

One inch, one insertion... Quarterly, semi-annual or yearly contracts made on liberal terms.

NANCY.

AN IDEAL OF THE KITCHEN. Brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen; Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all glow;

within which she sat stood lengthwise, a hole in its side being concealed by a curtain of sail cloth, the other side wall and part of front were composed of pieces of tarpaulin, propped up by old broom handles and one bent iron staple.

"Oh! I couldn't, Joe," exclaimed the little girl. "Yes, you can, too—it's easy enough. Tilly did at Jim's party, and she ain't half as pretty as you be," replied Joe encouragingly.

expectant look around the kind Santa Claus who had not forgotten them. Thus, together they pass out from the vacant lot, full of bright anticipations of the morrow.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM PARADISE HALL. Brother Gardner tells us something about the flight and wrong of things.

A FLOATING THEATRE.

The Grand Scheme Which is to be inaugurated on the Gladiators. A startling innovation is to be introduced into the histrionic world in the shape of a floating theatre company, says the New York Times.

ACCIDENTALLY HEARD.

A FEW NOTES FROM THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING CALL. IN NEW YORK. Beggar—"Thank you, thank you. It is not every gentleman that would help a poor widdy. May you live forever and a day."

Joe's Treat.

HOW SANTA CLAUS APPEARED TO MASTER JOE AND MISS SIS ON CHRISTMAS EVE. It was Christmas Eve and crowds of busy buyers and pleasure-seekers thronged Avenue A.

While she hovered round the fire, for fear of an unruly coal upsetting the overhauled coffee-pot, Joe drew from some hidden resource a lemon and two lumps of sugar.

"They're jess love-ly, Joe; where did you get 'em?" replied Sis, trying to sip the lemonade from her oyster shell, just as she had seen ladies of her acquaintance take their saucers full of tea.

Every Day Lessons in Farm Life. A fair in every village may strike the reader as an absurd idea, but according to my views it is an excellent one.

Dying of Thirst. "Did you ever suffer extreme hunger or thirst?" was asked of a Kentucky colonel who had been relating some solid stories about himself.

A Creature of Impulse. A friend of Mr. Christianity, who was acquainted with his divorced wife, said to a reporter the day after the sudden death of Mrs. Christianity:

THE ADVANTAGE. First Politician—"I hear that the salary of the Governor of Michigan is only \$1,000 a year."

Gave It Up.

The anger of Mr. John Joseph Ryan of N. Y. city has been aroused by what he considers the inability of this Republic to protect its citizens abroad.

"Hold on, Sis, till I make a speech." "This sis was about to help to the desert," "It's always done when they're wings on the pie and cake."

"I don't s'pose Santa Claus has much time to bother about such a shabby little girl as me, but I'd like a rich, really doll," and the child's eyes shone with such a happy light at the bare thought that some one outside the pecking-cess came very near betraying himself.

When a countryman enters a small village and doesn't drive up to the tavern steps at a breakneck speed and shout whoa!

"Water close at hand?" repeated the Kentucky Colonel. "And what has water got to do with a man's being thirsty?"

A Hummer. A Mr. Welch, of Casco, Me., ran to Oxford, twelve miles away, in two hours recently with his overcoat and cowhide boots on.

NOT REMARKABLE. "I see by the papers that there is a clock in the postoffice in Monmouth, Oregon, which was brought across the plains in 1852, and has been running ever since."

Becher on the Fairman.

Becher paused in the middle of one of his announcements Sunday, and his brow and then stammered over the title of a lecture that was to be delivered.

"Well, Sis, it ain't exactly what you'd call a brown-stone front; it's more on the Oscar Wild side."

"You'll be here, Joe, won't you?" questioned Sis, a little anxiously. "Yes, I guess so; I don't know of any other appointment to hinder," replied Joe with a grin, who was rapidly recovering his usual manner, and after a moment's thought, he continued with:

CONSUMPTION, the capital of Norway, is reported to have lost 14,224 in population the present year by emigration.

BRONCHITIS is an opening of the heart. We find it in very few people; and that which we generally see is nothing but a subtle inflammation to attract the confidence of others.

They were returning home from the theatre and had nearly reached her home when the young man observed: "Isn't the weather cold and raw. She must have misunderstood him."

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