BY THOS. F. GRENEKER,

Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

GOD'S SUNLIGHT.

Look up to meet the sunlight! Droop not in dark despair, Though shadows be thy earthly lot With sorrows, pain and care. Though earthly love elude thy grasp, And bright dreams fade away-Yet! for earth, and for all, God's sunlight beams With pure and steadfast ray.

We may not see through blinding tears The brightness far above; We may not feel through storm and cloud The sweetness of his love-Yet, God's pure sunlight still is there, And shineth for us all-The sad, the weak, the weary soul

That heeds its silent call. The cares of life, the sins of earth, May veil it from our eyes, Till, tossed by earthly wind and storm, We seek for purer skies; When, gazing upward through our tears,

The darkening veil is riven-And burst upon the weary soul The sunlight pure of heaven. For heavenly love surrounds us still,

And heaven may still be ours, For life with grief is ever mixed, And thorns surround the flowers; And they who bear life's weary pain With humble faith and love, Shall meet at last the perfect rest-The fairer light above.

Still moving onward with the cloud Unto the distant heaven, But greet the sunlight given. Droop not, God's sunlight shineth still; Look up, and meet its ray, For storm and cloud full oft have pierced The breaking of the day.

Selected Story.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

They had been boarding together at the farm, Jane Heth and Annie Coryers; and all that autumn Mr. Craig had been fishing and shooting in the vicinity, and making the farm, which was renowned for its good fare, his headquarters. And Mr. Craig was a handsome and dashing young widower, and Jane Heth had made up her mind that to be Mrs. Craig | ing lost in these country post-ofwas her destiny.

perseverance can accomplish wonders, had not Annie Conyers brought her trunks, her crotcheting, her sketch-book and her blue parasol to the farm for the sum-

Annie was not prettier, nor younger, nor better dressed, nor more accomplished than Jane: but a man loves ore woman and does not love another, and who can explain why?

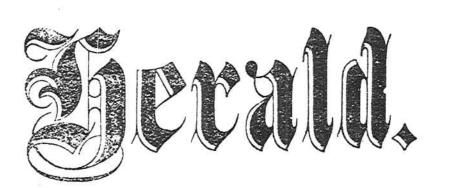
Amongst those hills and on that

But on the day that called him home, nothing had been said that could have been construed into an engagement; but he had asked her if he might write to her, and she had said "Yes," and Jane had heard the request and permission.

Jane did not love Mr. Craig, but her vanity was piqued, and she had greatly desired the position which she would have held as mistress of his handsome house. Her heart was very bitter as she turned away, for he had not asked her to write to him; and, if their acquaintance dropped, as it seemed about to do, her hopes of clenching the nail when they again met in the city the coming winter, as they would be likely to do, would be quite futile. As she stood watching the stage drive away. she felt that summer had been wasted, and that there was nothing left to do but to pack up and return to the city at the end of the week.

to her own room. She fancied pretty stream babbled away over she knew what would in the stones and pebbles. Once thrown letter which he would send her, into the water, that was the end and she felt what her answer of it. would be. She wanted to be alone and think it over; and until teatime she hid herself from Jane, and from hospitable Mrs. Wilton

wreaking vengeance upon her. the gate, when a wagon drove up up favored it, and away it floated low and disreputable acquaint- quarter, a coat big enough for my the right is where Portugese Joe sew bags utterly reject the vile I the road and stopped beside it a like a little boat, deftly clearing ances.



A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

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No. 8.

old farmer. "Good even', miss," said he.

"I've been to the post-office, and well? That's right. Good-eve-

Jane with two letters in her hand, one for herself and one for Annie Convers.

Her own was from her mother. She knew the writing; the other -well she knew the hand that

directed that, also. It was from Mr. Craig. "And am I to give it to her?"

-"I!" And then, with an impulse flowers. which seemed to her unconquerable, she hurried away towards a

pocket. rival's happiness; she would not carry it to her at once.

Then alone in the green shadow | catch it, Peter." she took the letter from her pocket, and looked long and curiously at the superscription.

Yes, it was from Craig, and what had he said? Perhaps, after all, he was not in earnest. Could she but read what he had written, she would know.

