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COMEDY

The Golden Dollar. They parted, w/in a mass of hands. And kisses, and burning tears. They met, in a foreign land. After some twenty years...

The Golden Dollar.

Sunset burnished the apple trees and checked the path winding through them and crossed the ragged and discolored coat of the man crouching in the tall grass...

There was also an alert look in his eyes as if he dreaded detection and he shrunk back behind the tree, and crouched lower in the grass...

He stopped and held out his arms to the little girl as she ran gleefully towards him, and folding them around her, tossed her lightly upon his broad shoulder.

"What's that?" asked the child, clinging with one arm to his neck, and pointing with the other to a small bag he carried in his hand—a linen bag lettered with blue.

"Money, my little lady," he said, shaking the bag until it gave out a metallic rattle. "Little shiny gold dollars, as bright as your eyes and as yellow as your hair."

"Three hundred, then," she answered; "three hundred round, yellow dollars, and I'll give you one of them with a hole in it to wear around your neck when we get into the house."

The man—she was a very young man—scarcely more than a boy—crouching low in the grass, started hunting after them, until their voices, as well as their forms, were lost to his sight...

The old clock shows in the dim light of the night lamp like a tall sentinel in the corner, telling out the seconds, throbbing throats, in a hoarse, prophetic gurgle...

The head of the sleeping man moves, restlessly, and he throws up one arm, raising a corner of the pillow, and an end of the blue lettered bag becomes visible.

ooks back, and sees the child Eva standing at the open casement.

"I was staring," he mutters, looking at her. "Poor man," she says, "buy something to eat with the gold dollar, as he goes away into the night she leans her curly head out of the window, and calls after him in her sweet voice...

She was among them, but not of them; she was there not to be amused, but to amuse; she was not a guest, but only a voice.

"Who is she?" inquired the distinguished statesman in whose honor the assemblage had met.

"Only my governess," answered the velvet-robed and diamond-decked hostess. "But she has a wonderful voice," she added, apologetically, "so I had her come in to sing."

"The statesman looked after her with strange interest.

"What is her name?" he asked. "Eva, Errom," answered the lady deprecatingly, as if she thought somehow the name might be offensive, and should therefore be spoken apologetically.

The gentleman was looking at the black-robed figure of the girl at the piano, whose wonderful voice was thrilling through the room, and he made no response for a minute, and at the end of that time he was the centre of admiring and satellite that were always eager to gather around him.

Later on, when the marvelous voice was hushed, and the black-robed form had vanished, as was expected, with its sound, the political star with his circle of satellites was standing near an open window looking out upon the flowery lawn, over which the moonlight lay like a silvery mist.

Five minutes afterward he was making his apologies and adieus to the regretful hostess who bewailed the pressing business which called him away; and then the star faded from its pedestal and the very walls seemed to mourn the light withdrawn.

Miss Errom, the governess, wandering alone over the lawn, hearing a step behind her, turned to find the star shining upon her obscurity.

Writing.

The first method of presenting thoughts to the eye was the pictorial system. This mode of writing is quite profusely given in the Egyptian hieroglyphs, which the priests employed in a symbolical and allegorical manner.

A very singular invention of a syllable alphabet is related of a Cherokee Indian, who was ignorant of the English tongue, and could not read a word in any language.

The invention of marks for punctuation is ascribed to Aristophanes, the famous Greek grammarian. Abbreviations of words were not made in ancient writing, except upon coins and inscriptions.

The Mexicans used the pictorial method of writing. It is related that "they appraised their King, Montezuma, of the landing of the Spaniards by means of a picture, on which his object was represented by pictures of visible objects.

The Greeks have ever manifested great enthusiasm in promoting knowledge. The first library that is known was collected by Pistratus, who lived at Athens.

"I don't understand what you are saying," she stammered. "Probably not," he responded.

"Do you remember this?" he asked, holding it towards her. "I don't know," she said confusedly.

"I see to remember something about a gold dollar which I gave to—"

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At the Table.

It is impossible to estimate properly the immense influence which is exerted upon the household by the atmosphere of the family table. If it is true that one does not come out of a room the same person who went in, the mind ever after retaining the impress of what affected it there, what great results must be achieved from the meeting three times a day in the dining-room, from the conversation indulged in there.

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London Fogs.

The dense fogs which so frequently convert London day into night, while the surrounding country is bright with sunshine, are commonly attributed to the smoky coal which London burns, and it has been proposed to import Pennsylvania anthracite as a remedy.

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Great Storm in the Sea.

Observers of the sun found indications of intense commotion on the 11th, 12th and 13th of August. The sun spots were numerous, large and active, and protuberances shot up their rose-colored tongues with increased force and velocity from the surface.

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A New Thing in Optics.

Professor Merrill has long been of the opinion that the telescope is a clumsy method of supplying the deficiency of eye power, and some months ago he undertook to ascertain if there was any way by which we could be able to dispense with artificial lenses.

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Marriage in Poland.

In Poland it seems, it is not the would-be bride groom who proposes to his lady-love, but a friend. The two go together to the young girl's house, carrying with them a loaf of bread, a bottle of brandy and a new pocket-handkerchief. When they are shown into the "best" room the friend asks for a wine-glass.

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Tiger Hunting.

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Well, Pat, Jim didn't quite kill you with the brickbat, did he? "No; but I wish he had. Why so?" "So that I could have seen him hung, the villain!"