

MY LOVERS.

BY SARAH EDWARDS BURNELL

In the early golden morning,
Walking at the break of day,
While my little, youngest darling
Close beside me nestling lay.

WEARING THE CROSS.

A NOVEL. BY NELLY MARSHALL.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ethel gained her room, and casting herself in an arm chair near the window, gazed with flashing eyes and compressed lips out upon the rain draped city.

some truth to you," said Mrs. Markham, persuasively. "My one desire in it all is, that your residence with me shall ultimately accrue to your benefit. If you treat all Federals as you treat Col. Corbeille, you will find yourself embroiled in a series of difficulties from which it will be no easy matter to extricate yourself. I advise you for your own personal benefit."

have been in society long enough to see how your fairest idols crumble into dust, when you touch them. All society is a vast Pita Morgana! I have studied its windings and labyrinths so long, that I am conversant with the clearest lights, and the darkest shadows of it, as I am with the features of my own face. Honor and Principle occupy the gloomiest niches in life's edifice."

come her impiety, and therefore she could not address to her any response. Another ominous silence ensued. "Then Mrs. Markham slowly rose and sauntered to the window. Pushing back the drapery she looked first to the drab, dripping skies, and then down upon the muddy, dismal streets."

The King's Daughter. Among the many legends or parables for the instruction of the King's daughter was one that ran in this wise: "Over the rainbow that rests on the top of the blue hills, is a fountain in the midst of a green meadow, and the properties of the waters are so remarkable, that whosoever drinketh therefrom, and wisheth in his heart, is sure to receive the very thing that he most desires."

All Sorts of Paragraphs. Old men are mown down but babies are cradled. THE English bar is graced with a noted lawyer from Pennsylvania. MUD, with the juice squeezed out, is a little Wisconsin girl's del.

There, there, Ethel, do not be angry with me for speaking a little whole-

And I infinitely prefer the first alternative to the last," said Mrs. Markham, with a low laugh.

There was a silence. Mrs. Markham's eyes were dimmed. Genuine emotion never fails to excite sympathy or pity in the hearts of even the most callous and cold.

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