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THE OLD STORY. Come sit by me, Katy, and tell me Of what he was talking last night!

THE VICTIMIZED LODGER. BY PAUL CREYTON.

MR. BENJAMIN F. DERBY returned to town and his lodgings at Mrs. Covey's rather sooner than he was expected.

This was the apartment Mr. Derby always occupied in Mrs. Covey's house; but on this occasion it seemed very little like home.

Not the least disagreeable thing in the room was darkness. Mr. Derby had entered without a lamp, expecting to find that desirable article in the old place.

"And where is Margaret Maria?" muttered the unhappy man. "Oh, faithless daughter of an unfeeling landlady!

Mr. Derby's reflections were suddenly interrupted by a sound of a hand grasping his door-latch.

Now Mr. Derby was a very modest person, and it was a lucky circumstance for him that the closet door was ajar.

"What time do you suppose it is?" asked Margaret Maria. "There, the bells are striking twelve! Oh, ha! ha! we had a gay time, Susan?"

"Such a goose! Oh!" groaned Derby, painfully interested. "Oh!"

"So that we can have this room?" "No—not exactly that—but Dan has invited me to go to a ball on Thursday night, and you know I couldn't go if

my 'poor dear absent Derby' should come back in the meantime. Derby was trembling with cold and wrath.

Derby was trembling with excitement—burning with rage; but now he felt a new source of uneasiness. The discovery of his pantaloons might lead to the discovery of himself.

"I'll tell you what I will do, Sue. I'll dress myself in these clothes, and go into the widow Slade's room. She'll think it is a man, and won't she be frightened?"

Derby—poor dear, present Derby—was breathing very hard; his heart beat heavily, and every nerve shook.

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"Who are you?" "Sh!" said Margaret Maria. Jane hushed accordingly, until she saw the strange figure proceed to Mary Clark's pillow.

"What is the matter?" she cried in pretended astonishment. "There is a man in the room."

"He was kissing Sarah Jones." "He didn't kiss me. He was kissing Mary Clark."

"Me? I guess I'd have torn his eyes out. It was Jane Woods he kissed." Susan was very much astonished of course, and the girls were all very indignant.

But now it was Derby's turn to have a little fun, and Margaret Maria's to be astonished. As Susan advanced the lamp she carried revealed a frightful looking object standing at the foot of stairs.

"Such a goose! Oh!" groaned Derby, painfully interested. "Oh!"

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the tall woman—being Derby himself—cried—"Robbers! help! murder!"

Before Margaret Maria recovered her scattered senses all the boarders were astir. Susan rushed into Mrs. Slade's room; Margaret would have followed her, but Susan in her terror shut her out.

Both sorts of ministration may accordingly be undertaken from a genuine desire to promote the welfare of one's fellow-creatures, and in theory it may appear harsh and unkind to meet any such medicinal overtures with rudeness or discourtesy.

Anybody can imagine the scene of confusion which followed. The imprudent girl found herself surrounded by half a dozen half-dressed figures, some wondering, some trembling with terror.

"Don't be frightened, Margaret Maria," it said. "It's nobody but your 'poor dear absent Derby.' That's all."

It requires a highly cultivated moral nature to be able to accept with perfect gracefulness a proffered tract. It is not flattering to your dignity to feel that a perfect stranger has picked you out at first sight as a human being whose soul is in a very bad way indeed.

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tributors. No sensible person ought to be offended at being offered a really good pill, and there would be this advantage about the distribution of pills, that the production of a pill-box does not necessarily seem to imply a religious superiority on the part of the pill-giver.

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given in favor of good habits is accordingly less easily reversed, for it presupposes a complete hearing and determination of the cause. It is therefore true, as a general proposition, that when habits are once formed, they are usually broken to some good purpose; and the possibility of contending even against this inveterate tyranny with success justifies, in theory, the giving of good advice.

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It is an irritating feature about most of the good advice which it is a man's misfortune to receive, that it is given by way of satisfaction to the donor, quite as much as to benefit the recipient. People get into a vague way of thinking that it is their prerogative to go through life "doing good."

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standly done; that the poor man's possession should be restored; and having seized the soldier, caused his forehead to be branded "The Ungrateful Guest," a character infamous in every age, and among all nations, but particularly among the Greeks, who were jealously observant of the laws of hospitality.

OCCUPATION OF EX-GENERALS.

THE American War Department has been for some time preparing an army register, which shall contain the name of all the soldiers in the Federal armies. When completed it will be composed of five volumes of six hundred pages each.

THE EVE OF BATTLE.

IT would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader anything like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move on leaden wings; every minute seems an hour, and every hour a day.

MARRIAGE.

WHATEVER faults Voltaire may have had, he certainly showed himself a man of sense when he said: "The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and wiser."

AN UNGRATEFUL GUEST.

A MACEDONIAN soldier, who had often distinguished himself by his valor and received marks of Philip's favor and approbation, was once wrecked by a violent storm, and cast on shore, helpless, naked, and scarcely with the appearance of life.

A GENTLEMAN

A GENTLEMAN troubled with a short memory having acquired the bad habit of turning down a leaf of a book so as to remember where he left off, writes to say that he never can recollect a street that he's only been in once.