She took a pin from her dress, and drew it along the edge of the envelope. It opened a little space, but the rest clung as closely as before. Impatient at this, she forgot all prudence, and drew the pin across the paper with a sudden push. It cut its way through, and the mischief was done. Jane's heart beat hard and fast with terror, but she had gone too far to

"I shall know the truth," she said; "and letters are always befices; I'll read it, since I've torn Indeed it might have been, for it." Then she pulled away the envelope, spread the sheet of paper on her knee, and read the fol-

lowing words:

"DEAR MISS CONYERS :- It seems odd that a man of thirty should be afraid to stand face to face with a girl of twenty, and tell her that he loved her; but I could not summon courage to do so, nor to ask the question that follows such a confession. So, far from you, I commit my hopes to this paper. and having in plain words said love you, ask you in plainer words still-do you love me enough to lake the colonel gave his heart to be my wife? If you do, write to little Annie and she gave hers to me at once, I pray, and make me the happiest man on earth by tell-

ing me so. If you do not, then pain neither of us by a refusal; simply leave my letter unanswered. I can bear it better so. But I shall pray for the letter, for love you better than my life.

HARRY CRAIG." Jane drew a deep breath. "So it has gone as far as this," she said. "What fools men are! She will be glad enough to say 'yes,' but if I should destroy this bit of paper, he would never know it; and then -well, then he would do his best

to fill her place. Men's hearts never break, and there is no one whom I know suits me better. That old man who gave the letters never read the address. There can be no inquiries made. It would be safe to destroy it, dangerous not to do so now, even if 1

wanted to read it."

Then Jane tore the letter in two thrust it into its envelope, and looked about her. It would be dangerous to tear it to bits in the wood. Its white fragments might attract some eve among the green-Meanwhile Annie had run away ness of the grass. But hard by a

Jane hurried to the water-side. and looking over her shoulder, as one night who expected to see a ghost, tossed the little package herself. When, however, she came in. It fell with the closed side down to tea, she looked so bright down ward, and distended by the and happy, that Jane felt like torn note, which was roughly thrust into it. The surface was Three days had passed since hard and highly finished, and the colonel's departure, and one shaped so as to resist the water. evening Jane stood leaning over A little breeze that had just sprung advising a good many to form very

moment. From beneath its cov- the shore and tacking and turning ers peeped the white head of an as it passed the dark, half-hidden breasts of the little rocks over which the water played.

"Good bye," said Jane, laughthey said there was letters for ing, as she watched it. "I have Wilton's folks, and I fetched 'em set a vessel, freighted with the over. A'int got my glasses with hopes of Harry Craig, afloat in me, so I don't know who they are fine style. I am afraid it will writ to; but you can see. All make shipwreck, but all the better for some one else. It's an ill wind that blows no one any good.' And away he drove, leaving And, turning, she tripped toward

At this moment, farther along this same stream where, in a little cove, lay hidden a great tangle of water-lilies, Annie Conyers sat in a rough little boat, rowed by Mrs. Wilton's son Peter, a shock-headed boy of twelve. Little Fannie Wilton sat beside her, and the two muttered Jane, between her teeth girls drew up the dank, dark green stems of the great, beautiful white

"If one could only carry them to the city," said Annie; "but wood, hiding both letters in her they always die. How greedy I am, I can never get enough. But At least she would delay her we'll leave the buds until they open-and there comes one down the stream to us. Let's try to

> Peter, in obedience to the mandate, rowed his boat into deeper water, and Annie leaned over the side with her hand outstretched to catch what she fancied was a floating lily.

"Pshaw!" she cried, with a laugh, as it came nearer, "it's nothing but paper! But it seems to be dodging me! I'll catch it, what-

And with these words her white fingers closed on an envelope, not vet soaked through, and within which lay, torn and crushed, paper "Why, it has my name on the

back!" cried Annie. "I never destroy a letter when I am away from home." Then her face changed, and the

children saw her pale and flushed as she pieced the torn letter together and read it through. "Is anything the matter, Miss

Annie?" asked Fanny. "What should be?" said Peter. What a little goose you are,

"Nothing is the matter children," said Annie; "only as the adage says, 'Truth is stranger than fiction!"

"Eh!" cried Peter.

