gods. They believe that they can heap upon the poor victim, who is almost invariably a child, all the sins of the people, and that this load of sin is completely washed away in human blood. Great crowds assemble to witness the sacrifice.

General News Notes.

Revolutionary movements are rife in Guatemala. The Interstate railroad commissioners are in session in Chicago. Another big trial of nihilists is about to open in Russia.

A collision of freight trains occurred near Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Three cars of dynamite exploded causing great damage. No one was killed.

As an eastbound train on the Texas Pacific was robbed at Benbrook, a few miles west of Fort Worth, thirty thousand dollars was the booty.

The number of signatures on the petition for clemency in behalf of the Chicago Anarchists has reached about 8,000, 5,000 from Chicago and the remainder from other places in Illinois.

A fire in a four-story brick flat at the corner of Lafayette and Lewis avenues, in Brooklyn, N. Y., resulted in the death of one occupant, the fatal burning of a girl, and the serious injury of a third person.

WASHINGTON DISPATCHES.

THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN. The Presidential party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, Secretary Bayard, Col. and Mrs. Lamont, have arrived from Philadelphia in the special car of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

THE REVENUE WILL INCREASE. Collections from internal revenue during July and August aggregated \$20,900,000, an increase of \$1,091,250 as compared with the first two months of the fiscal year. The receipts in detail were:

From spirits \$10,271,312, increase \$128,634; tobacco \$5,739,138, increase \$941,818; fermented liquors \$4,512,000, increase \$400,396; cleonargate \$25,858, and miscellaneous \$21,064, decrease \$17,475.

THE PRESIDENT'S ROUTE. On the 10th of the month and West-Home. President and Mrs. Cleveland will leave Washington on Friday, September 30th, for an absence of three weeks in the west and south. They will be accompanied by no official, the other members of the party being the President's private secretary, Colonel Lamont, two personal friends of the president, Mr. Wilson B. Bissel, of Buffalo, his former law partner and Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, of New York, who was a member of his military staff while governor.

TEMPERANCE.

Teaching Temperance to Boys. I wonder if any other temperance boys who are such walking encyclopedias in temperance facts, would mind being asked to give some information, which they would be glad to do, to the following effect: "I have been reading in the Standard of the 10th of the month, that the temperance boys of the city of New York, are teaching temperance to the boys of the city of New York."

Both boys gave me a reassuring glance, and confidence was restored to my young soul. "What do you mean by that?" I asked, looking at the boys. "It means that we are teaching temperance to the boys of the city of New York."

Supposing a Case. Let us suppose a case, that a young man, who is a member of the temperance society, is asked to give some information, which he would be glad to do, to the following effect: "I have been reading in the Standard of the 10th of the month, that the temperance boys of the city of New York, are teaching temperance to the boys of the city of New York."

THE WEDDING DAY.

BELE C. GREENE IN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

R. HAWKINS he left the appointment of our weddin' day to me, and I set it for a Sunday. When you got to think on it, there don't seem to be many days suitable for gittin' married in. You see Monday's washin' day, and Tuesday's ironin' day, and of course nobody would be married a Friday; and Saturday's bakin' and cleanin' up day, so there's only Wednesday and Thursday left, and mother's me wanted that much time for extra odds and ends of work, and to "turn round" in, as you might say. So I set it a Sunday mornin' before fust service.



Now, to begin with, I must tell you that Mr. Hannibal Hawkins, the man I was goin' ter marry, was what you'd call odd, terrible odd, so that, although we'd be keepin' company together for some time, and I'd every chance ter get acquainted, yet I felt morally certain that it would be a good while fore I'd know him all through. Not but what he was a likely man—more to, for he was a church member in good and reglar standin', and he always had the name o' bein' a good husband to his first wife, and a good provider and all that; but, as I said, he was odd.

Well he come over the Saturday mornin' before the weddin', so's ter be "on hand," he said, and kinder dow for me and mother. We hadn't no men folks in the house, except Cole Jones, the hired help, and he wa'n't much dependence at such a time as that.

Her Special Butter Dish.

A young lady told me of a scientific experiment she has been trying. Her boarding-house is a very fashionable and exclusive one, and she has been trying to make a butter dish, which she has called "her special butter dish." She longed to test the truth of this statement, and confessing her ambition to Mrs. Daniel Marriam, she was made a present of a bag of cream from the Bigelow farm.

I looked down to where dear old Squire Brown set in his pen in front of the pump—and he was so much so, and he wa'n't a nother, and I noticed that one hand wisely supported his head, in order ter keep on his red wig o' hair. But he wa'n't always so careful, for I remember how high he often come ter losin' on't, and how one Sunday it did actu'ly slip clear off o' his bald pate, and how he jumped and clapped his hand to his head, and all the young folks laughed, and some o' the old ones. Even Parson Lanson sez barely saved himself by a timely sneeze!

Strange that all this should come back to me, on my weddin' mornin'; but it did, and a good deal more, and I had a hard tussle bringin' myself into a proper frame o' mind to tend the church.

Death Knocking at the Door.

A dispatch from New York, says: The steamship Alexis, which has arrived "below" from Marseilles and Naples with six hundred passengers, has Atlantic cholera aboard. Eight of her passengers died on the passage, and on her arrival at quarantine the health officer found four cases aboard. He has sent the Alexis and her passengers to the west bank in the lower bay. The Alexis left Marseilles August 30 and Naples September 3. She is consigned to James W. Elwell & Co.

The Long Range Dynamiter.

A dispatch from New York says: Lieut. E. L. Zelenki, of Battery H, United States Artillery, has made an official test of a long-range dynamite gun at Fort Lafayette, in the presence of Secretary of the Navy Whitney and representatives of the Norwegian, Spanish, French, Danish, Swedish, and Japanese Governments. The test was eminently successful.

Bound to Have the Best.

Mrs. Moneybags (to her husband) "New understand me, Mr. Moneybags, unless I can sit on the right-hand side of the ship I don't want any more sail!" Mr. Moneybags—"Why, no, dear!" Mrs. Moneybags—"I heard some one say the star board would be on that side, and I guess we're rich enough to be on the best."—Haver's Asses.

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