## The per fin Dee star.



## 

Each swaying slande a shape
Familiar tom tyeek
Until amid hhe theckening gl
I hear their wings go by.
Those angels of our househola
Reterning n nawarares
To bloss and dead our though
This round of worldly cares
The chairs no longer vacant
My fancy now has prest
The airy form and phatom
Of every silent gheast!
But where are they whose spirits keep
This ryst within my doors?
Who come nad go, like forms of sleep,
Across the muffed floors !
Across the muffled floors !
Alas! they slowly disappear,
As night reguins her thron
And darkness leaves the forn
And darkness leaves the
With meemory alone.



HOW JOE WIGGINS GOT HIS WIFE

"What, to Susan Smith-the gal what
slighted him os at Beaverdam Church, and
caused him to have to lick Bill Stubble-
worth for laffin at him ?"
worth for lafin at him ? "The same took ns all on supprise."
"Id be glad to know how he managed
to get Susan-recken he kinder fooled her

| some way or 'nother; or of good luck may be, and |
| :---: |
|  |  |
|  |  |
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|  |  |

will make the the mare ga"
"No, that inn't the way

and were ser. A.s store.
frout of Mr
Good morning, gei
cenme tp to where this juvenile crowd were
sititig.
'Good morning, Joseph, we have just
been talkin' about you, - - ow you manag-
ed to get a wiff-and now we want you to
tell us all about it.
'Come let us have it,'s said half dozen voiees at once, some of whom had never
heard anything bout Joe's courtship, and
insisted on bis. beginining at the firt, insisted on his, beginning at the first,
and telling the whole story from sbeginning
to end.
$\qquad$ his throut and loking around ore wee pres
none of the paraies to his story were
ent, II reekon long as all of you are single yet, and liable to get into such scrapes
yourselves, I must tell you some of fym xups
and downs', while trying to get spliced. and downs, while trying to get spliced.
'I guess most if not all of you know old
Zeke Smith, nad some on you know his
darter Susanna, or Sose, as s. she is allers called for short. Well, if you know an
thing about Suse, you know that she wa
an is ist, an alifred purty gal, but sters afriaid to speak to har while, any body else was about, for fear of gettin' slighted,
I seed Susan several times at meetin' an'