"So odd for a letter of mine to float to me on the river," said "Ha, ha, ha! Aint it?" roared

And it was stranger than Peter

knew, for it was Craig's love-letter that Annie had just read. She was a wise little woman,

and kept the matter to herself but Fannie did not.

"Wasn't it funny, ma?" cried. "Miss Annie found one of her letters floating down the stream, just like a boat, when we were getting water-lilies."

"O!" cried Mrs. Wilton, for a this moment the teacup Jane had lifted to her lips dropped from her hand and dashed to pieces on

"How careless of me!" cried

"Hope you haven't spoilt your dress?" said Mrs. Wilton; but as Jane lifted her crimson face from the fragments of the broken cup, she met Annie Conver's eyes.

Women sometimes talk to each other with their eyes; two did

But Annie was generous in her triumph. She never told Craig, and she sent Miss Heth an invitation to her wedding, which, Miss Heth, with many regrets,

hanged in Indiana, sang, as he stood with the noose about his wanderings in Palestine, and my neck, "Oh, the bright angels are trip to the Holy Sepulcher. I waiting for me." Whereupon the would almost be willing to take local editor fiendishly wrote, "And then the angels stirred up the fire hook nose and the wall eye is the and locked brighter."

A recent lecturer advises all men to "know themselves." That's Miscellaneous.

FOR THE HERALD. BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER.

NUMBER FOUR.

DREADFUL CONDITION OF THE STREETS -FRANKLIN'S STATUE-THE YOUNG EDITOR IN THE TALL TOWER-CHATHAM STREET-THE FIVE POINTS-GRAND DUKE-RO-MANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN-FASEION NOTES,

&c., &c., &c. "It's werry sloppy and rather muggy, and I don't see no chance of its gettin' no better," remarked Jack, my porter, as he fussed around my table this morning, vainly endeavoring to get the dust off a pile of newspapers, with the stump end of what was once a feather broom. "I've watched this 'ere kind o' weather pootty close for several year," he remarked, "and I hev ginerally obsarved that when it don't get no better it ither stays where it is, or gits wus." I looked out of my office window-Jack was right. Ugh it makes me sick to look at the streets, continents of slush, surrounded by oceans of mud-rivers of dirt dotted with islands of filth as far as the eye can reach. Here is a horse down, blocking Broadway with swearing coachmen and stage-drivers-dirty gamins and bawling policemen-and, mercy on me, there goes that fat woman with the basket down on hernew dress that must have cost ten cents a yard, if it cost a nickel and now look at that big patch on the-well it's not a nice place to have a patch of dirt. I pulled on my two-story Arctics, buttoned up my coat, took a look at an accidental insurance policy that I had in my side pocket, and sallied out. I ran the muck-a-muck of Broadway successfully, merely losing one rubber and getting my left ear and my overcoat pocket full of mud. I crossed the Park and taking off my hat reverently to the statue of Franklin, which sanctifies Printing House Square, observed for the first time that he had turned his back on The Tribune office, and the young editor, whose eagle eyrie is away up in the tall tower near the sky. pass by old Tammany Hall, now occupied by Dana and The Sun. Ah, me, the light of other days is faded since Captain Rynders led the Empire Club, eleven hundred strong, down through the Sixth ward, and Mike Walsh, with the Spartan band at his back, was good for two thousand majority from the Bowerv to the river. I love Chatham street; there is such a sweet and pleasant perfume of old clothes, ancient boots, and dilapidated hats about it, that it is really quite refreshing. I love Chatham street as I remarked before because there are no new smells there; it's the same old smell that I recognized more than a quarter of a century ago, and they say the people don't mind it who are used to it, on the contrary they rather like it, in fact it is said they cannot live without it; this may be so, but I confess I do not altogether hanker arter it myself. I recollect a somewhat similar aro ma or bouquet during my travels in Canada. I stopped at a log house one evening for supper and lodging, and thirteen wood-choppers had pulled off their boots and lay sleeping with their feet to the stove-the memory haunts me still, even the sight of an old boot or a woolen sock is enough to disturb my peace of mind for a week; but Chatham street is mild alongside of that, and as I contemplate A man who was about to be the gentle faces of the inhabitants, I am constantly reminded of my

