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For larger advertisements liberal concessions will be made.

Dandelions. Over the meadow, as if countless stars
The earth were visiting.

The Family Black Sheep.

"And you, Freda," says my paternal ancestor, sternly gazing down from his superior height upon my petty five feet two, "are to behave sensibly, if possible, and consider yourself engaged to Mr. Comyn."

March here, because Mr. Comyn did not propose to her. Fanny, isn't it, that he didn't fall in love with her?
"I wish he had," I cry, "with my whole heart I wish that he had! But there's no such good luck for me, Fred."

Read Less and Think More. The late Charles O'Connor, perhaps the most profound lawyer New York city has produced, gave a piece of advice to a young man, which is as valuable as any legal opinion for which the distinguished lawyer ever received a fee.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. Saying Grace. "Come, come, mamma, to the window!"
Cried little Fred one day, "I want you to see my chickens, why do they drink this way?"

IN THE CITY OF THE SUN. Picturesque Scenes in the Cashmere Capital. What Life Was Like in the City that an Earthquake Has Destroyed.

Seventeen-Year Locusts. A letter to the Rockville (Md.) Advertiser says: My first observation of them was in 1851. A thrifty young sugar maple tree was apparently ruined by their incursions, but, having been well trimmed, it is now one of the finest trees in the town.

I know. I know the birds, just as of old, are following their happy notes.
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