

FROST.

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

The name is etched with wondrous tracery; I never saw save in the valleys of the North.

The graceful vines and tendrils of each sort I never saw save in the valleys of the North.

And these are flights of birch with iris wings that stand in mid-air many a brilliant plume.

And there are diamond-encrusted diadems, and orbs of pearl and sceptres of pale gold.

And now, like dreams dispelled before the light, they float away in vapor on the noon.

HIS WIFE'S LOVER.

Men who love their wives are so likely to assume that they are loved in return that Gerald Bryce was almost the last acquaintance of Mrs. Bryce to realize that the lady he had married had become very fond of a man who was not her husband.

But as Mrs. Bryce was not particularly glibly, and her husband was not rich, there were not many men who paid her special attention, so she soon came to another.

When Bryce was compelled to see what everyone else had seen he became by turns puzzled, angry and heart-sick, and finally he was all three at once.

After finding love-making unsuccessful and earning his brother for officiously suggesting a quiet divorce, Bryce set himself to work to devise some new method.

When Bryce was compelled to see what everyone else had seen he became by turns puzzled, angry and heart-sick, and finally he was all three at once.

After finding love-making unsuccessful and earning his brother for officiously suggesting a quiet divorce, Bryce set himself to work to devise some new method.

When Bryce was compelled to see what everyone else had seen he became by turns puzzled, angry and heart-sick, and finally he was all three at once.

After finding love-making unsuccessful and earning his brother for officiously suggesting a quiet divorce, Bryce set himself to work to devise some new method.

When Bryce was compelled to see what everyone else had seen he became by turns puzzled, angry and heart-sick, and finally he was all three at once.

The Old Minstrel.

The Opera Hall was crowded, for the famous minstrels were giving a benefit performance. They had just concluded the sweet refrain of the "Swanee River."

Lifting his banjo as a sign of brotherhood, he cried, with a choking voice, "Boys, sing that song once more—once more for a poor old minstrel's sake."

The house signaled its assent. The old minstrel sat down in the front row. When the solo reached the concluding lines of the second stanza, the singer's eyes turned pityingly upon the wanderer.

The chorus began, and the shrilled fingers sought the chords, and with a strange, weird harmony unheard before, the strains floated along the tide of song.

When the interlude came, the minstrel leaned over his banjo with all the fondness of a mother over her babe. Not a sound from either was heard.

The manager came before the curtain and said: "The minstrels give one-half the benefit proceeds to the wandering brother."

But the banjo was still hushed under the shroud of snow white hair, and no word of thanks or token of gratitude came from the silent figure toward which all eyes were turned.

At the time alluded to, when the writer met Peter Ellison, the old man related the particulars of an eating match between another and himself which took place many years before at Snediker's.

The eating wager—two quails a day for thirty successive days—now under way at Gabe Case's, has induced a correspondent to send the following printed item to the New York Sun.

For many years there lived in Albany or Waterford a man named Peter Ellison, or Ellison. He died about three years ago.

At the time alluded to, when the writer met Peter Ellison, the old man related the particulars of an eating match between another and himself which took place many years before at Snediker's.

Ellison ate thirty-two halves, being sixteen chickens and won the bet. In the spring of 1845, at the season of making maple sugar, a student of the seminary at Manchester, Vt., Albert Pettibone, then 15 years old, after eating what he wanted of hot maple sugar at the house of his father, in that town, finished up by eating twenty-four hand-boiled eggs.

During the first cholera season in this country, that of 1832, two women living in the Marley or Kniskendorf neighborhood, now in the town of Esperance, Schoharie county, sat down by themselves to a dinner of boiled green corn.

The bow, that "touchstone of good breeding," says a French writer, has undergone strange mutation since the obscurious days of the Georges.

In the time of the Marrie Monarch the plumed and jeweled hat was doffed with a sweeping grace to the very ground, and there held until the lady so saluted had passed or retired.

In France it is the gentleman who bows first, and, there, too, the bow is the signal of recognition between members of the sterner sex.

In England a nod is quite sufficient. The two most polite—in the old-fashioned sense of the word—of our Kings, Charles II and George IV, took off their hats to the meanest of their subjects.

King Theebaw, of Burmah, has been celebrating the birth of a daughter. During the first year of their wedded life his favorite spouse presented him with a daughter, and His Majesty, disgusted with the gift, forsook his wife and took up with several of her rivals.

