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For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

The Snow Storm.

Lightly and sweetly
As wheat from the grain,
Thickly and quickly
As thoughts through the brain.

Waiting and Winning.

"It don't matter so much now,
Grandma," said Aileen, drying the
tears that had sparkled on her cheeks
like dew-drops on a rose.

"But what is the matter, my pet?"
said old Mrs. Harrington, soothingly.

Mrs. Harrington, who had been a
notable Yankee housekeeper, hired
two negro women to do the housework.

"Money isn't everything, grandma,"
said her daughter-in-law, tartly.

"What do we want of any more
girls?" sighed Juanita, whose baptismal
name had been "Judith."

"What can it be?" he asked himself.
"We children used to play at
ghost up there of an autumn evening.

The door stood wide open—the whole
room was aglow with a warm, ruddy
light. Grandma, enthroned in a big
splint chair before the blaze,

"Well, since your coffee smells so
good, I think I will," said the gallant
young officer.

"I'm the eldest," Selma had said,
tautly, and I ought to have the first
chance. If any of us is to call with
us at Dulany Beeches, it shall be—"

"You always were a selfish thing!"
said old Mrs. Harrington, shrugging
her shoulders.

"I don't care," said Aileen,
wistfully. "Do you think, grandma,
that I ought to tell my aunt and the
girls that he walks with me when I go
to the post office? or that he gave me
them beautiful, deep blue asters that
they thought I found in the copse? or
that it was he discovered the big
lunch of waffles in Greenwood's
woods?"

said Norma. "Captain Dulany's mother
has a large library, and you know
very well that I'm literary."

"You, child!" said she. "Why,
you're not to come in at all! The girls
don't want a whole drove in the
parlor. Three women are quite enough.

"I'm seventeen, aunt!" faltered
Aileen.

"Two or three years hence will do
very well for you," said the relentless
elder. "Try and put such silly non-
sense out of your head!"

"Dear me!" cried Selma, as the little
group came in. "Where have you
been all day, Aileen?"

"Yes," said the old lady. "Yes,
We'll have our New Year's by our-
selves—me and you, child."

"What a beautiful New Year's
Day, after all, though the tears came
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"Oh, certainly!" said grandma, smiling.
And Aileen distributed handleless
cups and bountiful slices of golden-
brown corn cake, yet steaming from
the fire, to her guests.

"We are hardly prepared to entertain
so large a company," said she,
composedly; "but we can, at all events,
give you a sincere welcome."

"Two—three half a dozen more
dropped in. Old Pomp was summoned
to pour fresh pine cones on the blaze
and bring more coffee and corn-cake."

"How'd like de good old times?"
said he, to Aunt Felicia, when he re-
turned to his cabin. "De berry cream
off de gentry enjoyin' de corn-pones an'
coffee like dey was our own old
marse's folks. Ain't nuttin like corn-
pone for rare good flavor, dat dey ain't.

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THE ABODE OF BIG GAME.

A Hunter's Paradise in the
Wilds of Africa.

Elephants, Buffaloes and Other Large Animals
Found in Abundance.

There is great shooting in many
parts of the dark continent, and Euro-
pean sportsmen often visit South Af-
rica or penetrate far into other parts

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A COSMOPOLITAN CITY.

The Mixed Population of the
Metropolis.

Sections Where the People of Various
Nations Meetly Congregate.

New York is essentially a cosmopolitan
city, with a population, which includes
people of almost every known race,

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TO-DAY.

The Sunshine lingers in the room.

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HOMEROS.

"Good as a punch. A tight shoe.

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