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RATES OF ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion - \$1.00 One square, two insertions - 1.50 One square, one month - 9.00 For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

A Song of a Heart. Dear heart - I love you all the day I wonder if skies are rich with blue...

Leopold Leverton's Love.

Leopold Leverton was in love once more! Ever since his quarrel with Laura Gray in the summer he had been paying desultory court to Dorothy Pearson...

As Leopold did occasionally experience twinges of remorseful regret for the old delightful days, he carefully concealed his feelings...

As Leopold snatched through the town a happy thought struck him. He would send Mrs. Pearson a gift - something which would influence her to countenance the proposal...

What should the "something" be? No. That might suggest odious comparisons. A turkey?

Yes. That is the very thing; a turkey it should be. He immediately proceeded to put his design into execution...

Now, it chanced the poulterer's errand lad was one of those poetic little souls, who, in accordance with the eternal usefulness of things...

"That will do capitolly," said Leverton, and he proceeded to write: "No. 71 Trotterville terrace, Park road. With Leopold Leverton's compliments."

"There," said he, "that will do. I'll just pin it to the turkey. You'd read it at once won't you?"

"I don't understand. There's some mistake. I ordered one to be sent here, hoping Mrs. Pearson would accept."

"The one I saw was addressed to Mrs. Gray," interrupted George, thinking he began to see light.

"Yes. This is 71, I noticed the number on the garden gate as I passed this morning."

"No," chimed in Mr. Pearson, "this is 171. I noticed the other day that the first figure was almost washed out. We must have it repainted."

"Then my turkey has gone wrong," exclaimed Leopold. "I must see about it."

ed aloud, with a gesture of satisfaction, much to the surprise of a young lady who chanced to be passing him at that moment.

After relieving his feelings by the outbreak just recorded George Speedman quickly left his parlor and in a few minutes later was standing in the presence of the fair Dollie's maternal relative...

What his success was may readily be surmised from the fact that when, in response to Mrs. Pearson's invitation, he arrived later in the evening of the same day to dine with the family...

George entered the room with a quickly beating heart, and what passed there is best known to Dollie and himself, but it is a significant fact that when, half an hour later, the young couple entered in response to the summons of the dinner, George Dollie's cheeks were in hue like the deep heart of a crimson rose...

Just prior to the announcement of dinner Leopold Leverton had arrived in a condition of paralytic anxiety as to the result of his stratagem.

It was doubtless very considerate of Mrs. Pearson to keep him engaged in conversation with herself in order that the privacy of the parlor, fortunate gentleman who had come to woo might be untroubled, but he was extremely perplexed and chagrined that Mrs. Pearson made no reference to the superb turkey.

"You will stay and take dinner with us, Mr. Leverton," she said, still without mentioning his gift. It was passing strange.

"Thank you," he responded lamely. Then a terrible fear took possession of his heart. Had the dealer forgotten or committed to send the bird? He could bear the expense no longer.

"I - ah - did - you - ah - receive a - turkey this afternoon, Mrs. Pearson?" he stammered.

"Yes, indeed, and a fine one it is. Ah, there is the gobbler. Come, Mr. Leverton."

At that moment Speedman entered the dining room with Dollie leaning upon his arm.

"Mrs. Pearson - Mr. Pearson - congratulate me. Dollie has promised to be my wife."

It was George who spoke, with sparkling eyes and triumphant tone. Leopold could scarce believe his ears.

"What?" he cried, while Dollie, lunging her head and blushed bewitchingly.

"Yes, May I congratulate you on having resumed your engagement with Miss Gray?" answered George, reading himself beside Dollie.

"What - what do you mean?" stammered Polly, hopelessly bewildered.

running up to the room where her daughter was dressing for a walk. "Mr. Leverton has sent us a turkey!"

Laura let fall the brush she was using and stood gazing at her mother in silence. Then the color mounted to her cheeks, but she did not speak.

Laura read the lines, and returned the paper. She was still strangely silent, and her mother anxious to have an expression of opinion.

Mr. Gray took the slip of paper in his own hands, read it carefully, re-read it, and then turned it over as though seeking further enlightenment.

His eyes fell upon the line which had been written by the lad with the poetic soul.

"I suppose he means he would like to let bygones be bygones," replied Mrs. Gray, slowly, "but do you think so, Laura?"