Another Swindle. The January swindle now being worked upon the honest grangers is as follows: An agent will visit a household and exhibit a wonderful powder, ask for the loan of a lamp, and placing a pinch of the stuff in the oil, he will dip a lighted match into the fuel.

The Tallegda Reporter publishes the following: One Sunday, not many weeks since, Thomas Hayes was married at 2 p. m., to Miss Fike, and spent a happy afternoon.

Only 2 per cent dividends are declared by the savings banks on the last six months' business, which looks as though the Saving Fund and Loan Association or good times were making it difficult for the banks to invest their deposits.

The blood-hound of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company broke loose and killed the donkey. The manager, in dire distress, had the donkey's skin removed, and sent an actor on in it to personate the part, but the fellow, for the first time in his life, failed to make an ass of himself.

A Lady Tooth-Puller.

Miss Jessie F. Detchon of Philadelphia, a younger sister of Miss Adelaide Detchon, the well known reader, having taken the fall two years' course at the Philadelphia Dental College, and passed her examination with flying colors, has established herself in practice.

No, I am not the only lady dentist in Philadelphia, there being one other; but I do not think that any are to be found outside of this city. In Europe there is one, a German lady, who came to this city to study, and who after graduating at the Pennsylvania Dental College, returned to her own country, where she now holds the position of private dentist to the Empress Augusta.

"Have you many gentleman patients?" asked the reporter, who was sorry he had no aching molar.

Alarming Extravagance. A writer on social topics in New York who has seen the world and knows what he is talking about, says the rich men of Europe do not spend anywhere near the amount of money that is considered necessary for "keeping up appearances" among the capitalists of New York.

The Ancestral Home of the Hamiltons.—I am glad to learn that, with the proceeds of the recent sale of the Hamilton Palace collection, the duke has been enabled to become a free agent again.

St. Louis has a horse which chews tobacco, and the Detroit Free Press man, who has interviewed the animal, says when it comes to spitting ten feet and striking a freshly-polished boot, it has to take a back seat.

A Cincinnati butcher found the thumb of an adult on his chopping block. As subsequent search failed to develop the rest of the person, he thinks the owner of the decapitated member must have got away with him to what he left behind him.

Herbert Spencer says the coming American will be a more powerful man than has heretofore existed. This must imply that he will be more wealthy than Vanderbilt, for the richest man is the most powerful.

"Indeed, I shall not buy my wife a sealskin sacque," remarked a Philadelphia man. "They are so hard to get off that the fair owners keep them on when making calls, and are sure to take away when they go out again in the open air."

"Yes," says the boy, with a vacant look: "I take no interest in the pleasure figures worth reflecting upon: In the last five years 20,763 persons have perished at sea."

A falling off in the trade of Raleigh, N. C., the past year is credited to hostile discrimination in the matter of freight charges by the railroads.

SHORT BITS.

A Pittsburgh man 84 years of age has just been married. He felt that it was an awful undertaking, but he knew it would not be for long and he guessed he could worry through till death came to his relief.

Germantown, Pa., has a man who can eat a pound of soap, a half pound of candles, and drink a pint of lard oil at a single meal.

A Cleveland dentist says that the big men give him the most trouble. Naturally a large man is the most likely to give a roaring pounding to the abominable liar who told him that it wasn't going to hurt a bit.

Did it ever occur to you that the band usually stops playing just after you have opened the window, knocked down a shutter and destroyed a lace curtain or two in endeavoring to hear it more plainly?

Nothing is better calculated to destroy a man's equanimity than to have a lady walk up to him while he is lingering near a fruit stand and offer him two cents for an apple, when he is in reality only waiting for a horse car to come along.

Things one would rather have left unsaid.—Hostess: "What must you go already, Professor?" The Professor: "My dear madam, there is a limit to even my capacity or infliction myself on my friends!" Hostess: "Oh, no—not at all—I assure you!"

At a dance given in South Carolina the other night, one man was stabbed, one shot, two clubbed, two had bones broken, one woman had an eye put out, and the house burned up.

Is it better to feed horses with oats whole or crushed? has been answered by a French experimenter, who has discovered that oats eaten whole produce a more excitant power per hour than crushed oats, but that the latter produce a more immediate effect.

An amateur performance of "Camille" by a colored dramatic club in Maryland was broken up at the scene where Amand hurls the money at Camille, real money being used, and every member of the company making a grand plunge to grab the coin as it scattered on the floor.

"Ob, they'll be spiteful enough to say you mean it all."

"Never mind what they say about me; I mean what will they say of you?"