

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

A NOVEL ALPHABET. A visitor nimbly by the hair—Samuel, built high in the air—Genes,...

THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

In the present century that part of the coast of England lying between the mouth of the Humber and Bridlington was a favorite resort of smugglers.

In 1830 there came to the Quay a Lieutenant who took charge of the premises. Some time after he had been in command of about twenty seven, tall men, of many bearing and extreme possessing appearance.

Here then was a startling discovery, which, in connection with the wounded girl, seemed to point to Mary Sheldon as having been on Mrs. Slowly's premises in the night of the murder.

Dr. Madely resolved for the present to keep his discovery a secret, or at least to keep it a mystery.

Several years after, Lieutenant Major appeared in Bridlington. The astonishment of the inhabitants may be imagined.

He had been in the military service, and he had been a soldier in the Crimea. He had been a soldier in the Crimea, and he had been a soldier in the Crimea.

Three weeks or more after the close of the inquest, Dr. Madely, the surgeon who had examined the body of the murdered man, was asked by a brother doctor to consult over a singular case in the latter's charge.

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Bird's-eye View, John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, Thirteenth Street, PHILADELPHIA.

SPRING, 1878.

Advertisement for John Wanamaker's Grand Depot. It lists various goods like Silks, Dress Goods, Mourning Goods, Cloakings, Flannels, Linens, Muslins, White Goods, Laces, Ribbons, Trimmings, Embroideries, Fringes, Zephyrs and Worsteds, Neckwear, Gloves, Toilet Articles, Stationery, and Flowers & Feathers. It also includes a list of Ladies' and Misses' Suits and Men's & Boys' Clothing.

THE second year of the General Dry Goods Business at the Grand Depot is just opening. It is proper to say that what was deemed an experiment, the first year, experience proves to be a success, and we now propose to greatly improve on the first plans.

A FRONTIER BULL-DOZER. When I applied for the position of city editor of the Daily Scalper, a frontier paper of some pretense, the man at the helm simply asked my name, age and weight, and what I knew about the business, and he employed me.

YOUR LOCAL PAPER.—You might nearly as well forget your churches, your academies and school-houses, as to forget your local paper. It speaks to ten times the audience that you local minister does.

MIGRATORY SQUIRRELS.—Squirrels in Lapland are in the habit of emigrating in large parties, and sometimes travel hundreds of miles. When they meet with a broad lake, they take a very extraordinary method of crossing. They approach the banks, and perceiving the distance between them and the opposite shore, they swim, as if by common consent, into the neighboring forest, each in search of a piece of bark or light wood, which answers the purpose of a boat to ferry them over.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—Silver Springs, Florida, is one of the greatest curiosities in the South. It bursts forth in the midst of the most fertile country in the State. It bubbles up in a basin near one hundred feet deep and about an acre in extent, sending from it a deep stream sixty to one hundred feet wide, and extending six or eight miles to the Delawaha river.

Two brothers lived in a village in Jersey. They were twins, and their extraordinary resemblance to each other caused many queer mistakes. The following story is told of them, but we do not vouch for it. An Irishman was offended by one of the brothers, and was a long time watching his opportunity for revenge. The twins were constantly together, and although Pat was pretty well able to manage one, he considered that the whipping of both together was a luxury he could not afford to indulge in.

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THE next day, the former confessed to the latter that he had got in a terrible scrape. Confidence begot confidence, and they soon became conversant that they were the victims of a frightful conspiracy to which some unknown wearer of red back hair was a party.

THE next evening, when Mr. Brown had been back from the store no less than five red hairs on his coat collar, she broke a pie plate over his head, and leaving him totering in dried apples, put on her bonnet and left the house.

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RED HAIR.

The name of the lady who a few weeks since dropped her back hair on the side walk of a street in Clinton, Illinois, has now been ascertained.—The hair in question was of a light red color, and few persons would have imagined that it was so generous when unconnected with its owner.—Nevertheless, that seemingly innocent back hair led to a tragedy that nearly ruined the peace of two happy and respectable families.

Messrs. Smith & Brown are the leading citizens engaged in the grocery business in Clinton. They are men of great worth of character, and have reached middle age without incurring the breath of slander.

About the same hour Mr. Brown was also seated at the tea table, and was endeavoring to excuse himself to Mrs. Brown for having forgotten to bring home a paper.

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every day, and you just bet they ketched it from their old women when they went home. Smith, he is solemn as an owl, and old Brown looks as if he was going to be hung."

The remains of the boy were removed by the coastable, and the Smith and Brown families are more comforted and happy.—Mr. Alden in New York Times.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

It was a beautiful evening in the dawn of summer. Two forms were sitting in close proximity to one another by the window of a \$12,000 house—lavishly mortgaged—in the upper part of this city.

"Dearest Flora, tell me what I can do to make myself more worthy of your love. But me underake any mission you please, and I will obey. Ay, even though it be to cut my hair short—sacrifice my mistake—wear large boots, or work for my living—speak, anything you may command me."

"Dear Charles! I am pained. Do not speak in this terrible strain; you make me shudder. No, Charles, I love you for yourself alone." Then placing her hand gently upon his brow she murmured, "Soft, my love, speak soft, my own, and tell me do you love me as much as ever, and will I ever be the same to you as I am now?"

It was a dark, gloomy night, two days before the time appointed for the nuptial ceremonies of the young pair. Charles bent his way—full of joy, hope and anticipation—towards the mansion where he had seen the bell and was ushered into the parlor. Flora was not there, and, after waiting a few moments, he resolved to descend the stairs to the dining-room, ostensibly to seek for her, but most probably with visions of spongy dancing through his engagement brain.

Upon the dining-room table lay many dishes and other articles of crockery. Before it, with disheveled hair and tucked up coat, stood Flora, a huge carving knife in her hand, which she was in the act of plunging—into a pair of hot water.

A LITTLE LESSON.—We ought not to complain too bitterly or be too much discontented at the misfortunes that may befall us. It is useless to regret the past, to dwell on the events, however apparently untoward, nor to turn out to be unfortunates at all in the end. The principle is well illustrated by the following case:

A seaman on board a man-of-war had been six weeks in the hospital, and he had a bomb on the deck in the midst of a battle. He was taken below and his case was soon examined by the surgeon. The surgeon decided that the left one was so badly fractured that it must amputate. The next morning, being occupied himself with the cases of some of the officers he sent two of his assistants to perform the amputation. They somehow or other made a mistake, and took off the right leg—which in this case was the wrong one.

Contrary to the surgeon's predictions, he got well. The left leg recovered and became serviceable as ever. He had a wooden leg made to replace the other.

A NOT in a Sunday school proposed a question to be answered the Sunday following:—"How many letters does the Bible contain?" The answer was three million, five hundred and thirty thousand, three hundred and thirty-three. The superintendent says to James "Is that right?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "Will you please tell me how many there are, then?" "Twenty-six, sir."