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One square, one insertion... One square, two insertions... One square, one month...

For larger advertisements liberal concessions will be made.

The Kindly Sleep, Hush the household by its crying, Tumble sleep... THE SILK UMBRELLA. BY ELWOOD BURKE.

"Dinner is not quite ready," she said, rising to meet him, "and until it's announced, I want to talk to you about my dearest friend Mabel Wright, from whom I have just received a letter. It ought to have been here yesterday, but she thinking we were in the country, addressed the letter to Oakland, and it was remailed to me there, delaying its reception two days."

and after kissing him a multitude of times, and commenting upon his broad face and fine appearance, she said: "I was away when your telegram arrived, and Auntie mislaid it. She thought you were to arrive to-morrow, and when the telegram was found it was too late to catch the train. I am glad you had an umbrella, though."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. Naps. She dreams of times when she is tall... A Happy Heart. My little boy came to me this morning with a broken toy, and begged I would mend it for him.

"I GIVE AND BEQUEATH." Interesting Facts About the Making of Wills. The Case of a Wealthy New York Lady who Died Intestate. The hesitation of otherwise strong-minded and sensible people to make their wills is a common idiosyncrasy.

side of Pennsylvania. One of the most methodical business men in Philadelphia had a curious experience. When a young man, some few days before his marriage, moved by some fear of sudden death, he wrote his own will, leaving to his betrothed as his wife, a third of his property.

To-Morrow. Tomorrow and to-morrow, I'll be dead for a day. What measure do, when I go to bed, about my sleeping way? What measure do, when I go to bed, about my sleeping way?

THE SILK UMBRELLA. It was raining heavily, and there seemed a likelihood that the storm would continue all day. The overhanging clouds were black and heavy, and the rain drops fell with such a persistent and unceasing pattering, pattering, that the gutters became swiftly moving rivers, and the streets one vast morass.

Chauncey Walton lazily surveyed his dripping surroundings from the rear-sench of an open street-car, and at a lowed his half-consumed cigar to go out. He was very rich, and having been "born to the purple," so to speak, had all of those indescribable tastes which betoken the true gentleman.

It is very funny," she said, "I hope you didn't fall in love with her. I've heard of such things." "Nonsense," said Chauncey, although his bronzed face colored. "Don't be foolish."

One Good Fairy. "Mamma, did you ever see a real fairy?" questioned Maud, looking up from a book she was reading. "A real one, with shining white wings?"

Where Colored People Came From. There are a few colored people in this country, says a newspaper writer, who know from what Africa tribes they sprang, and just where their ancestors lived in the dark continent, before they came to America in the hold of slave ships.

Piling Up Material for History. "I have been engaged in the business of making scrap books for the past thirty-five years," said a filipino man, "and I have in my collection nearly seven tons of newspaper clippings on every conceivable subject from cowboys to evolution."

Appropriate to the Occasion. "Yesterday is something of a milestone, and was attending an evening party given in honor of the eldest daughter of the family."

He was very rich, and having been "born to the purple," so to speak, had all of those indescribable tastes which betoken the true gentleman. He dressed quietly, though elegantly, and everything from his light spring hat to his smartly polished shoes was in harmony.

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The Sights of Moscow. A correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle says in a letter from Russia: The principal sights of Moscow are the buildings in the Kremlin, including the ancient palace of the boyars, the collection in the treasury, the big bell, and the spot where Napoleon stood during the burning of the city.

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At the same time a lady, young and very quietly and modestly dressed, rose from her seat, and started to alight. The rain was now descending in torrents, and Chauncey Walton, standing in the narrow step which ran along the side of the car, with his umbrella upraised, shrugged his shoulders, and tased away his cigar.

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