

leveled his piece, exclaiming, "Och, by the powers, that must be the father of all rabbits."

He was a solemn-looking preacher, and he walked around the Kingston depot singing, "Heaven is my home." when one of the boys called out: "Then you are going the wrong way, stranger; that is the train to Stamford."

"Illustrated with cuts!" said a mischievous urchin, as he drew his knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts!" repeated the schoolmaster, as he drew his cane across the back of the mischievous urchin.

A Boston paper says that a hasty pudding which had been set out to cool one morning in that city was taken to the station house by a policeman, on a charge of smoking in the street; a practice which is not permitted in that tidy little city.

"Sally," said a green youth in a venerable white hat and gray pants through which his legs projected half a foot, perhaps more, "Sally, before we go into this 'ere museum to see the enchanted horse, I want to ask you somethin'." "Well, Ichabod, what is it?" "Why, you see this 'ere business is gwine to cost a hull quarter a piece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nothin'. Now, ef you'll say you'll have me, darn'd ef I don't pay the hull on't myself—I will!" Sally made a non-committal reply, which Ichabod interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid the whole ou't.

Here is a long sentence of thirty-two words which some ingenious person has got up with the letters found in the word "maiden." "Ida, a maiden, a mean man named Ned Dean, and Medea a mad dame, made me mend a die and a dime, and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine.

For the YOUNG BLUENOSE.

## ALMOST A CAT-ASTROPHE.

*It was midnight.*

All nature seemed in sweet repose,  
"Our hero" lay slumbering under  
the clothes;  
But in the stillness, there arose,  
The shrill scream of an old tom-  
cat.

"Our hero" tremblingly, awoke;  
He saw no one, not a word he  
spoke;  
But it seemed as if he was going  
to choke,  
As he gasped, Oh! what is it?

Once more that scream, quite  
shrill and clear,  
Came thundering through the  
midnight air:  
And "our hero" at once began to  
fear,  
That the end of this world was  
drawing near.

Then from his "wee little crib" he  
arose,  
Not stopping a moment to put  
on his clothes;  
But down to the cellar, he hastily  
goes,  
In hope of finding a brick or two.

He found an old boot, its mate  
wasn't there,  
So he silently engaged in a word  
of prayer.  
Then up those stairs, he flew like  
a deer,  
Resolving a large amount of dam-  
age to do.

He reached his room, all was si-  
lence there,  
He opened the window, Hush!  
what did he hear?  
His father's scream, "Well I do  
declare  
Your the laziest elf that ever  
I've seen!"  
And our hero awoke, it was but  
a dream.

## Whittier's Whettings.

Edited by Whittier.

The *Pierian* has enlarged to 24 pages, and contains creditable campaign matter.

L. S. M. shows poor judgment in placing, "Hub Letter No. 3," as the title of a criticism, which appears in the *Keystone*.

We should think, that such a fine author as C. E. Stone is reputed to be, he would issue a better paper than the *Bostonian*.

"Our Cauldron" in the *Little Joker* is conducted by Geo of Washington, and, by the way, isn't Whittier some relation to Wiggles?

The *Bud* has appeared, and with the exception of the typography, it is as good as formerly. Doesn't Taylor have a hand in the editorials?

A. R. Taylor opens a fine "Review" in the *Amateur*, which, reasonably, should be considered the best department of the kind in amateurdom.

New York amateurs hold a reunion at the Starkeyant House the present month. Hall of Chicago, it is reported, and other prominent persons will be present.

Besides the Managing Editor, the *Exponent* has four others on the editorial staff, and, as yet, we cannot find anything worthy of attention within its columns.

For Official Organ of the N. A. P. A.—The *Boys' Gazette* of Philadelphia. Wouldn't that be a good choice, boys? It excels the *Amateur* in, probably, every respect.

Stanton S. Mills has been initiated as Associate Editor of the *Al-dine*. He commences his arduous duties, by contributing an exceedingly creditable essay on "Conventions."

### THE ADVANCE,

(Weekly)

Specimen for Postal.

Lock Box, 144, Brattleboro, Vt.

THIS PAPER WAS PRINTED ON  
WATSON'S  
NEW ROTARY POWER PRESS.  
227 Washington St., BOSTON.