| TIIE ADVLRTTISER. |  |  |  | diment, indeed. |
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| THE LITHLE REGGAN' S BUTTONHOLE BOUQUET. <br> 'Tuat on a bitter winter's day |  |  |  |  |
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| e squint. stealin'," added the big chap fromKentucky. |  |  |  |  |
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| body. Fust thing we know a commit- tee will come along here and gobble |  |  |  |  |
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| mon, and our bay ot dust was buried in a corner of the ire-phace. One morn- |  |  |  |  |
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| carried off our treasure, and whom were we to suspectp We had faith in |  |  |  |  |
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| to his feet with the exclamation: <br> "ho By the bone <br> Who is hept |  |  |  |  |
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| storm. As the crowd swoomen down |  |  |  |  |
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