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For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

A Song of Life. He that elings into life For the first time of a wife...

UNCLE GILLET'S MONEY.

There were three Miss Gillets, spinners, who lived with their uncle, a bachelor, in the old stone house at Atwater...

When his brother and his wife died in one week of a fever, the bachelor uncle had done his best for the young people.

They were pretty girls—tall, slender, red-checked and blue-eyed—girls to be loved and married by nature...

It was a well-earned matter in the village, as well as in the family, that, marrying a Miss Gillet lost her inheritance.

Dr. Rush did not at that time, but about dusk on that evening Dolly, crossing the bridge just out of Atwater, passed to look down into the water...

"I have just left the good ones; he is better. He will be well in a day or two. He has a strong constitution and is a man to live to be a hundred years old."

"Then I shall be able to walk out on my own legs, now."

"Well, perhaps so," said Dolly. And so she did. She took a great many, and at last one day Dr. Rush was allowed to slip a ring upon her finger and to kiss her lips.

"I don't want a penny," said Dolly. "You are sure you don't mind?"

"All the pennies we want I can earn myself," said the doctor. "And you must marry me in a month. Promise, Dolly."

Dolly promised. Georgiana and Millicent sat at work together that evening while Uncle Gillet read.

hundred dollars I have for clothes. I'll never have a penny."

"Then make fools of yourselves if you like," said Uncle Gillet. "You'll come to the wedding, won't you?" asked Dolly.

"No; but I'll let your sisters go," said Uncle Gillet. "I never go to weddings or executions."

Dolly married her Richard Rush. Georgiana and Millicent wept, as custom required, and spoke of their master as "poor Dolly."

Dr. Rush trudged over the low country in all weathers and at all hours; and so one night some ruffian, who did not know how empty his wallet was, attacked him in a lonely place and left him for dead.

A farmer going home early carried him home in his wagon, and he was cared for as well as might be; but a broken leg and dislocated shoulder are no light matters, and Dolly hardly knew what to do or where to turn.

She was only sure of one thing, her love for Richard, which grew greater with every trial. For the sake of this she put her pride down, and, leaving the servant with her husband on duty, trudged over to her uncle's house.

She passed within sight of the house, hardly daring to go on, and, as she did so the door opened and a servant came out, who stopped for a moment and re-entered, and as she closed the door a black streamlet flung in the air. There was a cry on the door.

Faint with terror Dolly hurried on. In the hall her sisters, who had seen her coming, hastened to meet her. Uncle Gillet was dead. He had expired suddenly at the dinner table and the ladies were overcome with grief and excitement.

Dolly went into the still room and wept over the quiet figure lying there; and went home again with her tale of woe and jolly and a few dollars.

She went to the funeral, Georgiana, sending her the black dress. And as she sat in the parlor afterwards awaiting the reading of the will, her thoughts wandered back into the past, and the monotonous rendering of the will and the various bequests made no impression upon her until her own name caught her ear. Then she looked up, Millicent and Georgiana were both staring hard at her.

"What is it?" she asked. "I did not hear."

Millicent had covered her face with her kerchief and was crying. Georgiana had flushed red as a pomegranate.

"It means that we have been slaves all these years for nothing," she said. "You are the heiress."—Boston Globe.

An Avalanche in Maine. When nature does anything in the vast northern Maine wilderness, she does it on a grand scale, and now comes news of a landslide there, compared with which the famous avalanche of the Crawford notch was but child's play.

One evening not long ago, during one of the heavy thunder showers, lightning struck the summit of Mt. Baker. Mr. Babbitt who lives alone in his camp about five miles from the mountain, heard amid the crashes of timber a long-drawn roaring unlike anything he had heard before.

"Miss Gillet." She turned with a start. It was Dr. Rush.

Taking Him Down. A good story is told by the London World of a purse-proud old nobleman who was traveling through the rural districts of Sweden.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Everybody likes little Carl. Everybody likes little Carl. Everybody likes little Carl.

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THE ERMINE.

A Graceful and Saucy Member of the Weasel Tribe. Its Silky Fur Ornaments Many a Royal Robe.

The silky white fur, which forms the ornament of many a royal robe, is the skin of the ermine—a graceful and saucy member of the weasel tribe.

The ermine is found in the northern countries. In the summer it is a red-brown creature, but in winter it changes color at the beginning of winter, but that the change in the spring is effected by shedding the white hairs, which are replaced by new ones of a brownish tint.

The ermine sometimes called stout is somewhat larger than the common weasel, but not unlike it in its habits. It lives in hollow trees and among rocks, whenever it can find a snug hiding place.

Old stories are told of the extreme boldness of the ermine, and no doubt some of them are true. A celebrated German hunter relates that, creeping through the forest in search of game, he came to the edge of a clearing, where he saw two ermine frolicking about on the ground.

Even the powerful water rat is no match for the ermine. Every spring into the pool by which it lives and swims rapidly among the lily pads, but the ermine, although its home is on land, is as good a swimmer as the rat, and fastening its teeth in its victim's throat, it drowns it, helps and drowns it.

In May or June the ermine seeks some soft, secluded corner, from whence it comes forth in a few days with five or six playful, tiny children. No pussy cat is a prouder mother than the ermine. It is as tender and careful as a mother on its little ones until they are three or four months old, and capable of taking care of themselves.

The fur of the ermine is very much valued. The species which inhabit Siberia and the most northern countries of Europe are the most sought after by traders, as the under-side of these regions blankets the fur to silvery whiteness. These ermines are usually caught in traps and specimens are sometimes kept by the trappers as pets.—Detroit Free Press.

Hunting Season Ended. City Sport. Any objections to my hunting on your farm?

Only.

Only a baby's features, tiny, dimpled and fair. Only a mother's soft voice, soothing an evening prayer.

Only a dainty infant, innocent, pure and fair. Call'd from this land of mortals, far off to the great beyond.

Only an angel's whisper, out of the vast above. Only a loving refrain, mystic made of love.

Only a patch that glitters, leading into the skies. Only a casual memory of two little about eyes.

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Consolatory.

Mabel (looking in mirror)—My face is my fortune.