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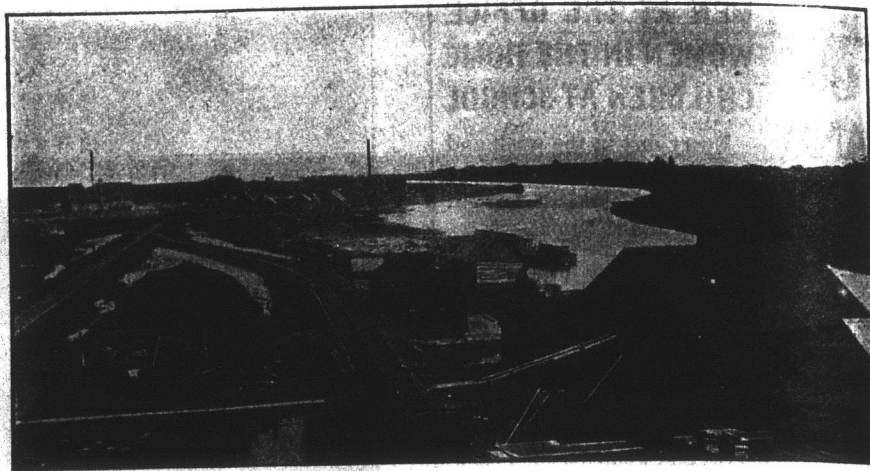
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MOSSY RIVER AND LAKE WINNIPEGOSIS, LOOKING FROM WINNIPEGOSIS TOWN.

Advice to the Newly Married.

The position of the young bride living with her husband's family is seldom desirable. She not infrequently occupies a place that is midway between that of a guest and a pet animal. She is alternately caressed and criticized. She is judged by the standards of the daughters of the house, and that usually to her disadvantage.

She is apt to have no definite household duties, and time hangs heavy on her hands—so heavily, in fact, that she has plenty of opportunity to be homesick, and to draw invidious comparisons between her own household and that of her husband.

When the young husband goes to live with his wife's family the conditions are seldom better. He occupies an equivocal position; he is neither a boarder—though he pays board—nor a son of the house, though he has married the daughter thereof. He may not find fault with the meals, nor drop hints regarding the excellency of his mother's cooking.

Criticism of anything connected with the household makes of the wife of his bosom an enemy. And yet he pays for the alien biscuits and the alien coffee in good, round numbers. Newly married people should commence an establishment of their own and not live with either the bride's or the bridegroom's families unless absolutely necessary.

Heedless of Time.

In order temporarily to forget all about courts and legal tomes and the Monadnock block, Meritt Starr went for a trip to West Virginia. In one of his rambles through the country Mr. Starr came upon a tumble-down cabin, in front of which, on a rudely constructed bench, sprawled a big negro lazily smoking a pipe. Not a sign of industry was visible in any direction, and Mr. Starr, curious to learn the system which enabled this dandy to live in apparent indolence, opened conversation with him and finally asked:

"What do you do for a living?"

The negro grinned as he pointed to a lean and hungry-looking hog in a patch of trees on the other side of the road.

"Dar's my livin'," he replied.

"But you don't seem to raise anything with which to feed the animal," pursued Mr. Starr. "How does the hog get his living?"

"Oh," said the dandy, "the hog makes out on roots and acorns."

"But," argued the lawyer, "that's a pretty slow process. You ought to have some good Illinois corn to feed him. It'll take the hog a long time to get fat on what he can pick up."

For a moment or two the negro seemed a bit dubious, but he quickly solved the problem to his own satisfaction.

"Oh, well," said he, "what's time to a hog, anyway?"

The Itinerant Journalist.

Senator Hansbrough of North Dakota has long been the owner of a country newspaper. Of late years other duties have prevented him giving it much attention, and he has depended on divers itinerant journalists with the following result in one case, as reported in Harper's Weekly:

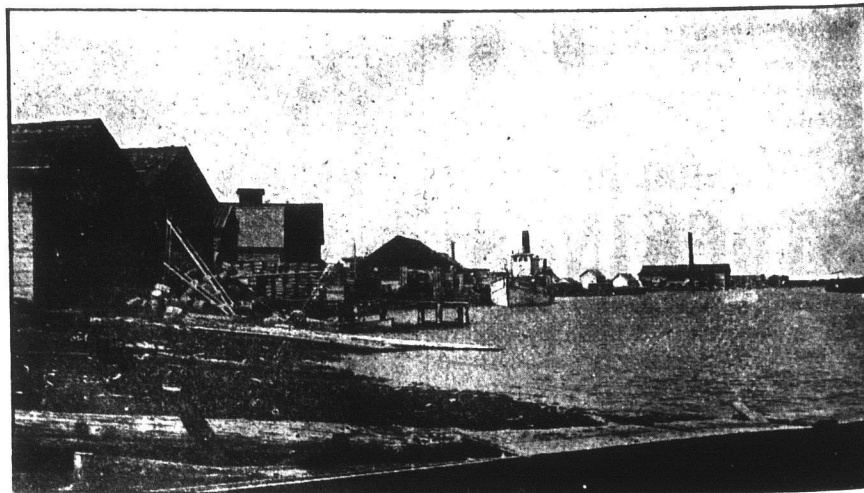
"I've had some good men in the place, too," the senator once observed to a friend; "men capable of holding an important place on a city daily. Then I have had some who did not altogether make good. I remember one in particular, a man named Linkwood."

"Linkwood was never satisfied with simplicity. He would refer to an 'equine horse,' and in the case of a tramp killed in a railroad accident, said that the 'unfortunate man sustained a fracture of the spiral column.' Another of his pet expressions was 'tripping the light bombastic toe.'"

"You probably didn't keep him long," suggested the friend.

"O, I didn't mind these so much. But when the daughter of a leading citizen was married, and he spoke of the bridal procession 'proceeding down the aisle to the entrancing strains of Mendel & Son's wedding march,' I decided that we had reached the parting of the ways."

"About this time of the year I always regret that I wasn't trained to the priesthood," said the pompous butler. "Why?" meekly inquired the chef. "Well, nobody gives priests green, pink and yellow neckties for Christmas presents."



FISHING DOCKS ON THE MOSSY RIVER, WINNIPEGOSIS.