

Notes From Missouri.

(Princeton Pioneer Press.)

A certain young man in this neighborhood is acting very queer. He has bought a new buggy and harness, that his mother and sister may have a more convenient way to travel. But what seems so queer is, he went to the Brantley box supper and took neither mother or sister. Go it while you are young, but drive careful in the dark among the white oak stumps my boy

Grandpa Guymon is very feeble and is falling away fastly.

The Prairie school teacher, assisted by Miss Ethel Kobbe and Alma Rushton gave their school house a scouring last Saturday. It was a cold day, but they wanted things to look tidy on Wednesday next, as that is the last day of the fall and winter term.

Miss Carrie Girdner and Mr. Frank Ewing, son of M. V. Ewing, of Spickard, were married at the home of the bride, in Mill Grove last Sunday. Miss Girdner is a highly respected young lady and we congratulate Mr. Ewing on acquiring such a useful young woman as she to be his consort through life. May domestic felicity ever reign in their home circle is the wish of the writer.

W. G. Odneal wears a broad smile for every day since he has been called upon to support a boy.

Aunt Mary Lewis lost a fine milch cow one day last week. The animal acted very strange, and died in a short time after getting sick.

T. M. Laswell saw a comet acting very funny the other night. When he first saw it he thought it was a house on fire, as it was directly between him and the house. It wavered back and forth a few times, then darted off quite a distance, then stopped and shone very bright and disappeared very suddenly.

Mrs. N. M. Wilson, nee Addie Coon, daughter of Judge Jacob Coon, left on the west-bound evening train last Thursday, to join her husband at Chillicothe, where they will reside in the future. Mr. Wilson has employed to a St. Louis firm at a good salary. Their friends here, who are many, wish them unbounded prosperity and happiness in their new home.

Calvin Brown, son of William Brown, came home from the western part of Missouri last week, where he has been at work for some time. Calvin does a better part by his father and mother than a great many boys; he always saves his wages and brings a good share of them home for his old parents. Why can't all boys do likewise, and not be dead-beats on the old folks.

How did you freeze your ear?

A Boston girl talked into it.—Town Topics.

A man I know appropriated a room for himself when his new house was finished. He was to be master in it, to read and write there, and to do as he chose. Except by invitation, no one was to enter, and no one was to interfere with his special arrangements of tables and lights. But the next day his three little children established themselves in it. His wife brought in her own desk, and placed her favorite chair in a sunny window. The family had found papa's room the best in the house, and refused all preference for any other. Mr. Jones, another man of my acquaintance, began in the same way, but he invited his children into his study one rainy morning, and that dangerous element in all human intercourse, a precedent, was established. Mr. Jones never had his study again to himself, and has had to have his desk and papers carried to the little college where he holds a professorship. Little Miss Jenkins uses her father's studio for her afternoons at home, and her friends declare there is not another such cozy place in town.

This is the fate of all men's rooms at home, I have discovered, unless one, perhaps, in which a pastor's sermons are indited, or one in which a man insists on displaying all his boots and shoes—twenty pairs of assorted excellence—to say nothing of Indian clubs and boxing-gloves, with the thermometer never above sixty at any time. But a room in which a man has made himself comfortable, arranged for his pastimes or his pleasures, is always the room a family prefer, and out of which they turn him. Does any one, by-the-way, know a house in which an exception to this rule is proved?—The Bazar.

From the St. Paul Republican.

The Lincoln Courier is soliciting subscriptions for the relief of Mrs. John M. Stoenburg, widow of the gallant colonel who fell while leading the First Nebraska in a charge at Quingua last May. It is a gracious thing to do; Mrs. Stoenburg has been left with a helpless family on her hands without means of support, and the unwinding of government red tape will mean a serious delay before she will be able to draw the pension to which she is entitled. Nebraska can do no less to show her appreciation of the gallant husband and father than to provide for the comfort of the widow and orphans. Miss Harris, editor of The Courier, has unselfishly volunteered to take charge of the work. Liberal and prompt contributions will make the burden easy upon her shoulders.

A Song for March.

It is the roaring month of March.  
The wild northeaster bends the birch;  
The gray rain beating on the wold  
Has closed the crocus cups of gold.

Adown the dale, adown the dale,  
The thrush pipes sadly to the gale;  
His song is sad and I would hear  
The anthem of the coming year.

But there will be an April day—  
The thrush will pipe another lay,  
And we will find on greener hills  
White violets and daffodils.

—Eric Parker, in March St. Nicholas.

A correspondent sent this letter to St. Nicholas for March:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

"I have an uncle who is in India, and he wrote me a note telling about a fight between a cobra and a mongoose. I liked it so much that I want other people to enjoy it, too. Any one who has read the 'Jungle Books' will, I am sure, like it very much. Here it is:

"You remember 'Rikki-tikki-tavi,' in 'The Jungle Book?' Well, the little mongoose's tail did bristle out just like a bottle-brush, and the cobra struck at him again and again. The little mongoose's eyes got bright as beads, and he never took them off the cobra for a second as it reared above him; and every time that it struck, quick as lightning, the little Rikki-tikki-tavi jumped away quicker than lightning, leaving the cobra's head to come down with a bump. He watched his chance, and then sprang in close on the coils of the snake, and some how managed to grab him by the lower jaw. Then such a circus as there was! It was just a whirl of snake, and bottle-brush tail, and beady little eyes. Once or twice the snake coiled so tightly around him that he almost choked him off, but the slim and sleek little body of the mongoose seemed able to wriggle out of anything. Quick as a flash he changed his hold, and his teeth sank into the snake just back of the head; then it was only a matter of a few seconds before the cobra was stretched out dead. Rikki had his mouth too close to the poison-sacs of the snake, and after the battle he spit and frothed and scraped his mouth in the dust until his little nose got as red as fire. He was just as tame as a kitten, and I wanted to send him home to you, but he would be sure to die on the way."

HELEN KATE FURNESS.

Cora—What shall you give up for Lent?

Ann—Sleighriding—Town Topics.

Wanted—Several persons for district office managers in this state to represent me in their own and surrounding counties. Willing to pay yearly \$600, payable weekly. Desirable employment with unusual opportunities. References exchanged. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. S. A. Park, 320 Caxton Building, Chicago.

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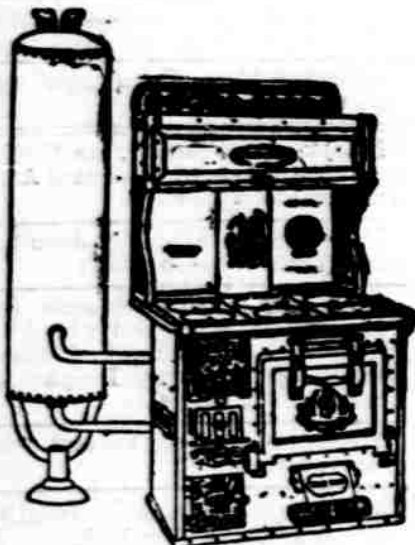
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