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THE TOAST.

THE ART OF NOT QUARRELING.
Sensible Husband—How is it we never quarrel.

THE CHICKEN AND FEATHERS.
At breakfast one morning in that quiet and comfortable old mansion.

THE CALICO CLOAK.
Have you seen the new scholar? asked Mary Lark.

THE CALICO CLOAK (continued).
The girls went into the dressing room, where they found the new scholar.

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me 'calico cloak,' and 'brogans,' and you don't know, mother, how unkindly they treat me.

Although Mrs. Lee tried to encourage her child, yet she knew that she had to meet with severe trials for so young.

And the child buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

In Bridgeville Academy there were a few selfish, unprincipled girls, and the others joined them in teasing the little 'Calico Cloak.'

Mrs. Lee, learning that the scholars still continued their unjust treatment toward her child, resolved to accept her brother's invitation, although he was a poor man, and become a member of the family.

The following week the ladies flocked to see her, and she promised to meet them at the next gathering of the sewing circle.

The day arrived, and although it was quite stormy, Mrs. Deacon Brown's parlor was filled with smiling faces.

'How are you pleased with our village?' asked Mrs. Britton, after the opening exercises were over, as she took a seat beside Mrs. Maynard.

'I like its appearance very much; it certainly has improved wonderfully within the last twelve years.'

The Stolen Knife.
Many years ago, when a boy of seven or eight years there was one thing which I longed more for than anything else, and which I imagined would make me supremely happy.

It was a beautiful morning in June, that my father called me and gave me leave. I wished to go with him to the store.

I was delighted, and taking his hand, we started. The birds sang sweetly on every bush, and everything looked so gay and beautiful, that my heart fairly leaped for joy.

'That is the shortest but best sermon I ever heard,' said the old lady again, as she put her handkerchief under her glasses; and I do not believe its moral effect will be lost upon any of us.

The Art of Not Quarreling.
Sensible Husband—How is it we never quarrel, Mrs. Xantippo? Well, I will tell you.

The Chicken and Feathers.
At breakfast one morning in that quiet and comfortable old mansion the White Swan, in old York, a foreigner made quick dispatch with the eggs.

The Calico Cloak.
Have you seen the new scholar? asked Mary Lark, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, as she sat to meet a group of schoolmates.

The Calico Cloak.
The girls went into the dressing room, where they found the new scholar.

The Calico Cloak.
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The Young Man's Leisure.
Young Man! after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leaves at your disposal many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them?

I have known and now know, many young men, who, if they devoted to any scientific, or literary, or professional pursuits, the time they spend in games of chance, and lounging in bed, might rise to any eminence.

David Rittenhouse, the American astronomer, when a plow-boy, was observed to have covered his plow and fence with figures and calculations.

Christ the Central Glory.
It is the glory of the world, that he who formed it dwelt on it; of the air, that he breathed in it; of the sun, that it shone on him; of the ground, that it bare him; of the sea, that he walked on it; of the elements, that they nourished him; of the waters, that they refreshed him; of us men, that he lived and died among us; that he lived and died for us; that he assumed our flesh and blood and carried it to the highest heavens, where it shines as the eternal ornament and wonder of the creation of God.

Cure for Bronchitis.
One of our clearest and most reliable friends, says the Holly Springs Herald, informs us that common mullen leaves, smoked in a new pipe—one in which tobacco had never been used—is a sure and certain cure for bronchitis.

Soft Soap.
Ma, I am going to make some soft soap for the Fair this Fall, said a beautiful miss of sixteen to her mother the other day.

Do you believe in second love, Mister McQuade?
Do I believe in second love? Humph! if a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it swate! and when it's gone, don't he want another pound, and isn't that swate too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love!

Do you ever?—Did you ever buy a new hat, when the better didn't look into the old one to see who made it? Did you ever go to a new barber to have your hair cut, that he didn't ask you who cut it last, and say poorly done?

The love of society is natural, but the choice of your company is a matter of virtue and prudence.

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