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The Unseen Friend.

Life is too long for me. I cannot bear the weary days and hours. But if I will...

A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE.

A vigorous pull at the front door-bell started Mr. Wells, with his feet combed back and the fumes of an odorous...

On the afternoon our story opens he was musing upon a means of aiding Mrs. Parker...

"You are right; my dear sister," rejoined Mr. Wells; "but in the meantime I will have the unfortunate Parker...

"Oh! the little tyrant has issued her decrees then early at their door. Surely, this is a low time for her to be...

The sleeping child. As Mr. Wells stood gazing at the infant face, the blue eyes opened and looked up at him, with a bright smile...

"Hello! Who is this? You will freeze to death in this blinding storm," he exclaimed. But the figure remained motionless...

The doctor declared hers to be a most precious case of brain fever, and that her recovery would be almost a miracle, as some great mental sorrow was alleged to be the ravages of this terrible disease.

"You are stronger all will be explained," answered the delighted Ellen, "and I will be glad to see you again."

"A terrible end to an ill-spent life," was Ellen's verdict, as gazing over the article she read, she recalled the cruel punishments of an all-wise God.

The qualities that make a great orator are thus stated by Wendell Phillips: A man may be a stammerer and yet a great orator...

patrons refused to aid one whose drunkenness was evident in attendance. She resorted to wit with her child, an infant of seven months...

The latter endeavored to soothe her sorrows, but Lucy was inconsolable, not so much at the loss of her miserable husband as at the loss of her own destitute condition...

"When Mrs. Parker raised her eyes, streaming with tears of joy, to his face, and said: 'Mr. Wells, how shall I ever pay this great debt of gratitude, for not only do I owe my own life to you, but also the lives of my children...'

A DETERMINED OFFICE-SEEKER. Last spring a bright-eyed, pretty girl of sixteen made her way into the presence of Secretary Sherman and said: 'Mr. Sherman, I have come here to get a place...'

Swallows in Louisiana. In the winter swallows collect by the millions in Louisiana swamps and feed on what the French call widgeon trees...

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

GRAPE CULTURE. The grape ought to be as widely disseminated as the apple, and there is no good reason why it should not be.

It gives one a vivid idea of the incalculable loss to the country in material wealth from the wanton or accidental destruction of our forests...

A Terrapin Farm. The Mobile (Ala.) Register has the following account of a terrapin farm owned by Mulford Dorion at Cedar Point...

RECIPIES. LEMON CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three and a half cups of flour, one scant cup of milk...

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE says the billiard saloons of that city have suffered a great loss of custom owing to the introduction of billiards as a household article...

TIMELY TOPICS.

THE INQUIRIES of Professor Cohn, of Breslau, indicate that short-sightedness is rarely or never born with those subjects...

It is some consolation to know that the prophets of disaster to our steady-going old planet do not agree among themselves. Two of them have dejectedly predicted that things will go on as they are till 1887...

"Murder," according to the San Bernardino Times, "still stalks red-handed through the Pacific coast. The record of violent deaths for a single week is given as a sample. At Cucamonga...

Human Force. In the lives of most persons there are periods in which everything is at stake. Home, honor, competency and happiness all hang on the balance...

Concerning the cause of London fog, it is now suggested that they are largely due to the burning of sulphur, 200 tons of this substance being daily burned in London.

Injecting Morphine.

A number of persons more or less dependent in different ways of life have died in this city, says a New York paper, within a few months from the direct effect, it is said, of hypodermic injections of morphine.

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My Valentine.

My valentine lives in her deeds, Nor praises unmerited toads; Her poor little mother she heeds, And kindly her brother bespeaks.

My valentine an erudite thing, Will chatter off other folks' ways, Or make a new gaiter or ring, Her measure of constance or praise.

My valentine mixes the pies, And rolls out the crust for her ma; And such a girl, earth or the skies, Might claim for a frow or a star.

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Humorous.

A dangerous collision—Running into debt. A good trade mark—A big advertisement.

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