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NEATNESS, DISPATCH,

AND AT THE

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

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PAT'S CRITICISM.
There's a story that's old,
But good if twice told,
Of a doctor of limited skill,
Who cured best and man,
Who was a "fangled" plan,
With the help of a straggling made pill.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER!
Spring ruled in earth and air;
The breeze was soft and scented with the flowers;
The sun, set as it were, with warm beams,
My friend said suddenly "I'm not here!"

WHO KNOWS?
The birds made such a racket in the
honey suckle vine outside my window that
I could not sleep.

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'Tis nice this hot weather to have very
little heat,
'Don't scream said poor mother,
looking toward the Hunters' side win-
dows.

Time was when I needed no curls from
maidens across the seas or manufac-
tured from home material. I had plenty
of my own. Jack Hunter and one of them
off with his penknife that night when we
parted.

Who would have believed it possible!
That the years could come and go,
The sweet summers bloom and fade,
The heart of the roses lose strength and fall and fall,

They must have told him I had been
sorely punished; that my mischievous
gayer had whiffed out like the flame
of a candle; that even the beauty of which
he had been so proud and fond was gone

There were a few faint, polite remon-
strances when I declined to take any active
part in the evening's entertainment. "We
must leave that part to the young and
attractive," I said, and there was a general
buzz of acquiescence.

When I reached the church I was im-
mediately seized upon for something they
called "the grocery counter"—an innova-
tion brought about by the advent of a
part and parcel of the world, a widower,
a stock-raiser, and a man afflicted with
many maladies, of which he loved to talk.

Will you wear your rose-colored
cravat, pleaded mamma.
Will I wear spangles, and jump
through a hoop? I said. "No, mamma,
I'll wear my black silk."

in his face, and tried to talk to him, poor
children! as best they could. But they
appealed to take the ugly countenance
with its sordid pound packages for home
necessity, and I took it with an ill-con-
cealed avidity.

The successful grocer, who had not been
very well pleased with the open ingratu-
lary for his request, took heart and
brightened up when he saw me giving an
air of smartness to his goods. He ex-
tended his hand, and I was glad to
shake it.

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EDUCATION IN INDIA,
DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF TEACH-
ING THE YOUNG IDEA.

The young idea is not very easily
taught how to shoot in British India,
where the alphabet presents vexations
of spirit undreamed of in the philoso-
phy of the European or American
school-boy.

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that white people made a temporary
abode with the Indians, and had the
use of the lodge of which they became
nominal members certify to their bogus
claim, and thus secure a large share of
the payments.

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couldn't stand. History says that the
Scotch loss was 10,000 and the English
200. History lies, probably. The Gov-
ernment told the people what to be-
lieve. If they did as they were told,
they must pay taxes for their belief.

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ALFONSO AND MERCEDES.

INCIDENTS OF A CALL BY SOME AME-
RICAN VISITORS—A CORDIAL WEL-
COME AND UNCONVENTIONAL
TREATMENT.

The following extracts are from a
letter from an American in Spain, who
paid a visit to King Alfonso and his
wife a short time before the sad death
of the young Queen—

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