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RATES OF ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion - \$1.00
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One square, one month - 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

The Little Hammock.

Five years ago, when you can't guess how much I weigh, I had... Last birthday I weighed thirty three, an' I weigh thirty yet...

THE LAST STRAW.

Mr. Slack was next neighbor to the Peppers when they bought their cottage at Station, and on the very first night she tumbled over the scattered bits of furniture in the parlor and appeared in their midst unceremoniously to borrow a little salt...

How the Indians Made Sugar.

Thomas Conant, an old resident of Canada, writes to the Toronto Globe: The Jesuit fathers, who were the first white men in this country among the Indians, tell us that the Indians made sugar at regularly every spring by tapping the sugar maple. At this time the Indians did not have iron knives for boring the maple sap in. Then it becomes a curious question how they did manage to bore down the succulent juice without a kettle to boil it in...

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Rock-a-bye. Rock a bye, baby, upon the tree top. To her young mother, the bird sings. When the wind's still, the lullaby will stop. And then you may all go to your wings...

A PILOT'S LIFE

Dangers of the Man who Guides Ships to Harbor. Qualified Seaman who are Invested with Great Responsibility. Whether there be dangers in the sea, sky or air, the perilous nature of a pilot's duties makes it imperative that he must be a cheerful alibi...

Emigrants at Castle Garden.

The first thing a newly landed emigrant gets to is the water tank, says a New York Letter. "How good it tastes!" say they, and all at once they strip for the Crown water faucet and drain the bright tin cup dry. And the first thing thought of is to get a drink of the pure water...

Fair Morning in the Harbor.

Fair morning in the harbor, And morning on the bay. And the boats that were lying at anchor now slowly start away...

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

Arabian horses are being imported into America to a slight extent of recent years. Moreover, the famous stallion from which our American trotting stock is all descended, had a large strain of Arabian blood in him...

Another Match Spoiled.

They were looking over her family album, Birdie and her brother, when they came to a portrait of an aged gentleman. "Who is that old fellow?" asked Harold. "Who, replied Birdie, shutting up the book again, 'You don't think grandpa looks like a baboon, do you, Harold?'" - New York Graphic.