

Poetry.

THREE TWENTY-NINE.

Campaign Poetry, Dedicated to Garfield.

What was it that from Ames I took, How many in my pocket-book, And then resumed my daily look?

Selected Story.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

"What is this, Bert?" "That is the mortgage of an estate called the Derby Place, Mr. Faxon, foreclosed more than a year ago, I believe."

he took it down again as he caught sight of this placid face. He stood there quite still for several minutes. A gray cat came and rubbed against his leg. Some apple blossoms, floating down touched his cheek.

rumors I didn't like, as to how Roscoe was up in his old wild ways; and at last it came like a thunderbolt—Roc was suspended and had run away to foreign parts.

The Senate Pie Stand. The Senate pie stand, says the Washington correspondent of the Hartford Times, was kept by a crippled lady named Mary Burch.

The Father Who Melted. The other evening a citizen of Detroit beckoned to his 12 year old son to follow him to the woodshed, and when they had arrived there he began:

Preserving Her Temper. "Well, I declare, I don't know what to preserve this Fall!" exclaimed Mrs. Funsabout; peaches is high and plums isn't worth putting up, and quinces is as bad as live syrup.

STATE NEWS. Gin House Burned. On Friday last the gin house, press and a lot of lint and seed cotton at Jos. Williams' were consumed by fire.