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\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

NO. 13.

The Seven Stages.

Only a baby,
Kissed and caressed,
Gently held to a mother's breast.

Only a child,
Toddling alone,
Brightening now its happy home.

Only a boy,
Trudging to school,
Governed now by sterner rule.

Only a youth,
Living in dreams,
Full of promise life now seems.

Only a man,
Bat'ling with life,
Shared in now by loving wife.

Only a father,
Burdened with care,
Silver threads in dark-brown hair.

Only a graybeard,
Toddling again,
Growing old and full of pain.

Only a mound,
O'ergrown with grass,
Dreams unrealized—rest at last.

High heels - Some doctors' charges
The man who dines off pig's feet is
used to extremities.

Dead men—Those who try to do business without advertising.—*Modern Art*

The directors of the Philadelphia Academy of Music have opened a school for the training of opera singers.

Lots of men will waste a dollar's worth of time beating a salesman down for cents on his price.—*Steubenville Herald*

The Hon. John A. Cuthbert, of Mobile, Ala., is still practicing law in the city, although ninety-one years old. He was an officer in the war of 1812, and was elected to Congress from Georgia in 1819.

What is the difference between smashing a window and smashing an arm? In the first instance you smash through the pane, while in the second the pain goes through you.—*Philadelphia Item.*

The startling discovery has been made that there are 42,000 different kinds of weeds in the United States, including, we suppose, widow's weeds, which, as this is leap year, are more numerous than ever.—*Waterloo Observer*

In the eighteen years from 1868 inclusive, the population of United States increased fifty per cent, the imports and exports increased respectively twenty-eight and eighty per cent., and the currency increased 130 per cent.

Mrs. Clark, of Indiana, was thoughtful enough to present her husband a petition signed by herself and seven children praying for a new dress. Mr. Clark thereupon threw the petition under the table and his wife, of the window, and now she is a

An inscription in an old cemetery Upper Sandusky, Ohio, is neatly plainly cut in the marble slab, as follows: "Christiana, wife of John H. Died February 31st 1869." How ex-

A crimson rosebud into beauty breaking;
A hand outstretched to pluck it ere it
An hour of tripping, and a sad forsaking

And then, a withered rose leaf—that is
—Chambers' Jour

An ancient tom-cat on the summer kite
A boot-jack raised, a solemn caterwar
A moment's silence, and a quick depart
And then, a wasted boot-jack—that is

Words of Wisdom.
It is better to need relief than
want heart to give it.
The secret of fashion is to surprise
never to disappoint.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.
He that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.
True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in their quality.

Everything that truly and naturally belongs to a human career has its dark side.

No man is so insignificant as
sure his example can do no hurt.

Our life is like Alpine country, where winter is found by the summer, and where it is but a step to a garden to a glacier.

light of mere innocence, or abstention from harm; but as the exertion of faculties in doing good.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and faint, dark spots scattered across its surface. A vertical crease or fold is visible on the left side, and a horizontal line, possibly a binding edge or a fold, runs across the middle. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.
