

HER VACATION.

Best autumn winds were blowing. The plumed golden rod. The aster's royal purple. Made pictures on the sod. The spell of Indian summer. Lay o'er the pastures brown: A shower of gold sand shimmering. The sunshine

GRANDMA'S SCHOOL-DAYS. Her gazing eyes were opened. Her was lips strove to smile. "It's twenty years to-day since—"

Now, this is what I call ridiculous. "What is ridiculous, Ned?" asked Grace, as her brother threw down a newspaper. "Oh, the stories these newspapers tell. I've been reading about those burning forests up north, and here is one about people barely escaping with their lives from a house."

standing pupils. The spellers all stood up in a class and the words were given out to them. When one missed he went lower, the one who spelled it correctly going above him. The best one, of course, soon got to the head, and then went to the foot to work up again.

"I couldn't tell you how annoyed I felt when I found that I was no longer looked upon as the speller of the class. It made me angry when Miss Parsons, our teacher, looked at Susan, as she had always been looked on as me, when a hard word was going down the class."

"You have often heard me speak, dears, of the danger of cherishing evil feelings in the heart. It is fearful to think how little fostering they need to make them grow and increase until they seem to eat out everything else. I speak from my own knowledge, you see."

"Dear me!" interrupted Nett. "To think of grandma ever being a naughty girl!" "I am sorry to say," grandma laid a gentle hand on Nett's head as she went on. "that my jealousy of Susan grew until it seemed to come like a great black blot between me and everything which I used to enjoy."

"I should think that might be very likely," said mother, who sat near. "But in broad daylight!" said Ned. "It might easily be so at night."

"We'll go find 'em," cried two of three little boys. "You may," said Miss Parsons. "We will visit here a little while and if you do not find them I will give Polly one more."

"The sky had been getting darker and we began to hear a far away dull roar as if the wind was rising for a storm. Miss Parsons was setting her desk in order, but before long she said: "I wish those children would come back. I shall feel safer when you are all at home."

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"There were rows of neat pencil marks to each name. My heart beat as I counted them. Yes—seventeen for Susan, sixteen for me. How my face burned with anger and disappointment. In a day or two all the neighbors would know that Polly Carter was no longer head speller. How could I bear it? What right had this other girl to come in and take my place?"

"There had been a long hot spell, and the woods were as dry as tinder. To this day I never can walk over crackling twigs, and rustling dead leaves without a picture of red tickets before my eyes. I did not dare to feel in my pocket until night, and then the tickets were gone."

"The last thing in the afternoon was the counting of the headmarks. "One ahead for Polly," said Miss Parsons, smiling at me. "Our little girl keeps her place, and we are glad."

"Seen at the Jewellers'. A rare jewel on a slender chain pines a beautiful bracelet. Ornate fashions of Berlin ware are among the new importations."

"The One Only Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word? There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Hatter Medicine Co. This house has a 'Crescent' on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you back, beautiful lithographs or samples free."

"THE LADIES. The pleasant, efficient and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California Laxative Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy."

"Figures Large and Small. Over a million head of cattle are feeding in Kansas. They will be sold next spring and summer."

"German Syrup. Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewistown, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth."

"New and Old Conundrums. What did Caesar die of? Too much Roman punch. When is music like oysters? When they are a quart-croquet."

"How's That? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for every case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hale's Catarrh Cure."

"Barnum's Philosophy. Amusement to children is like rain to flowers. If you would be happy as a child, please one. The noblest art is that of making others happy."

"The Ladies. The pleasant, efficient and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California Laxative Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy."

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"Don't put yourself to your best girl on postal cards. She may have a suspicion that you do not love her but her—Union Catalogue Standard."

"FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Like all really good things, they are limited. The genuine are sold only in boxes."

"FOR THE CHILDREN. My little girl suffered for three years from a large Abscess on her hip, the result of a fall and dislocation. The Abscess was large, with six openings, all of which discharged pus."

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"RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. Do not be deceived. Buy Rising Sun Stove Polish. It is the best. It is the best. It is the best."

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas's shoe advertisement. Includes 'W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE CENTER' and 'THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY'.

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