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When the baby died. When the body was said, With a sudden, sacred dread...

While we watched her wait there, One foot on the golden stair, One foot on the golden stair...

How Jerry came home. That fire at the Maples did something besides making talk for the whole village...

All that bright, breezy day of Deb's move she was very busy, after her own fashion, sitting down and cleaning up...

"When Jerry comes back I'll have folks enough running here," said the infatuated Deb to those who condescended with her on her sea-shore solitude.

And finally, it appeared, the wily auctioneer threw a covetous eye on that slighted two-ore lot which was generally sniffed at by the village as 'Deb's property'.

For it seems that Deborah had had her romance too, years ago. It came to her in the shape of a stray sailor drifting up the shore...

But Deborah's boy hadn't turned out well; he grew up a pranksome, wild young fellow, whom no one saw any good in the best of the neighborhood.

So when one fine morning the lad was up and off like his father before him, nobody was sorry morning but his mother.

It is astonishing, after all, how small a portion of one's self is really owned by one's self. Especially in a village.

When, therefore, the village learned that Deborah was not coming back to burden her half-sister, but was fairly set to move into that rickety, thatemathe old house bequeathed her by her eccentric mistress, with its bare and two-fraying out in meadow land...

lifted its hands in deprecation, and declared it was a tempting of Providence. So said Mrs. Thornpin, who, having wrought her courage up to the pitch of drilling and scolding Deb for years...

And indeed it seemed she was not far from right, for it appeared Deborah was quite satisfied to 'move' with a cat, a red shawl and a flower-pot.

Whereas Mrs. Thornpin laughed to herself; for Deb, as she said, was capable of 'living right alone,' with the sunlight shining on that gray shanty...

"I never meant it, mother," he cried; "no, I never meant it! I've been had enough and wretched enough and starved enough, but I never meant this."

"Well," said Mrs. Thornpin to her husband, as she cleared the dinner-table next day, "I give Deb up after this. There's no use trying to reason with Deb."

Certainly Jerry had not improved in appearance; that was quite true. His swarthy face and small, glittering eyes, black and restless, constantly suggested that obnoxious foreign origin...

And never could any one bring Deb to see anything amiss with her boy. To all avillers she pointed with pride to her trim garden, rescued from sand and weeds...

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The following story, told by a California paper of Mr. O. H. Burnham, of Oakland, illustrates one of those strange mental phenomena which have so long puzzled the scholars of the world.

A well-dressed man in Chicago attracted considerable attention the other day by sitting upon the edge of the sidewalk for some time, with his head between his hands...

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sailor's anchor pricked in faded blue on the back. But Deb was quick; she caught at the closed fist sharply, holding it in a vigorous grip...

But as she turned a cry broke from her lips—a wild, strange cry, uttering all the passion and loveliness of her lifetime.

"Jerry!" she cried. "O God, it was all for you!" Was it so indeed that Jerry had come home? Was it Jerry who shrank from her extended arms, and falling abjectly on the floor, groveled at her feet?

"I should like to drink your health this pleasant evening, sir," I said, I should like to have you, I said, please do not refuse me, I said.

"I should like to have you, I said, please do not refuse me, I said." It is even customary to see the servants of the friends you visit; so much the custom, in fact, that a lady writer in one of the London papers attempts to furnish her readers with a list of names given.

Some years ago there lived a personage well-known to the London police under the sobriquet of 'Jack in the Box.' He had perfected a most ingenious system of theft, which he worked with great pecuniary profit...

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English Sorvant Fees. In many of the prominent hotels and restaurants of England, says the Danbury man, the 'boots' or the head waiter, not only receives no salary at all, but pays a premium for his place...

But feeling is not entirely confined to the annoyance of the traveling public. It permeates every walk of life, and exhibits itself in ways unique and startling to the stranger.

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The Clerk's Wife and Baby. There is a ludicrous aspect sometimes to the department clerk's life, says a Washington letter. He actually has the audacity sometimes to fall in love and perpetrate matrimony with some girl no better off than himself.

She, too, has been in the department, and she grows so weary of the monotony of her life, and there something sweet in the whisperings of love that she forgets prudence, and, after pinching herself for months, she saves enough of her salary for a silk dress and a few bits of finery, and has the coils of a wedding.

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CRIME AND RETRIBUTION. Ontage Upon a Little Girl by a Drunken Human Brute—He is Lynched by Incensed Citizens Shortly After the Deed.

The following are the particulars of a fiendish crime perpetrated near Gibson's, a small mining village in Pennsylvania, and as fiendish, however merited, a retribution following it—Martin Groves, an ignorant and dissipated man about thirty-five years old, had lived for years on the mountain back of Gibson's.

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Items of Interest. A good advertiser practically puts his show windows into the newspapers. Five hundred dollars was found concealed on the person of a man in Salem, Mass., who had been taken for jail debt.

There is an old Indian in Kansas who has been nicknamed "Old Prob." When asked to prophesy of the coming weather, he sagely and safely says, "Mebbe snow; mebbe heap-hot. Better wait little, you bet."

"I never meant it, mother," he cried; "no, I never meant it! I've been had enough and wretched enough and starved enough, but I never meant this."

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A woman sick with typhoid fever was recently refused admission to the county hospital at Milwaukee, Wis., because at the time when she appeared was late at night. She died shortly afterward.

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