my oath that that fellow with the

same chap who, nearly thirty years

ago, seized me by the waistband

of my breeches-dragged me into

that identical shop and compelled

ed for the heathen-and near missionaries go out to the four quarters of the globe and the scattered islands of the sea. I look up toward the Five Points' Mised on the site of the old brewery, lent of crime and sin; it rises like know that type-sticking is rather a miasma from the filthy gutters a moral business-advertisers and in the streets, it cozes out of the subscribers generally forgetting to damp walls; it floats up from the pay their bills, thereby considerdark cellars, and down from the ately removing all temptation to reckless and extravagant expendricketty garrets-it is all around iture. The printer had an undue us-virtue finds it hard to mainliking for other people's overcoats, tain a foothold here, for the soil is and the rascally newspaper corresbarren, sterile and foul. Look in pondent amused himself with exthose faces, soiled and scarred with perimenting with the currency of crime and sin. and you almost the United States. In view of doubt, notwithstanding the promises of the Savior, if they were these unfortunate facts, which I ever intended to be redeemed. beg you won't mention, where There goes a party of young people have asked my profession hieves into Teddy Mannix's junk- for the last two weeks I have told shop; see how suspiciously they them that I was an explorer. I look around to see if the police are stood in need of some slight ren sight, and now they are down | freshment, and had just been exwith Teddy in the cellar, driving ploring my overcoat pocket for a a hard bargain for their plunder. nickel that went down in the lining last summer when I was on a That girl with the red head is visit to the Centennial, but I rescarcely twelve years old, yet she gret to say, like the North Pole, is as deeply versed in crime as a vicious woman of thirty. Look it was not to be found. I am aware that the ladies expect me every at that group around the lamppost, they are picking each others week to give them some gentle pockets just for practice; here are hints as to the prevailing fashions of the great metropolis, not to be your incipient Jack Sheppards, Dick Turpins and Claude Duvals. found in Harper's Bazar or Madame Demorest's Weekly. I do this Every one of these mugs is already with greater pleasure, because in the rogues' gallery—all of them writing fashion articles is my have served terms in the county strong suit. I understand the jail or penitentiary, and they are terms and idioms of fashionable looking forward to the day, with nomenclature, and this fact will pardonable pride, when some firstconsequently give a grace and ease class burglary, or highway robbery, will enable them to graduate to my fashion articles which the productions of mere provincial with the honors of Auburn or Sing Sing. On the corner of Baxter writers would naturally lack. One and Worth streets, is the celebraof the most important as well as ted Grand Duke theater, the bootmost disgraceful innovations on blacks, news-boys, and rag-pickers' established custom is the entire abolition of the magnificent twotemple of the drama. Pick your steps, and mind how you go, for story bustle which delighted and poverish your kingdom. To reit's away under the ground-nowhere in New York-perhaps no believe it, women may now be where in the world will you see seen on Broadway at noon-day in exactly such an assembly. That almost their natural shape, a genbig fellow in the gray ulster, lean- the hump, about as hig as a piece ing against the post with his hat of chalk, being all that distinslouched down over his eyes, is a guishes the difference between a prominent Wall street broker; Fifth Avenue belle and her more that little man in the old brown humble sister of the Bowery. coat, who looks so suspiciously- regret to say that trailing skirts about and keeps his hands so tight- have almost entirely disappeared. ly on his pockets, is a country I regret this more particularly in clergyman-he has disguised him- the present condition of the fense in this warfare, and the his-

self for the purpose of seeing the streets. Last year, when

Grand Duke, but the gamins know | mud was ancle deep, I could have

him at a glance and they'll go followed in the wake of a fashion-

all mixed up together. There is present vile, attenuated skirts,

a fetid, sickly smell of the sewers, alas, I can do so no longer. The

mingled with stale pipes and bad skirts are worn with a Diana

gin; but the audience of the Grand | sweep and an inverted coal-scuttle

Duke care nothing for these, they accompaniment; point applique

er to them than the pure breath and reaching to the eyebrows are

of the mountains or the fields. considered graceful. Russes are

We won't stay for the perform- worn on the elbows, feathers and

ance; let us get up into the air- | flowers on the back of the head,

the sky is clear and the stars are and the left hand pocket; Canton

shining. Do you see that woman crape, trimmed down the middle

standing over there; well, right | with six-penny calico is also con-

on that spot is where Mike Hen- sidered very becoming, with bows

nessey murdered the policeman of Cardinal-red. Punkin-vellow.

