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The Past Year. A shadow stood by my bed last night— A shadow, warm and soft, and old; With a frozen look on the wrinkled face, And the hand he laid on mine was cold.

My wife and I looked at each other in blank despair. We are such lively people that it is very seldom we are both blue at once, but this time we had good and sufficient reason.

Now, however, we had no money, and very little flour in the house. My wife had made a nice Johnny-cake for the delectation of the children at supper, and they had gone to bed contentedly.

Let me elaborate: The cottage we lived in was not strictly beautiful, but it was comfortable, and in a pleasant place, with an orchard before it, and we raised creepers on trellises about it, and planted roses and flowering shrubs along the stone walls.

mathematician, as far as the principles go, and that is the reason probably she 'ates eternal figuring so much. With her music the contrary is true. She knows nothing about the theory, but her practice is exquisite; so that she has learned five lessons.

It will probably be thought cold-blooded in me to speak in this way of my wife's earning anything, especially when, now we had dismissed our girl, she was left everything to her own children and for me; and, in fact, I did not mean she should do anything, but she was always pondering the matter, and in some dark moment I gave in a little money, and she went on with her sewing, and let her support the children!

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I felt a spark of hope. "I suppose you are in fun, Florence," I said; "but I really think I should not hate this as much as anything else, if you can project trying. However it will probably amount to nothing."

I like to study human nature, and now I saw much of it at home and off its guard. This delighted me. Two rules I observed which made me respected and popular: first, I never entered a house unless I was invited; second, I never insisted that people should buy what they did not want.

From May to October I hardly ever went alone on my journey. Every pleasant day Florence, or one of the children, or all of us, went with me on our rounds. How exciting it was, and how happy we were! We took our dinner with us sometimes, and played we were gypsies, and camped out in the most enticing places in the beautiful woods.

How He Put up the Stove. A short time ago an English emigrant, family arrived in this town, and being destitute of anything, a few kind-hearted people gathered round him to help him to get to housekeeping, and among other things a stove. The donor forgot, however, to send along the necessary pipe.

A Call on the Editor. The story is told that when George D. Prentice, founder of the Louisville Journal, was editor of the New England Weekly Review at Hartford, he had occasion to make some reflections upon John Vanderbilt, a brother of the commodore, who was running a boat between Hartford and New York.

There is an old woman on Catharine street who is called a case that all the doctors have failed to cure and then go to work with herbs and roots and strange things and try to effect at least an improvement.

Two Men and a Door. The storm-doors around the postoffice all open outwardly. This isn't for fear of the wind, but it is arranged that way to make a man mad. A man will go singing along the street, smiling all over, and bragging to himself how good-natured he is, when he suddenly remembers that he must get out of the door, and he finds the other mentioned in the heading stands around to give advice.

A Bit of Romance. A letter to the Chicago Inter-Ocean from Lake Geneva says: A marriage has just come to light here that was privately solemnized on the nineteenth of September last, which causes a ripple of excitement in the higher circles of society.

The man who can't assume a look of utter astonishment and child-like wonder, when detected in trying to get rid of a lead nickel, was not made to do business in this country. He belongs to Europe.—Chic.

Catching Halibut. The halibut season, says the Sea World, lasts from the middle of January to the first of December. At one time New-England men, was an important halibut port, thirty sail of vessels having been owned there at one time.

Remarkable Remedies. Spirit Walter Scott's piper, John Bruce, sent a whole Sunday, selecting twelve stones from twelve south running streams, with the purpose that his sick master might sleep upon them and become whole.

Present Population of the Earth. Behm and Wagner's Bevölkerung der Erde, gives a mass of well-digested information on the area and population of the countries of the world.

Words of Wisdom. Gratitude is the memory of the heart. Knowledge is more than equivalent to force. Duties fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.

Christmas comes but once a year. This is a glorious, hearty old proverb, full of generosity and permission to go to the full length's enjoyment. If the children are more fondly than usual with delight, the boys and girls will dance and frolic wildly; or paternalisms purchases a present which is a little too extravagant—never mind it, for once!

Which, in English, means: "Is the weather at Christmas mild, it is joy to man, and wife, and child." "Christmas is a good time to bleed horses in." This was an old superstition, and was closely followed. The horses were run up and down until in a sweat and then bled. As Tupper sings: "Ere Christmas be passed, let horses be let blood; For many a purpose it doth them much good."

Miss Mulock's Romance. It was thirty years old, that brought her fame, and made the task of earning her daily bread a little less arduous. Several years later she was awarded a pension of three hundred dollars a year. She was nearly forty when she married.

Good Advice to Young Men. The following, from an exchange, is true to the letter: The most unfortunate day in the career of any young man is the day on which he obtains a high grade of vitality.

When a dead man's property is put under the hammer, it is a sale of effects; but when a man gets senesick, it is the effects of a sale.

Plants grown in small pots bloom more freely than those grown in larger ones, but are more liable to injury from trying of the earth.

Items of Interest. Mrs. Youkam, of Coos River, Oregon, aided by her daughter and one hired man, carries on her farm, and last summer she laid down 1,600 pounds of butter, for which she expects to realize fifty cents per pound during the winter.

Wolves are threatening large districts within hail of populous towns of the northern shore of the Gulf of Finland. Eleven children have during two months, been carried off by those ferocious marauders, stealing down from the neighboring woods to the very threshold of the peasants' houses.