

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. 1786. 1874. THE Pittsburgh Gazette, DAILY AND WEEKLY.

Members of THE POST take pleasure in... The WEEKLY POST, published every Friday... The DAILY POST, published every day...

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THE FAIN DROPS. A farmer had a field of corn of rather large extent.

So sad and restless was his mind, at home he could not stop. But to his fields repaired each day to view his withering crop.

"I feel so grieved and vexed," said one, "to see him look so sad. I wish I could do him some good—indeed I would be glad."

"What use are you?" cried number two, "to water so much ground? You are nothing but a rain drop, and could not water one mound."

"I'll try to cheer his heart a bit, so now I'm off; here goes!" And down the little rain drop fell upon the farmer's nose.

"What ever's that?" the farmer cried; "was it a drop of rain? I do believe it's come at last; I have not watched in vain!"

Now, when the second rain drop saw his willing friend depart, said he, "I'll go as well and try to cheer the farmer's heart."

So, many rain drops by this time had been attracted out. To see and hear what their two friends were talking so about.

hurry to enter, and as Mrs. Somerville happened to be unwell at this particular time, and unable to come to London to see him.

He arrived in town about mid-day on the Wednesday in the first week in August. The day was oppressively gloomy and dull in the country, and all London seemed to be seething in a sullen heat.

"We'll go as well," a number cried, "as our two friends are gone. We shall not only cheer his heart, but water, too, his corn."

Well, the Colonel transacted his business, dined at his club with a friend, and returned to his house shortly after eleven o'clock.

It was hot in the streets as Colonel Somerville drove home; it was hotter still in his bedroom, yet he felt scarcely any inclination to sleep.

"Why, Warren, what on earth is the matter?" he exclaimed; "are you ill?" "I don't quite know what is the matter," was the reply.

"Certainly," said the Colonel, who was one of the kindest of human beings; "come in, Warren, you must be ill."

"I don't rightly know, sir," he answered. "I went to bed all right and went very sound asleep. But I had a bad dream. I thought a pale-faced man came into my room, although I knew I had locked the door."

time and he had never any reason to suppose that he was not thoroughly temperate and sober.

So Warren rolled himself in the blanket, and Col. Somerville put out the candle and got into bed again and tried to go to sleep.

His efforts were in vain. He knew himself to be provokingly wide awake, and though he counted numberless sheep going through a gate, and resorted to all those devices which are popularly supposed to encourage sleep, he remained as wide awake as ever he had been in his life.

Everybody knows how preternaturally acute the senses are when after midnight they positively refuse to be lulled to slumber; and the Colonel felt as terribly on the alert as he had felt sometimes in the Indian mutiny.

Suddenly some noise within the house made the Colonel start up in his bed and listen attentively. Yes—there could be no doubt about it! there was the sound of a stealthy footfall upon the stairs.

In a flash of thought he asked himself what this could be. London thieves would never dream of running the risk of entering a house in which there was absolutely nothing to steal.

He opened the door for him, showed him to his room, asked for his orders for the morning, and, having received them, retired to his room above.

He opened the door again and called loudly. No answer. He hurried upstairs to his servant's room—no trace of him there; indeed no trace of him anywhere.

A NEW YEAR SONG. A tear for the dying Old Year— His locks are all white with care; Let him go with his record severe.

Breathe odors of fragrant delight For Hope in her vestal array; Her tresses are bathed in the light And her garments are woven of day.

Bring songs of thanksgiving and praise, An offering accepted above, An earnest of bright coming days In atonement and love.

Speak freedom to millions oppressed, Be just to your brother, and good, And the boon shall be ever bestowed, The price of a nation's best blood.

Speak, speak then the life-giving word, And omening ages shall say, As proudly the deed they record, "A nation was born in a day."

"Kathleen, is it possible that you are crying again? Did I not tell you that I would discharge you if I found you indulging in this foolish whimpering any more?"

"I don't quite know what is the matter," was the reply. "Please sir, may I come in?" "Certainly," said the Colonel, who was one of the kindest of human beings.

"I don't rightly know, sir," he answered. "I went to bed all right and went very sound asleep. But I had a bad dream. I thought a pale-faced man came into my room, although I knew I had locked the door."

"Has she any friends in the country—Kathleen, I mean?" "Not that I know of."

"One's first duty is to one's self; I would not risk the infection for twice what you pay me." And Natalia packed her trunk and departed, without even coming into the nursery to bid little Clarence good bye.

"I thought you, too, had gone, Kathleen?" she cried. "Sure, ma'am, what should I be going for?" asked Kathleen, simply.

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