

MISSING LINKS.

The Girl of To-Day.



If there is anything we know less about than we think we do it is the girl and of this girl is glad, for there is nothing she hates to be known about her so bad as the truth.

We have been acquainted with her for a long time and watched her pranks from afar, seen her in the "pigpen wings" and knock the "backstop" in the back yard when she thought she had no spectator, but still we don't know her.

From the time she is big enough to swing on the gate and tie a ribbon in a double bow-knot she begins to locate a sweetheart, and she keeps this up until she is located in the back yard exercising her talents dissecting sweetwood.

She may be a little dull in her schematics, but invariably solves the problem of putting a No. 5 foot in a No. 8 shoe.

She will wear out two old dresses running round to find out how to make a new one in the latest style.

She will walk three blocks out of the way to get a peep at her beau, and then pass by without looking at him.

She will attend church, listen with absorbed interest to eloquent and pathetic sermons, then return home, and expatiate upon the horrible fit of Miss Snow's new basque.

She will go to table, mince over delicacies with the most fastidious taste, then shy back in the kitchen and eat a raw potato.

She will wear out her best pair of shoes dancing all day, then attend a ball at night and complain of being out of practice.

She will be the most devout creature on earth, and hate the ground that Sallie Grimes walks on.

She will be industrious and economical for a month, then spend her savings for a red ribbon.

She will slouch around the house for a week, making preparations to look neat on Sunday.

She will flirt with all the best young men in the neighborhood and finally marry some knobby-headed Jim Crow.

Chirophy.

It was cold and bleak without but warm and bright within. They sat side by side near the glowing grate and watched the flickering freights as it danced among the brick-brace on the tables. They were both in deep thought, and no sound was heard save the sighing of the wind among the trees in the orchard and the measured tick of the ornolu clock which rested on a bracket against the opposite wall, and over which was suspended a snow-shovel covered with violet velvet and trimmed with pink satin ribbons.

It was not an hour for a scene for aught but love and calm delight.

The youth was mainly in appearance and the maiden a vision of beauty, and judging from their attitude and adjacency broke the silence, the toilet silence:

"Have you heard of this new science called chirophy?" she asked in tones sweeter than the musical tinkling of a silver bell.

"I have, darling," he answered, in accents of ineffable tenderness; "not only heard of it, but have given it considerable study."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the maiden. "I am surprised. You have studied chirophy? Then perhaps you will give me some instruction in the science?"

"Certainly, my own. Please let me have your hand."

"O, George!" murmured the maiden, overwhelmed with confusion, and crimson with blushes; "this is so sudden."

"What is so sudden?" the youth asked in surprise.

"You are asking for my hand," tremblingly responded the maiden. "But—there—what can I do but refer you to my father and believe me, dearest, you need have no fear of the result. He will certainly consent to my becoming your wife."

Then, throwing herself on the neck of her lover, the maiden gave vent to her emotions in a flood of happy tears.

Let us draw the curtain over this affecting scene.

A young Armenian, now in this city, was watching a friend write a letter not long ago, and on being informed that the letter was to a young lady, expressed his horror at the freedom of Americans thus: "You boys are too bold; you write to girls and go walking with them alone. You are not afraid to look after them on the street, although you do not know them, and I have heard George say he has even kissed girls. We would not dare do this in my country. There the women stay at home, as they should. How do you write to a girl? Let me see your letter."—Troy Telegram.

Four Years of Suffering. Mrs. Torrance McNiven, of Smith's Falls, Ont., after four years of intense suffering with neuralgia, from which her head became bald, was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters after the best medical aid had failed.

A bold attempt at train robbery on the Louis train of the Chicago and Alton Railroad took place Wednesday night about 8 o'clock, three miles east of Independence. The robbers were several, and they secured...

The Deaf Made Hearing. After eight years suffering from deafness so bad that I was unable to attend to my business, I was cured by the use of Hagar's Yellow Oil. With gratitude I make this known to the benefit of others afflicted. Harry Ricardo, Toronto.

Worth its weight in gold. West World's Wonder, the best and best in the world, cures more cases of Hay Fever than any other medicine. Rheumatism try it, and see. All druggists.

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NOTED Gas Fixture Emporium

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POLKA DOTS, cash only 40c. each.

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Holland Patent Stoves, Square and Round. The HAPPY THOUGHT RANGE.

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