

NOT MISSED.

If you or I To-day should die, The birds would sing the same to-morrow; In flowers would spring, Her flowers would bring, And flowers would think of us with sorrow.

A DORMITORY SCENE.

It was in Kentucky. "The Camp of the Women," we christened it when we were ushered into the neat lodging-house for ladies on the camp-meet premises. Twenty white single beds, with spring mattresses and good hard pillows; four beds driven into the joint of each head-board, to hang up petticoats and bonnets; clean pine floors, sweet pine walls, open pine rafters, above which the new blue roof spread protecting hands, with finger-tips touching on the ridge-pole, among the upper tree-boughs. There was a mother woman in charge. Manual had been banished to outer darkness, and we abandoned ourselves to that delightful "we-can-do-as-we-please" feeling, which the presence of the masculine element invariably destroys.

knees, and wagging her ghostly night-cap declares plaintively that she is "a stranger in these parts," and then announces her intention of arising and preparing to be burned at the stake. Toward morning it is quiet in "the camp of the women." The stars slip along and peep through a knot-hole near the roof. An owl hoots in his wide-eyed dream, and the railroad trains rumble and grumble along the track a mile away. Then the stars tremble like dew-drops amid the pink cloud-blossoms of the dawn. A mocking-bird takes up the song the whip-poor-will has dropped. A fresh breeze springs up to meet the sun, and the chatter of the cousins recommences. They all tell their dreams, and have a sign for every dream.

Abstract of the Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1880.

The eleventh annual report of the Commissioner of Education, covering the year 1880, has been issued. The Commissioner states that the present year has been marked by a great increase in the amount and value of the information received at the office with reference to the conduct of education in our own and in foreign countries, and by a corresponding increase in the public demand for the distribution of information. The means allowed the office for carrying on the interchange of intelligence are entirely inadequate, whether regard be had to specific inquiries or to information which should be published in the general interest of this department of public affairs.

A SKETCH.

Even if Tom Bayne did only get a salary of one hundred dollars a month, that fact alone did not hinder him from mingling in the best society of the town; for he was not a base mechanic or retailer's clerk, nor yet a street car driver. No! he was not by any means engrossed in any of the callings I have recited; on the contrary he stood proudly at his desk in the bank-like office of one of the huge distilleries (which emit fire and smoke heavenward all day and night, and heart-burning lava and ashes to thousands of willing and helpless victims) which lined the murky river banks—realizing fully that he, Tom Bayne, did indeed rank high in the first row of the office hands.

quently that delightful sense of freedom. Said a western lady of high standing: "We are hospitable and very free with strangers; but we can tell quickly and easily when we are being imposed upon." And the answer made to the assertion that they were so apt to misconstrue the approaches of strangers afterwards, to repudiate their familiarity, and thus do occasionally irretrievable harm.

A SUSPENDED ELOPEMENT.

I had loved Bella for more than a year. When I say that I was over twenty-five, my readers of the sterner sex will, I am sure, be impressed by my constancy. Bella had money. Not that this had, of course, anything to do with my extraordinary devotion, but it served for a time to be the barrier to our happiness. I first met and fell a victim to Bella's charms when her mother was alive. Her father had then been dead several years. The old lady took to me. I have a knack of getting on with old ladies. This is a very useful gift when they are well off, and are the mothers of lovely daughters. I advise all young men to cultivate it. The main point is always to be more attentive to the mother than the daughter. It is well to throw in occasional remarks about the degeneracy of the age and allude to the superior constitutions and characters of the preceding generation.

and can't get out. Oh, what's to be done?" "I'll try to climb up and see." Bella sat dangling in the air, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth. I tried to climb, but the rope was not half an inch thick, and I slipped back. Then came the tragic sequel. There was a rush of something behind me, and a bulldog seized me in that part which had been nearest to him as he approached. I have heard of soldiers riddled with bullets, or almost cut and thrust to pieces by swords and bayonets, who have still advanced upon the enemy. I don't believe they could have done it with a bulldog hanging on rearward. If any one of my male readers doubts this aspersions of man's courage, let him get an angry bulldog and try.

My distracted neighbor puts on her specs again, sits up in bed, hugs her

latter will be sold for sixpence.

Colley Cibber's views on the Civil Service were: "Until the number of good places is equal to the number of those who think themselves qualified for them, there must be a cause of contention among us."

A real estate dealer advertises in a Dakota newspaper: "I can be found either in the Gold Mine playing 'freeze-out,' at Mitchell's Exchange betting on the age of old horses with Brown, or at my residence on Oak street perusing the Scriptures."

"No, I cannot; I am sitting in them."

"No, because it is so nice and soft."