away to California, and was one sides. This style of trimming is

of the gang hung at Sonora for the highly-esteemed in the Fourth,

murders at Rancherie. That lit- Sixth and Twelfth wards. I am

is where the Donovan family were class of fashionable young ladies

over twenty years ago. He got and Sham ock-green down the

are used to it: its aroma is sweet-

me to buy, for two dollars and a killed; and down in this cellar on who make beds, wash dishes, and

trimmings on the back of the ears

we are at Baxter street. Yes, French sailors, and he cut them the beauty of the foot; they very heaven be thanked it is still the all to pieces with a Spanish mache- properly considering that the possame. Mike Dooley's new tene- to, and hid them under the floor. sibilities of galloping consumption ment house in the middle of the There are lights shining out from | are not to be weighed against the how it was. You see, Ball and block seems a little out of place, the upper windows of the mission; depravity of having a big hoof. but the Five Points still remain perhaps some one up there is pray- I broke right off here, and have intact. Yes, sir, every one of ing to the Throne of Grace for been waiting for the last fifteen minutes to hear of some startling them! It seems to be the curse | mercy and forgiveness to the sinof all large cities to have a living ners with which this place abounds. murder, robbery or suicide ulcer in the center of their hearts. I hope so; God knows they need wind up with, but nothing comes London has its St. Giles and Saf- it more than the savages of the fron Hill; Paris has its Faubourg heathen. Where religion fails, St. Antoine; Vienna, Berlin, St. | trade and commerce are becoming close, as the mail is going. Petersburg, all have these living | mighty missionaries-their inroads Truly yours, BROADBRIM. cancers-within rifle shot of migh- are gradual but sure-and in a few ty buildings where Bibles are print- | years nothing will remain of the PROF. TYNDALL'S WARN-ING. Five Points and the Grand Duke churches from which thousands of except the accounts that you can delve from the letters of some itinerant correspondent. Tell them to beware of pious young men up your way. We have just sent sion and I read on a tablet: "Erect- three to State's Prison, and have a small invoice left. I regret to say, A. D. 1853." For four and twenty and acknowledge it with humiliayears these saints have been wrest- | tion, that one was a printer and ling with the devil, and it's aston- another a newspaper correspondishing to see how healthy the old | ent; this latter fact may have had man looks; they don't appear to something to do with the moral have worried him a bit. Here are | declination of the last-named worhis camp followers all around us thy-but in the printer's case the by hundreds; the very air is redo- cause is unfathomable, for we all

In concluding an address to the students of University College London) Prof. Tyndall, who is ndefatigable brain workers of our century, said, "take care of your health. Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat; what can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of of our boats until the broken or rotten timbers suddenly give way and we find ourselves the victims of a calamity which could have been easily avoided by a little forethought. What began with a slight fracture, or perhaps even a careless exposure to disorganizing said: influences, ends in the complete ease which began with a slight cold terminates in death, unless its progress be checked, and the disease remedied. The first symptoms, the heralds of disease, give no indication of the strength of the on-coming foe, and the victim trusts that his old ally, Nature, will exterminate the invader. But Disease is an old general and ac- bill. complishes his most important possession of one of the strongest | met." fortifications; and when he has once gained a stronghold in the system Nature ignominiously turns traitor and secretly delivers up the whole physical armory to the invader. Like the wily politician, Nature is always on the strongest amazed us of yore. Would you pulse the attacks of the foe you ing the astonished cook to reply, than Dr. Pierce's Family Medi-

each package.) His Pleasant Purgative Pellets are especially effectcovery for purifying the blood and | spoken. arresting coughs and colds. If you wish to become familiar with the most approved system of detory of the foe's method of invasion, together with complete in-

structions for keeping your forces through him before he gets out. able lady from the Battery to in martial order in time of peace, Merchants, doctors, lawyers, boot- Madison Square, and never have you can find no better manual of blacks, scavengers and thieves are soiled my boots; but with the these tactics than "The People's hundred and eighty-two engrav- tion, hey, ma?" ings and colored plates, and elegantly bound in cloth and gilt.

> A man being asked, as he law sunning himself on the grass, what was the heighth of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

A Chinaman spoke all the English he knew in Indianapolis the other day, and was fined \$7 for tle house toppling into the street happy to state that the better profanity.

