

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There is a beautiful land by the spotter un-
clouded by sorrow or care.
It is lighted alone by the presence of God.

WEARING THE CROSS.

Written for the Democratic Watchman.
A NOVEL.
BY NELLY MARSHALL.
CHAPTER XI
The rustling of Mrs. Markham's
rich robes had scarcely been silenced

questions and curiosity! If you will
allow me the privilege of a Brady, sec-
ondly, and thirdly in my responses, I
will attempt, with decided succinctness,

ment. "Surely this is but a miserable
jest!"
"No, Ethel, it is a sad fact," replied
Tyrell, gravely.

James Quinlan.
In "Down Among the Dead Men," in
the Old Guard for August, we have
some account of this eccentric ex-man-
ager, which we quote for the amuse-
ment of our readers:

CHAUNT FOR THE PEOPLE.
BY WALTER DEWEY.
The pink of perfection is certainly Bambo.
A bright, shining light quite an ebony fam-
ous.

All Sons of Paragraphs.
WOMAN of metal—A belle.
A DENTIST'S oath—By gum.
DOWN in the world—A miner.