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POETICAL.

THE HAMMER AND THE SAW.

THEY'RE THE MIND OF THE BIRDS.

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SELECT STORY.

A PEACEMAKER.

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He Had Loved Another.

"To up the dog."

The tender gray twilight of a June evening was settling down upon the earth as Natalie McIntosh spoke those words, and as she threw up a light

whose rounded curves and soft flesh tints contrasted so well with the brilliant colors of the garment, and stepped out upon the lawn, where the star-eyed pansies and modest pinks were

rearing their heads along the velvet green of the close trimmed grass plot that stretched away to the westward, the picture was indeed a pretty one.

Passing through the flower beds and down the gravelled walk until she came to a clump of willows, whose light branches were just stirred by the

whisper of the night wind that came from the west, she stood there peering wistfully into the gloaming.

Brushing away with her dimpled hand the fluffy mass of golden hair that the sighing wind had blown over her white forehead, Natalie drew the shawl more

about her and sat down on a little rustic bench, and, as she looked so thoughtfully at the stars that were peeping in place indeed for love's trust and vigil.

Presently George W. Simpson entered the gate, and was soon by her side. For an instant no word was spoken between them, and as they stood there, her arms about his neck, her head upon his shoulder, Natalie felt that life with

out this man was a starless blank. Here was a deep, trusting, if the rope-breakers were gone love that made her voice falter and die away when she spoke to

George about it, and yet back of it all there was a cold, a careless, a vague terror, that seemed to her like a mystic dreamland that was part of her nature, and tinged the brightest and happiest moments of her life with a sense of melancholy.

"You love me?" she asked, looking up to George with eyes which shone in the radiance of a refined passion: "love me better than all the world beside, better than you ever loved anyone in your whole life?"

George did not answer, for as she spoke there came to him a haunting memory of dark, splendid eyes, a bright face, smiling at you, and a hand that was dewy, scarlet lips that had once been his own in sweet clinging, don't let go if you value your life kisses. He thought of all this as he bent tenderly over Natalie, her golden hair touching his cheek, and the perfume of the lilies

she wore mingling with his breath. The girl noticed his silence, and said: "Why do you not answer?" she said.

George did not reply, but, drawing her still closer to him, would have kissed her again.

"I want no kisses," she exclaimed, passionately, withdrawing herself from his arms, and saying: "I have looked at you for years, and I have never loved you more than I do now."

"I do," Natalie replied; "but tell me, sweetheart, tell me truly, did you ever love another?"

"Do not ask me that," said George. "But I demand an answer," and I again asked her so well, she sat down on the rustic bench with a clat, sickening thud that told too plainly of a broken bustle.

In an instant George was by her side, and Natalie was sobbing as if her heart would break. "Forgive me, darling, don't do that to me, you know I do not love another."

"I do," Natalie replied; "but tell me, sweetheart, tell me truly, did you ever love another?"

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