A domestic broil usually makes great-great-grandfather. But here had the fight with the three india-rubber shoe which destroys a thoroughly unsatisfactory meal. will-The probate judge.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 75c. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements tenper cent on above

Notices of meetings, obitnaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

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Advertisements not marked with the numand charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large adver-tisers, with liberal deductions on above rates

Job Printing

Done with Neatness and Dispatch Terms Cash.

A JUVENILE FIGHT .- A lad, narrating a fight which he had been engaged in, said: "Thetell you me went down to the wharf to fish; and I felt into my pocket and found my knife, and it was gone-and I said, "Bill, you stole

to my knife," and he said I was another; and I said, "Go there yourexcept what you already have in self," and he said it was no such your exchanges, and so I must thing; and I said you are a liar, and could whip him if I was bigger'n him; and he said he'd rock me to sleep, mother; and I said he was a bigger one; and he said I never had the measles; and I said for him to fork over that knife, or I'd fix him for a tombstone at Cypress Hills; and he said my grandmother was no genunquestionably one of the most tleman; and I said he dersn't take it up; but he did you bet; you never-well, you never did; then I got up again; and he tried to, but he didn't; and I grabbed him and throwed him down on the top of me like several bricks, and his craft. Take care of the tim- I tell you it beat all-and so did bers of your boat." The distin- he; and my little dog got behind guished scientist's advice is equal- | Bill and bit him; and Bill kicked y valuable to all workers. We are at the dog, and the dog ran and I apt to devote all our energies to ran after the dog to fetch him wielding the oars, our strokes fall back, and I didn't catch him till I got clear home, and I'll whip him ne or even think of the condition more yet. Is my eye black?" THE FIRST ONE.—Some time

ago, at a conclave at a hotel, generals, majors, etc., were each, with much declamation, giving an account of an incident of the war. A quiet man stood by, and at last "Gentlemen, I happened to be

wreck of the life-boat. The dis- there, and perhaps might be able to refresh your memories as to headache or an undue exposure to what took place;" and he gave, succinctly and inoffensively, an exact detail of a smart action.

> The hotel keeper said to him: "Sir, what might have been your "I was a private," was the reply.

> Next day the quiet man, as he was about to depart, asked for his

"Not a cent, sir; not a cent," movements in the night-time, and answered the proprietor. "You some bright morning finds him in | are the very first private I ever

HIS DINNER .- A financier was receiving at dinner a distinguished guest renowned for his taste, and in the course of conversation the latter spoke of having dined the day before at a house where the side, and the only way to insure host had "entertained the company her support is to keep your vital with some excellent epigrams." powers in the ascendant. Keep | The financier's jealousy was exyour strongest forts-the stomach | cited. He rang for his cook, and, and liver-well guarded. Do not in the presence of his distinguished let the foe enter the arterial high- guest, asked him whether he could ways, for he will steal or destroy | make epigrams, and, if so, how it your richest merchandise and im. happened that he had hitherto concealed his talent. Without allowcan find no better ammunition the financier ordered him in a peremptory manner to serve up a dish cines. (Full directions accompany of epigrams at the next day's dinner, and at the same time invited the distinguished guest to come ive in defending the stomach and and see whether they were as good liver. His Golden Medical Dis- as those of which he had just

> He was only an inquisitive boy, "Ma, will all the heathen turn up

when it comes resurrection times?" "Yes, my son." "And them missionaries; those

"Certainly, my son."

"Well, when them cannibal hea-Common Sense Medical Adviser," then what's been feedin' on missionby R. V. Pierce, M. D., of the aries get resurrected, and them World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N.Y. missionaries what's been eat comes Sent to any address on receipt of around and wants to get resurrect-\$1.50. It contains over nine hun- ed, things is going to be worse mixdred pages, illustrated by two ed up than the Presidential elec-

"It is time you were in bed, my

A little boy said to his mother the other morning: "Ma, I had the beautifulest dream last night you ever saw. 1 dreampt that I wouldn't go to school, and that you went out into the yard and cut a good long switch, but just as you were going to give me an awful dressin' the world came to an end ! Didn't I get out of it easy, though !"

The man who works with a