

St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

Single Copies, Two Cts.

FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1880.

BABY'S STOCKING.

While poets rave of "baby's shoes,"
And "little feet" that wear them,
And mothers kiss the tiny hands
And "perfect loves" declare them;
While nurses prate of infant robes
The while their charges rocking,
I'll sing to you a simple song
About a baby's stocking.

Our little two-year-old came in
One bright and dewy morning,
From wandering 'mong the garden beds,
Her face like day's sweet dawning,
One chummy leg shone white and bare,
No covering enshrined it—
Her shoe she carried in her hand,
Her stocking, none could find it.

We plied the precious little one
With questions long and wordy,
But all the answer that she gave,
The toddling thing, was "birdie,"
When summer months came fierce and hot,
And robin, wren and starling
Were rearing up their clamoring brood,
God took from us our darling.

We laid our little treasure down
Beneath the blooming clover,
And turned to see our lonely home
With tears when all was over;
Just then a sweet bird's glorious song
Broke out as if in mocking,
And glancing up above we saw
A nest in—Baby's stocking.

Five little nestings peeped from out
Their cozy home together,
That held its own bright vivid hue,
In spite of wind and weather;
And when the birds had flown away
To seek their summer pleasures,
We laid the little scarlet nest
Among our dearest treasures.

THE PERILOUS PUZZLE.

While we whirled away on the Atlantic
& Great Western, the only road in free
America that is as broad as it is long, the
fat passenger asked me if I "ever worked
out the fifteen puzzle?"

In my voice that I have done almost
everything that is foolish and wicked, but
I have never become addicted to the fifteen
puzzle.

Then he pulled one out of his pocket
and patiently he wrought, while the other
passengers helped with suggestions and
criticisms. Presently the brakeman came
in, and he leaned over the shoulders of
the crowd and looked on and assisted.
By and by the conductor came along
shouting "tikts," and he stopped to see
what was the excitement. He pushed his
punch into his pocket, and leaned up
with the rest of the crowd and told the
fat passenger what to do. The excitement
ran high, and half a dozen bitter
disputes arose, which were only quelled
by bitter ones arising over new points.
The train sped on its thundering way,
and in due time it slowed up a little and
finally stopped. The conductor looked
up impatiently.

"What in thunder," he said, "is that fool
stopping here for?"

"Water, I reckon, or coal, may be,"
replied the brakeman, without looking
up from the puzzle.

"Go out and see what he wants and tell
him to go on," said the conductor, returning
to the puzzle.

The brakeman, after a feeble protest,
and one last lingering look at the puzzle,
which was now farther than ever from
completion, went out. In the space of a
minute he came back into the car and
shouted, in a husky whispered, ghost of
a shout:

"Meadville! Change cars for Oil City
and Franklin! This train stops twenty
minutes for dinner!"

A wail of rage and disappointment filled
the car.

"Why didn't this train stop at Atlantic?"
roared the passenger with the sandy
goatee.

"I wanted to get off at Evansburg,"
howled the man with the sample-cases.

"My sister wanted to get on Atlantic,
and I saw her on the platform when we
came through," shouted the woman who
talks bass.

"And I," sobbed a timid-looking young
man in black clothes, "was to have been
married to a girl in Geneva to-day, and
now I'll bet you a cow her old dad is
walking down the railroad track in this
direction with a shot gun." And he
wailed so pitifully that the whole car
howled in sympathetic unison.

Just then the express messenger came
storming into the coach.

"By chowder," he yelled, "I'd just like
to know what this means? I'd like to
know if the Express Company any rights
on this road at all, and how a man is
going to receive or deliver packages
when—"

And the mail agent pushed him out of
the way and stood before the conductor
in all the gorgeous panoply of half dress
and half working uniform.

"By George," he shouted, "the Govern-
ment shall be informed of this outrageous
proceeding. If there's a special agent in
the State of Pennsylvania he will be—"

But before he could say any more a
telegraph messenger came in and told the
conductor the Assistant Superintendent
would like to see him and the engineer in
his private office immediately. And it
was so that they went, and peradventure
they danced upon the carpet; yea, they
stood in the perspiring solitude of the
sweat box.

