

St. Valentine's Day,  
Though the bird flies far,  
And the fair flower goes,  
The sweet's of the year  
It is set in the snows.

The mid of the winter,  
It breaks into bloom,  
And suddenly grows away,  
Are gems in the gloom.

And whither hearts cross  
And whither together;  
And a night when you  
It is perfect weather.

—Wide Awake.

What Then?  
We breathe our bows with faintest hopes,  
We stand the cup of life with glad surprise,  
We dance through hours of giddy mirth,  
To music's gayest measure;  
The garlands fade the cap is drained,  
The restive feet are on the ground,  
The eyes are dim with tears,  
And hearts are sad and dreary;  
What then?

We build no monuments of fame,  
Our names through deers of glory,  
Our names through deers of honest worth  
Are told in song and story,  
That hand has grown weak at last  
By pain and age overtaken;  
We watch the boy would go by  
Forgotten and forsaken,  
What then?

Oh, then we sigh for blossoms faded, sweet  
Which once we might have cherished in our  
breast;  
We long to sit our cup from crystal fountains,  
And turn our footsteps to the vale of rest,  
We learn the words of temple built above,  
Of names engraved in the book of life,  
Of names made pure by goodly deeds,  
Unabashed by the years of toil and strife,  
Oh, thoughtless one, turn not from wisdom,  
—Ways.

Neal the higher aims of life forgot,  
We memory will seek our misery,  
And all the after years with vain regret.  
—Mrs. S. L. Howell.

**MISS TILT'S NIECE.**

"I wish very much I could do anything," said Ted Murchison. "I will go up to London on purpose, if you like, and call at your homes. But don't you think it better not? They would not let me know if there were anything fresh to do. I will try to see myself with the proverb, 'No news is good news.'"

Cecilia Redding spoke with a ring of her voice, and for a minute her gray eyes looked misty as she turned away. Directly after she placed back at her companion and laughed merrily.

"What is the matter?" asked the young man, somewhat taken by surprise, and looking at Cecilia with surprise on his face, and then the other, with the expectation of finding some cause for her amusement. There was nothing to be seen but the smile on her face, and the flower buds, the high level hedge, and the brown gate, half open, as though in readiness for his departure.

Her astonishment only increased the girl's merriment, so that it was some minutes before she could answer. While they were standing by the path a dogcart was driven by it, its occupants being the village doctor and his groom. The former looked hard at the little group by the door, and then he turned to his hat, but refraining on seeing that he was unnoticed.

"I beg your pardon, Cecilia, recovering her gravity; but you do look so funny. Your coat is covered with green from the woodwork, and you were putting on such a sentimental expression."

"I wasn't aware that to have a few patches of green on one's clothes made me so interesting to the people," said Cecilia, dear, I am engaged to be married."

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FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.  
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He is coming again this afternoon, as I told him you would most likely be in there. Whatever can he wish to see me for? I can't imagine. Her aunt's tone was so odd that at last Cecilia raised her eyes. "Poor aunt! She thinks he is in love with her!" said Cecilia, who had flashed into her mind, and her cheeks became rosy as her lips trembled. "How can she, when he is twenty-four and she six-and-thirty?" "Now, if it had been the doctor," said Miss Pellham, with ponderous attempt at looking arch, "I should have said he was coming to ask you a very important question?" "For shame!" said Miss Tilt. "Sophia, how can you? Poor Mr. Parry! What a shame to put such ideas into one's head."

"Oh, I'm sure!" she exclaimed, struck with dismay, as she remembered his frequent visits to her aunt's house. "My dear girl! He is years older than I am. He must be at least thirty-eight." "I don't mind not smiling when Miss Tilt made this announcement, but she had had work to keep her rebellious mouth straight. That afternoon Cecilia went to the house where Mr. Parry lived some two miles away. As she was returning she met Murchison. "No, Miss Redding. The truth is I nearly ran over you just now, which makes me feel that I should, through you appear to regard it as an incident of no importance."

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"Don't!" he said, quickly. "It isn't like you, Cecilia! It is the greatest mistake that a man could make, if he is seriously, if not fatally, injured! Don't be so flippant, for heaven's sake!" "I will say good-afternoon now, and I have to go," said Cecilia, who extended her hand, anxious to get away before the tears that had started up at his grave, reprovingly started into her eyes, and she had caught the gleam under her dropped lids.

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THE SPINGS OF THE RISING SUN.  
Simplic is in the Garden of Eden—The Japanese at Home.

A Yeddo (Japanese) correspondent writes: "The Land of the Rising Sun has been visited by many foreigners during the past fifteen years, and no one has yet been disappointed in what he has found either in the people or the country."

Many have an idea that the Japanese and Chinese are much alike, but they are totally different in their character and habits of life. The Chinese are simple and unadorned, the Japanese are refined and cultivated.

My first trip into the interior, after being a year in the country, was to the hot springs of Ikaru—the Sarutogus, near the town of Yeddo. I had previously engaged rooms at the best hotel. The first day I formed some pleasant acquaintances, and the second day I was introduced to the Japanese who occupied the adjoining rooms, who were a former governor of Yeddo, or Tokio (one of the handsomest women I ever saw), and a young man who was an officer in the army.

When cooking you often burn your fingers or other parts of your body, and it is a great mistake that a morning walk in the open air, before breakfast is healthy; the malaria which rests on the earth about sunrise in summer, when taken into the lungs and stomach, are equally dangerous, and that large part of our most refined society consists of delicate flatulency, and often the one who can dissemble in the most perfect manner a legal divorce. Until their ideas are changed and women are restored to her true place in society, these people can never be a goodly and progressive nation as they desire.

Some of the best medical minds in the world, men who have spent a quarter of a century in the study of the dead, state as to this important, every-day fact, that few people die, after forty, who have not in the lungs, and often in the liver, some of the most virulent germs, and that the blood is to be chilled, and thus renders the system susceptible of taking cold, and a great many of our deaths are the result.

"The Fortunes of the Barings." The Barings have been among the most illustrious and successful families of German stock. There is a kind of ecclesiastical favor about them. Their English founder was a Brunen pastor, settled in a German village, who was married to the niece of an English archbishop. One of his descendants became bishop of Durham.

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TERMS: \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.  
A Ghostly Business.

"The Trade in Skulls and Skeletons—The Demand for Both Increasing, and Prices Advancing."

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Sweet Day.  
Bliss, sweet Day, for thou art fair,  
Fair, and full, and calm;  
Content, through all thy golden hours,  
With Love's brightest, richest flowers,  
Brought in Fall's muffled power,  
Blissed in Hope's pure bloom.

Bliss, what changes and changes may wait.  
As you glide away.  
Now is all so glad and bright;  
Now we breathe in sure delight;  
Now we are all so glad and bright;  
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Savage Atrocities. A Missionary's Account of a Ghastly Scene Witnessed by Him in Africa.

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