

POETRY.

THE UNIVERSAL MOTHER.

Under you cloud, in cool and quiet shelter,
The happy bird has drooping from the room;

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE POT OF GOLD.

Lieut. Calderwood was at his sister's
house on a visit, during his two weeks'
furlough.

Paul laughed. "No, indeed, nearer
the other end. Well, the truth is,"
throwing down his book, and leaning
over confidentially, "I wish you would talk
to him. You are supreme with him
just now. It may be you could ridicule
him out of his absurdity; I cannot."

Paul watched him keenly, as he read
the title, but not the vestige of a smile
flashed over the lieutenant's face.

"I don't know," said the lieutenant,
"but I don't see why you should. The
ancients called in the aid of oracles and
dreams. They knew how to read com-
ing events in the flight of birds, or by
the contrails of beasts. If we cannot do
so, too, it seems to me it is because we
have lost the power, not because the
signs are not there to read. The wisest
men have not been ashamed to be super-
stitious. It is only fools who think there
is nothing in the world but what they
can see and handle."

a fortune-teller, whom he consulted here
as to his future life, who made some re-
markable predictions, very remarkable,
indeed. She sketched out his whole car-
eer for him."

"Where are you going, my son?"
"Where are you going, my son?"
"Where are you going, my son?"

Paul placed his money in her out-
stretched hand, and went stumbling
down the stairs under the red lamp.

"What is this?" showing him a paper
full of figures, lines, and diagrams.

Whether the hope of the treasure still
urged him on, or whether he found that
mathematics were his proper work, and
that for which his talents and real
talents best fitted him, we cannot say.

low jumped off his horse, caught him
by the shoulders, shook him, laughed,
and ended by kissing him like a girl.

Several months after, the lieutenant
came upon Paul one day, who was look-
ing at a bit of yellow paper, covered
with figures and lines.

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wearing the beard than the mere im-
provement of a man's personal appear-
ance and the cultivation of such an aid
to the every-day diplomacy of life.

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A woman who fears the Lord and weighs
200 pounds, and the editor of the sheet
in which the advertisement appears re-
marks that "the woman who weighs 200
pounds rarely fears the Lord or any-
body else."

Logicians say that reason is the great-
est gift of God to man, but no one knows
better than a newspaper editor how
little the gift is appreciated by the ma-
jority of mankind.

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A Hudson lady, by mistake, paid a
dishonest peddler a \$100 bill, instead of
a \$1 bill, for a pineapple the other day.
She thinks pineapples are dear luxuries.

The New York Evening Mail tells the
following good story:
A professor in one of our Western
colleges, whose bodily presence was weak,

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The Spartan Brevity of the Telegraph.
Telegraphy threatens to revolutionize
many of the established rules of syntax,

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MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.
A newsboy having been garoted and
robbed in Jacksonville, Ill., the Chicago
Times says that highwaymen will be at-
tacking reporters soon, as those gentle-
men stand next below newsboys in the
scale of journalistic opulence.

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