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A Heart's Song.

A raindrop fell from the leaden sky And a gray bird sang when the day was night...

A teardrop fell from a heart's overflow, And a maiden's song was sad and low...

WAS IT A RUSE?

Alice Wren was a very pretty little woman—a widow of thirty or thereabouts— with soft, appealing brown eyes...

Mr. Bowers had not been in the house for a week, and he was feeling a little homesick...

And just here he caught the shriek of the approaching train. "Do you still reside with your sister?" he asked, hurriedly...

Mr. Bowers felt half stunned. "What a dreadful mistake this had been! What a dreadful blunder he had committed! But was it too late to undo it? Might it not be possible..."

A Russian doctor has been experimenting to find how far some of our domestic animals can count. The intelligence of the horse, as this is shown in mathematics, seems to surpass that of the cat or the dog...

Few people have any idea of what is required of a captain in command of one of our ocean steamship company's vessels...

An "ice mine" is reported from New York Gulch, Meagher County, Montana. In early days the gulch turned out \$2,000,000 worth of gold...

When We Shall Meet. Birds in the blossoms shall sing to the skies. When we shall meet, Roses shall climb to your lips and your eyes...

And it came to pass—The counter-felt bill.

—It is when in trouble that he knows the value of wife, R. —Yes; he'd cut up all his property in her name.

"Ah, there's no happiness like domestic happiness." "I know there isn't," that's the reason I'm never going to marry."

"No, there's no happiness like domestic happiness." "I know there isn't," that's the reason I'm never going to marry."

"Oh, Patsy, darling, are you drowned?" asked Mrs. Patsy, as her husband came home dripping. "No, indeed, but I went down twice before I ever came up," said Patsy.

"Mamma," said Willie, looking up from the letter upon which he had been industriously at work for some time. "How do you make an X? I want to write the word 'vacation'."

Lightning recently struck a telegraph pole and ran along the wires to an office at Preston, when the operator seated at the instrument exclaimingly telegraphed: "Don't send no fast!"

"Why is it that the custom of turning up the trousers is so universally popular among our dandies?" "Well, you see, it is the only method of imitating the English that doesn't cost anything."

He counted aloud by telephone. He called her the darling, the pet, the crown, the gem, the jewel, the pearl, the diamond, the sapphire, the emerald, the ruby, the opal, the topaz, the amethyst, the garnet, the sapphire, the emerald, the ruby, the opal, the topaz, the amethyst, the garnet, the sapphire, the emerald, the ruby, the opal, the topaz, the amethyst, the garnet.

Watts—"I'm inclined to believe that financial depression would be a good subject for the fifth act." Potts—"Faith cut?" Watts—"Yes. Laying on of hands, you know. There are too many of these being laid off just now."

Mrs. Spry—"You needn't have told me you were a bachelor," Mr. Single—"How did you know it?" Mrs. Spry—"You struck your legs under the dinner table. Not used to having 'em kicked to remind you not to talk."

Johnny—"Eh, this book says that some of these animals have been resting in their sepulchres for unknown ages. Pa, what are unknown ages?" Pa—"Ask your mother, or Aunt Martin, or one of your sisters, or any woman. I can't throw any light on the subject."

First Trump—"These Fifth Avenue people are very unreasonable with us." Second Trump—"Yes; never give money, and lecture you for being dirty." First Trump—"And yet, when I ring and asked for a bath only, I was refused."

Eralda (sentimentally).—"Oh no; I have no desire for great wealth. I should be very happy as the wife of a noble breadwinner." George (practically).—"And I should be happy, very happy as the husband of a good bread-maker." She concluded to learn.

A melancholy author went to Dumax and mumbled that if he did not raise 500 francs he was afraid he would have to churned smoke himself and his two children. Dumax managed his coffers at ones, but could only find 200 francs. "But I must have three or I and my little loves are lost." "Suppose you only suffocate yourself and one of them, then," said Dumax.

A Frenchman was teaching in a large school, where he had a reputation among the pupils for making some queer mistakes. One day he was teaching a class which was rather disorderly. What with the heat and the troublesome boys he was very snappish. Having punished several boys, and sent one to the bottom of the form, he at last shouted out in passion: "Zo whole class go to ze bottom!"

He—"If you loved me you would marry me while I'm poor." She—"You do me injustice. I love you too much to have your precious health risked by my cooking. Wait until you can afford to keep servants." —Life.

Useless Love. He—"If you loved me you would marry me while I'm poor." She—"You do me injustice. I love you too much to have your precious health risked by my cooking. Wait until you can afford to keep servants." —Life.

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