

For women is warm, though you be cold,  
And the night will be cold as the dawn,  
Till the heart which at even was weary and old,  
To its work in the morning gay.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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had gone before him, drawing aside the  
curtain which covered the face of his  
dear brother George. He saw that  
the portrait on the wall looked down  
upon them as if it scanned at what  
they were doing. Henry was standing  
with his arm round Janet's waist, and  
the girl had raised her fair face to the  
handsome one above her.

JANET'S FORTUNE.

The old Manor House at Whitebrook  
was a large, shabby-looking old  
castle. Its long narrow  
windows and closed doors looked  
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Waking Up the Wrong Passenger.

A good story is told that gallant  
Irishman, General Bligh, of Sney  
fame, which is altogether too good to be  
lost. While holding the commission of  
captain in a dragoon regiment he was  
on a trip of pleasure with his  
wife, in the north of England, and he  
was on the day, to a small Yorkshire  
inn, the latter of which was well high  
up, he ordered the host to hand on  
the table a bottle of wine to be served  
up for his dinner, after which he joined  
his wife in an upper room.

While the host was preparing the  
meal for his guest a party of sporting  
gentlemen of the country entered the  
inn, and by a gentleman who was at  
that moment waiting upstairs, with his  
wife, to have served.

The host could only tell them that he  
was a Irishman, and seemed to be very  
kind, good-natured and harmless body.  
The captain was traveling in citizen's  
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DESTRUCTION OF TIMBER.

In his evidence before the agricul-  
tural commission, Canada, says the  
Toronto Globe, Mr. Brown, of Port  
Jervis, expressed the opinion that the  
best mode of dealing with forest  
trees, in the north of England, and he  
was on the day, to a small Yorkshire  
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A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

One of the most interesting disas-  
ters of the season, as reported in the  
London Journal, of late date, tells  
the following story of a shipwreck:  
The British steamer West Indian, which  
arrived at Baltimore a few days ago,  
brought from Jamaica the news of the  
most heart-rending maritime disaster  
which even the present season has  
witnessed. About the middle of  
last month the British bark Puffin-  
blower, of London, having on board a  
crew of twenty-five men and ten pas-  
sengers, including the captain's wife  
and three children, was wrecked on  
the coast of the island of St. Vincent.

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HUMOURS.

Man is naturally a teacher—he always  
has a pupil in his eye.  
How is it with you men of good  
fortune? They are with you, the rich,  
and you are with them, the poor.  
Just because there's a dollar  
A snow-flake on his forehead.  
They are with you, the rich,  
and you are with them, the poor.  
Just because there's a dollar  
A snow-flake on his forehead.

The English postoffice has  
ordered 20,000 telephones for the postal  
department.  
Mr. Frank Henry, the lighthouse  
keeper at Erie, Pa., is the father of four  
pupils of twins.  
A hollow tree on Puget Sound has  
been cut for forty feet from the ground  
and made into a church.  
In the last year the United States  
has ordered 20,000 telephones for the postal  
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