

ORETOWN.

Pugilistic encounters have been rather frequent of late. A few days since Frank and Marian had a little dispute and, as both grew fighting mad, concluded the best way to settle the matter was after the style of the London Prize Ring. "Milo" acted as referee, "Johnie" as bottle-holder and "Harry" as time-keeper.

1st. Round: A short one. Frank no sooner reached the center of the ring than a heavy tap on the nose laid him on his back.

2nd. Round: On time being called, Frank came up smiling but more cautious. He led with his right but, failing to land, Marian delivered an upper cut which once more put Frank on his back.

3rd. Round: Time being called, Frank looked groggy and, being evidently weak, was completely knocked out. Therefore, Frank has come to this conclusion "there is nothing in fighting anyway."

Fred and Jack seem to be ramblers. They have left us again.

Card parties are the latest fashionable craze in this vicinity.

The Sunday School is progressing. It has lately purchased a new library.

Miss Lottie Gardener has returned from Woods.

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