

THE ADVERTISER.

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THE LOST SUMMER.

How did she leave us? Ah, we cannot tell. When did she die? We never knew her dying...

THE REASON OF IT.

The great dinner was over, and around the bright fire in Grandma's parlor were gathered her children and grandchildren, discussing it happily...

which his bright eyes blinked around upon the awe-struck children, as well as upon the odd grown folks, who, now, for some strange reason, had ranged themselves along the wall...

years 1814 and 1816, on account of the victories gained over French Napoleon and on the final restoration of peace. Again, in India, in 1854, for the success of the British troops...

Youths' Department.

COURAGEOUS JOHNNY.

"Come one, come all, these rocks shall fly from their bases as soon as I roar!" cried Johnny, in a voice so loud it proved him hero of the crowd...

A BRAVE BOY.

His name was Frank Thompson; he was fifteen years old, and he lived in a large city in the State of Ohio, where he was a pupil in one of the public schools...

of his own little pigs. Piggy was coming slowly, slowly along the big road. He was rooting all the way, and grunting at every step. Did the pig know where he was going?

How to Introduce People.

"I do dislike to introduce people to each other," said Eva to me one day last week. "Why, pray?" I asked. "It seems to me a very simple thing."

Old, but Good.

Men should be careful not to use useless expletives if they would successfully rebuke profane swearers. Old Parson S., of Connecticut, had a man plowing in his field, and went out to see how the work was getting on...

To Frank Thompson.

In Honor of a Brave Deed. Dec. 21, 1892.

This was the date of the fire. And the medal was hung about Frank's neck in the presence of all his school-fellows, while one of the gentlemen made a little speech, in which he told the pupils that it was always a brave lad who dared to do right, and always a coward who dared to do wrong...

A Pig Caught in a Sly Trick.

My story is about a potato field in "Old Virginia." It had around it "a stake and rider fence." The potatoes grew and grew, in sunshine, dew and rain. They were now as big as hens' eggs.

The owner of the field saw that there was something wrong with his potato patch. The vines were torn up, and the potatoes were gone. But who was the thief? By watching, maybe, the robber might be found out.