

Gilman Iron Works.

One of those happy events which only come once in a lifetime at best, and in many lives come not at all, occurred at the home of Deacon Luther Page last Saturday evening. It was the celebration of the twenty fifth anniversary of his marriage. Possibly Mr. Page did not make astronomical calculations to the extent of ascertaining what the condition of the moon would be in twenty-five years when he entered the bonds of Hymen, and it is not quite likely he did consult the weather clerk as to the probabilities of good traveling and a clear sky; however, the moon was never brighter, the sky clearer, or sleighing better. Invitations had been given to relatives, members of the grange, of which Mr. and Mrs. Page are both members, and a few friends. The response was hearty. Sleights filled the door-yard, and the spacious rooms of the old-fashioned double house were thronged with merry faces of old and young. An examination of the burden of a table in the parlor, showed that the guests had not come empty-handed. A faulty memory makes the a complete enumeration of the presents out of the question; but there were two silver cups and saucers, a set of fruit knives, berry spoon, napkin ring, vase, several pieces bearing the stamp of Uncle Sam's mint and other articles of the proper metal. After the weather and kindred topics had been discussed, refreshments were served. When the good things had been disposed of and the dishes dispersed, everybody suddenly became quiet as if something was expected to happen. An enough, Worthy Master J. W. Cogswe holding an elegant water service was presented in behalf of the grange in a way that did credit to himself and to the organization. In his reply, made with his usual readiness, Mr. Page paid a pretty compliment to his better half by saying that he believed in marriage, and gave the younger element some encouraging advice in the same strain. The children now held sway, entertaining themselves and a good portion of their elders in a lively manner till the shadow of the coming