"Yes," said Laura very softly. The afternoon wore swiftly away. A faint appetizing odor arose from the kitchen and gradually permeated the apartment.

As time passed this faint odor gradually intensified until at the hour when Leopold Leverton, having with some difficulty discovered the real No. 71, painted up the hall door thereof...

Steps sounded in the vestibule, the handle rattled, the door was thrown open and a dark figure stood in the doorway.

Poor Polly in his impetuosity had never thought of how he would explain his errand, and now that the savory scent floated from behind that dark figure and struck him full with a sudden warm gust, he began to stammer something about "a mistake" and "a turkey."

Mr. Gray, attributing his confusion to the awkward predicament in which he found himself through having broken so shabbily with Laura and thinking, with an accession of that "goodwill to all" which often comes over men to help him out of his difficulty, put forth his hand and half dragged Leverton into the house.

"There, there," he exclaimed, "you're a strange fellow, but if you can make it up with Laura all well and good."

"Mr. Gray," said Leopold, regaining the use of his tongue as his out-door garments were taken from him, "it has all been a mistake."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Gray, "that you will find Laura in her dressing-room. Explain it to her while dinner is being served."

He pushed the unwilling young fellow into the dressing-room, and himself, remaining outside, closed the door behind him.

As Leverton entered a lady rose from the fauteuil upon which she had been seated. It was Laura.

Somehow at sight of her standing there, looking so fair and sweet in her evening costume, Leopold forgot all about the lady of the legacy, and a sudden feeling of shame stole into his heart and caused the warm blood to rush up into his cheeks.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

ALICE'S DAY. Mrs. Alice Lovejoy. But if I were she And had a kitten as white as milk, I would give her this house of glass and silk, bound as a ball and light as a feather, To keep her dry in rainy weather.

A MONKEY'S SMALL EARS. In the middle of Africa - way in the heart of the country, there no white man except the great Mr. Stanley has ever gone - there lives a family of apes that have ears very much like the ears of a man.

The colored men of Central Africa have a story which they tell about these apes, and which they think explains the fact of their having ears quite unlike the rest of their species.

It is held in place by a gun found in large quantities in Central and South America. The blow-gun tapers from the thickness of a little finger at the mouthpiece to the thumb of its stock and is made of various woods, but the shape is the same in all.

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SAVAGE WEAPONS.

A South American Exhibit at the Fair.

War Clubs, Air-Guns and Bows and Arrows.

There are many different kinds of war clubs among the Indians of South America. They range in size from a small stick not much thicker than a man's thumb and not more than three feet in length, to a six-foot monster as thick as a sturdy sapling, with an edge as sharp as a sword.

Of the water in the lens-hold, the proportion devoted to drinking purposes is relatively small. In the kitchen water is used for washing vegetables and snails, for rinsing dishes and tableware.

From food which has been subjected to roasting or to firing, or to any thorough cooking there is nothing to fear. From uncooked food and from fluids of their preparation they should be guarded from every possible source of contamination.

Water which contains mineral impurity or, indeed, an appreciable quantity of organic matter, should not be used under any circumstances.

An Experience With A Rattlesnake. The wife of a lumberman named Williamson a few days ago had a novel and terrifying experience with a rattlesnake.

The mother snuck nearly fainting on the floor; but with a parent's bravery realized that the snake must be destroyed at any cost to herself, as at the first slightest movement of the babe the cruel fangs might be buried in its flesh.

These bows are shaped in much the same manner as the ones used by the North American Indians. They are triangular in form, verging toward a point at the end.

Water and Disease. Impure water should not be used for any domestic purpose. When only impure water is to be had, it should in all cases be purified before use.

Queen Victoria's Favorite Horse. Jessie, the Queen's favorite old riding mare, was found placidly standing in a solitary loose box, warmly wrapped in rugs, her own natural coat being like very thick, soft black plush.

Things Would be Different. Proud Young Woman. "No! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world."

Fond Youth (rejected but not crushed). "You can bet your sweet life you wouldn't! I'd have too good an assortment to select from."

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It is not uncommon to hear people say, "We do not fear cholera because we boil all our drinking water." Yet it is safe to say that half of those who give orders to have the water boiled, and even of those who themselves attend to its boiling, drink water from vessels rinsed with unboiled water.

It is plain that the good effects of boiling the water which is to be used for drinking purposes are lost, if the pitcher, or the salad, or the milk can, or the milk jug has been rinsed with unboiled water.

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