

BY H. C. WALL.

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A SONG.

O deep, dark eyes
Deep and dark as midnight skies,
And set with stars,
Shine into mine!

THE PRESIDENT'S VACATION.

Reaching it in the Adirondack Woods.

News and Courier.

PROSPECT HOUSE, UPPER SARANAC LAKE, August 30.—For days a bitter windy wind has been whistling around the hotel, blowing the waters of the lake into ugly little waves and driving the bloom from the ladies' cheeks to their noses.

Early next morning, which was Tuesday morning, Mr. Cleveland was drifting around the hotel porch, breathing in air he could hold of the bracing air that blew in from the lake, and praising the agility of the tennis players already hard at work.

What the ladies saw for a minute was a big man dressed in black, and then they only saw a man's face, big and reddened by sun and wind, smiling at the half dozen acquaintances who clung to his hands.

Under seventeen was the French girl who savagely murdered her father with a club because he would not let her marry her sweetheart.

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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their great delight, and the President was pleased and gratified to see them all. So he was to get back again, and when he went in to supper his praises rose and filled the air.

For supper there were trout just caught, eggs just laid, and milk from cows that are kept out in the woods on purpose; while down in the cellar was everything that a man might call for.

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something gave a jerk; the President gave an answering jerk, and the victim was hooked.

By and by the fish stopped biting, and Mr. Cleveland came back to the hotel and got his lunch, while Dave worked over the water-tight box which the President had almost filled with fish.

Thinking of this didn't impair the President's appetite, however, and at supper he ate his own trout with the proud consciousness of being self-supporting, and laughed and chattered in utter disregard of the order before him.

Mr. Cleveland began: "Young ladies," and fixed his eye on the one nearest his right hand, remembering how, in a photographer's shop, a man who wants to be composed selects one spot to gaze on.

Without once looking up. He told the young ladies that they ought to be proud. Some men objected to having young ladies learn to row, because it has a tendency to make them too muscular.

time. But he smiled; it was work. "The committee," he went on, "have instructed me to tell you that they love you.

At this the young lady in gray blushed; so did the next one with the rosiest cheeks; and the third one and the President blushed, too, while Dr. Ward looked proud and happy, like a fond chaperon.

One day when Thomas Jefferson was riding through Virginia on his way from Washington to Monticello, he came up on a boy trudging along with his clothes in a satchel, which hung on a stick from his shoulder.

The President replied: "My name is Thomas Jefferson." The boy looked up astonished and asked: "Not Tom Jefferson, President of the United States?"

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ship immediately. He made a splendid naval officer, and he died a Commodore.—"Carp" in the Cleveland Leader.

Senator Ransom Mad. Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, recently made a trip across the green sward of the Mall to see Commissioner of Agriculture Colman.

Down in Madison county they tell a story about the Hon. John M. Pearson, of Godfrey, which we do not pretend to be able to prove.

Presently his eyes fell on the printed directions, which told him to "turn the wheel on the top to the right as far as it will go."

When John M. came to he was lying on his back at the foot of the stairs, and there was a crowd of porters and call-boys congregated about the water-cooler at the head of the stairs.

John M. heard somebody call down the hall: "What's the matter there?" And the voice of a reporter rang out.

"Which lady of de house?" he asked as he stood on the steps of a residence on Cass avenue the other morning.

OUR MISSISSIPPI LETTER.

The Drouth, the Crops, and Politics.

DEAR ROCKET:—The "dry drouth," as the darkeys term it, is rapidly drying out the bragging spirit of the heretofore bright prospects in crops inspired our farmers with, and the opinion is becoming very solid among them that they won't turn out any big shakes after all.

Our crop of candidates, from which our conventions were to select guardians for county and State affairs for another term, was an abundant one; and though the field was hotly contested, the utmost harmony prevailed and there goes up no voice of complaint from the disappointed aspirants.

Our State Convention is said to have been the largest one ever held by the Democrats at Jackson; and though the balloting was lively over every office except that of Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, there

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was no bad feeling engendered.—Lowery and Shands were re-nominated over very weak opposition, for the gubernatorial positions, and the balance of the ticket was made up of excellent timber.

The platform adopted declares first of all "fidelity to the Constitution of the United States," and demands equal rights for all classes, with no discrimination on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude or birth-place, and invites the co-operation of all citizens, without regard to past differences.

The Rocket is much more attractive in its all-home clothes than it used to be in its "Yankee outsides," and I am glad to observe so many clever people gathering items of interest and bright gems of thought for the adornment of its pages.

It was the shoemaker on Michigan avenue who spoke, and Jakey was his five-year-old son, who was playing with a revolver in the shop.

"You see how it is," said the shoemaker in humble tones. "He'll probably shoot one or the other of us before he gets through fooling, but we are helpless."

"I'll brain the cub!" shouted the customer, but the shoemaker rubbed his head with one hand and held out the other to detain him, and said:

"You see how it is; don't blame me!"—Detroit Free Press.

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