

The Witch in the Glass,  
"My mother says I must not pass  
Too near that glass;  
She is afraid that I will see  
A little with that look in me  
With a red, red nose, to whisper low  
The very thing I should not know."

Alack for all your mother's care!  
A bird of the air,  
A wistful wind, or I suppose  
Seen by some happy, young room,  
With breath too sweet, will whisper low  
The very thing you should not know!  
Mrs. Puff, in Scribner's Magazine

"Of the Earth, Earthy,"  
Have they told you that?  
To the land of rest?  
I am very patient, knowing  
All is for the best;  
To the summer light in clearest  
In the soul deep;  
Nature seems to draw the nearest  
Unto living breath.

Have they told you I am leaving  
Earthly things behind?  
Love, perhaps, not deceiving,  
Friendship, soft and kind;  
Yet the sunshine, about my feet,  
Down the soft, green ground,  
Brings back all the beautiful feeling,  
All the dreams of heaven.

Have they told you I am leaving  
To a fairer home?  
Yes, but as I am leaving  
Blossoms white as foam,  
Here are some bright, blue, waving  
Round our cottage door;  
Here are solemn, firm breathing  
Progressive evermore.

Have they told you I am setting  
All my thoughts on high?  
Yes, but on a high forgetting  
Walls and windows of the street,  
When the broken pillars are away  
On our broken-down hill,  
I can almost hear you saying  
That you love me still.

Ha! I hear a footstep falling  
Down the steps of the street,  
And a voice, sweet, softly calling,  
Yet I answer not;  
Till I feel your arms around me,  
On my face your breath,  
Laying my head on your breast,  
Saying, "Do not be afraid."  
Scribner's Magazine, in Good Words.

### THE OLD STORY.

A sober, half-discontented face at the window, bright with the sun, and a smile goes from the bright face to the sober one, giving it a new and a pleasing aspect. Both faces are young—that at the window youngest, almost child-like. Yet the window-face is the face of a wife, and the other face that of a husband.

"How strangely I was deceived," Bella said to the man in the street. "I thought you were my husband, and you were not. How could I be so deceived?"

"I was deceived," she said, with a little smile. "I thought you were my husband, and you were not. How could I be so deceived?"

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FRED KUNTZ, Editor and Proprietor.  
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### Moral Suasion in Colorado.

Three months ago, when 200 of the leading citizens of Montrose City met in convention on a street corner, there were seven or eight Michigan men among the crowd. When Colonel Parker presented the following resolution, it was a Michigan man who supported it.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to wait upon Calabash Sam, late of Deadwood, and inform him that after sunrise to-morrow morning the crowd will open fire on him with the intention of furnishing a corpse for the committee.

The committee of five went out to find Calabash Sam, and they found him sitting on a bench at the door of his shanty, a shotgun across his knees and a pipe in his mouth, and he preserved a cool and collected manner.

"I forgot to mention," continued the chairman, "that we have a list of names of those who have signed the petition, and we would like to see them."

"I have a list of names," said the chairman, "and we would like to see them."

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### Swimming in Burgundy.

The sight near at hand of "a stern rotator of other days," administered to me in entering the domain of Chateau la Tour, one of the three reigning houses of Haut Meudon, by decree of the Bordeaux chamber of commerce and the suffrages of princely drinkers, the over-running number one in a classification of a select six, chosen from the many thousand vignobles of a district where all is choice and fine.

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### THE NEW WASHINGTON.

It has not grown as other American men grow; its progress has been tardy. This yearning of towns, so capriciously fostered on the banks of the Potomac, has not availed itself to any great extent to the popular method of improvement so successfully adopted by Chicago and Boston—the method of burning and rebuilding.

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### THE ORCHARD-LANDS OF LONG AGO.

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