DOWN BY THE BROOK.

Down by the brook 'neath the forest trees, When the air with the breath of flowers

breeze. The brooklet danced in the sanbeams bright, And murmured its own sweet song of glee,

Were filling the air with melody.

Her thoughts goback to that dear old time, When under the trees alone we sat, Hearing the ripples' dreamy rhyme? And dipping her hand in the waters bright, How lazily she with the ripples played !

Alas for the vows we plighted then ! The love she gave on that summer day

A San Bernardino (Cal ) assessor a-ked woman how many chickens she had, and, doubting her word, asked permission to count them She took him out to the beehive, kicked it over, and invited him to count away. Another assessor is finishing his

Boston people who are in doubts as to the best "watering place," have got into the habit of asking the milkmen.

sons, and its influence as an organ of opinion is simply tremerdous. The 'Weekly' maintains a positive position, and expinesses decidel views on political and social problems.—[Louisville Courier Journal.

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