FOR THE LADIES.

It is now decreed that wedding cards
shall be issued three weeks in advance of
the coming event.

Spanish laces, containing a few threads
of chenille, make good trimmings for vel-
vet brocaded grenadines.

London doctors are using their best en-
deavors to abolish the mask veil, which,
according to them, injures the eyes.

Chinese embroidery, representing Chi-
nese letters, flying birds and even human
figures, is one of the new trimmings.

All lace curtains have accompanying
lace loops. Brass or ebony wood poles
are more fashionable than heavy cornices.

Real kerchiefs are used to trim coarse
seaside hats, but for street or evening
wear half kerchiefs of silk with thick
crimp fringe are employed.

Miniature banners are very fashionable
for gifts. There are four patterns, and
each is printed in four colors, the back-
ground being either gold or silver.

Ostrich feathers may be bleached by
exposing them to the light of the sun,
in an atmosphere saturated with the
vapor of benzine, turpentine or petro-
leum.

Dr. Richardson, the celebrated London
physician, who has been lecturing on
dress, has made the new point that stays
not only injure bodily health, but "dead-
en mental capabilities."

The last fancy in making summer dresses
is to have the short skirt ruffled from the
hem of the belt, and an infant waist with
ribbon sash. This style of dress was worn
thirty years ago.

Gorgeous parasols, too pretty for any
kind of use, are of white brocaded silk,
trimmed with white Spanish lace, have
red ribs and pimento sticks, tipped by an
owl's head in ivory.

Very little false hair is worn, the coif-
ures being low and scant. To have much
hair on the top or back of the head is
now only a confession of advanced age, as
only elderly ladies dress their hair elabo-
rately.

Tin flower forms filled with flowers are
now scattered among the display of pres-
ents at weddings, thereby transforming
what would else look like a jeweler's show-
case into a really pretty exhibition.

A wedding favor for a lady is a spray
of jessamine or myrtle tied with some
silver leaves by a white satin ribbon; for
a gentleman, oak leaves and acorns with
silver and green leaves and no ribbon.

White bunting gowns will be trimmed
with ribbons of peacock blue almost as
much as with cardinal red. Quantities of
coffee-colored lace soften the effect of this
shade of blue so that it can be worn by
brunettes.

Very gay colors will be worn this sea-
son, especially dark reds, and no costume,
however quiet in hue, will be complete
without a dark or brilliant color, either
in linings, facings, or a tiny plaiting at the
bottom of the skirt.

If an editor omits anything, he is lazy.
If he speaks of things as they are, people
get mad. If he smooths down rough
points—he is bribed. If he calls things
by their proper names he is unfit for the
position of an editor. If he does not
furnish his readers with jokes, he is a
mullet. If he does, he is a rattlehead—
lacking stability. If he condemns the
wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks dis-
cretion. If he lets wrongs and injuries
go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he
indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard;
if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.
What are we to do?

Every girl in the junior class of the
Iowa Agricultural College learns how to
make good bread; and the Herald well
says these are the kind of well-bred girls
to marry. Yes, they should rise in the
affections of every sensible man who is
looking for a domestic wife.

WEST END BARBER SHOP, Talbot
street, opposite the Town Hall, St.
Thomas. Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-
dressing. Switches and Curis made to order.
Combs dressed in the latest style. Charges
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Jan. 1880. 1-ly

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reading matter in each week's issue, so as to in-
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has rendered expedient the enlargement of THE
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the New Year, therefore, the form of the paper
will be changed from that of an 80-column paper
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each page will also be extended as to give, in
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space will be devoted to Household and social
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was insured in case of disabling injury
only in the Traveller's Insurance Co'y, of
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case of death by his policy in said Company.
We refer, by permission, to Mrs. Donnelly,
who has the Policy and will vouch for this
statement.

F. C. BOSTWICK,
Special Agent.

St. Thomas, April 15th, 1880.

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