

LOVE'S SPELLING-BEE.

One balmy eve in Phyllis' bower With Phyllis at my knee, I said, "My dear, by my flower And I will be your bee."

HANNAH ARNETT'S FAITH.

The days were at their darkest, and the hearts of our grandfathers were weighed down with doubt and despondency. Defeat had followed defeat for the American troops, until the army had become demoralized, and discouragement had well nigh become despair.

It was putting the question too broadly—so like a woman seeing only the bare, ugly facts, and quite forgetting the delicate drapery which was intended to veil them. It was an awkward position to put them in, and they stammered and bungled over their answer, as men in a false position will.

Perhaps this little touch of womanly weakness moved her hearers as deeply as her brave, scornful words. They were not all cowards at heart, only touched by the dread finger of panic, which, now and then, will paralyze the bravest.

THRILLING TRAGEDY. Four Murders Promptly and Terribly Avenge—Three Desperate Buffoons Kill Two Policemen and Two Fellow-Workmen—Horrible Fate of the Murderers.

various parts of the body, and was badly bruised. Men were engaged late in the closing hours of the day searching for the other bodies. Policeman Dickerson, who was one of the colored men on the force, died about 5 o'clock, making seven deaths in all—Policemen Egle and Dickerson, the three Thielhorns, Alberts, and the workman named Fisher.

ON THE WAR PATH. A tall form towered into the editorial rooms of the Chronicle about 2 o'clock yesterday, and, approaching the city editor's desk, inquired in the mildest manner, "Are you the chap with a pin in your back?"

PLASANTRIES. An old worthy member—the horse. A DUTIFUL LOCK TO PICK—one from a bald head. He was 21 years old, age 65, and they were married in Concord.