

Written Poems.
There are poems written and songs sung
Sweeter than any that was ever heard;
Poems that will for angel tongues,
Songs that long for a paradise bird.

Poems that rippled through lowliest lives,
Poems unmet, and hidden away
Down in souls, where the beautiful shines
Sweetly as flowers in the arms of May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold
Felt, though unseen by the beings who love
Written on lives all in letters of gold.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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Man's Mortality.

Like a daisy rose you are,
Or a blossom on a tree,
Or like the daisy flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade;
Or like the good, which is made;
Even such is man, whose there is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so done.
The rose withers, the blossom blazeth,
The waiting for the morning's dawn,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The good consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearl drop in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of the swan,
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is down, the dew's ascended,
The pearl is short, the span is done,
The swan's dear death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a bubble,
Or like the bubble in the hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream,
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble out, the loaf is gone,
The thought is past, the dream is done,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,
Or like a swift course of water flow,
Or like a beam of light, or like a star,
Or like the arrow's tender bow,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the chain of the mill wheel,
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time soon past, the beam soon bent,
The beam soon dim, the mill soon done,
The arrow soon, man's life is done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a spark that quick doth die,
Or like a quiver in the hand,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like a year, or like a span,
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The lightning's past, the spark soon spent,
The quiver soon, the journey soon,
The quiver soon, the span soon done,
The lightning soon, man's life is done.

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had been always going to make a fortune, and who had at last in Australia done it. He had gone there when Nell and Kate were children, so all they knew of him was that he was very rich and was ever sending presents to relatives and handsome to the ladies.

"Supposing, as Jack and I are opponents, he were to adopt us?" she pondered. "At any rate, if he be so rich he will have to take care of his children."

"The train will be the 1.30, no doubt," he said, looking at his watch. "I will be waiting for you at the door."

"Welcome to England! Welcome home, Jeff!" cried the merchant, writing his card.

"The welcome and congratulations were echoed all around. They clustered about him like bees about a hive."

"What do you mean, Jeff?" demanded the merchant.

"That the speculation in which I foolishly engaged, all Georgia, was but a bubble. It burst a week before I started for home. It has ruined hundreds."

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It was a great surprise and disappointment to most at Monkbourn, particularly to Mrs. Grashaw, who, however, was composed enough to give Kate and Nellie as chief bridesmaids.

"Years have passed; children's happy voices make up for the air of Beethoven, and rise up to Uncle Jeff's ears, often summoning him to the window. He is still 'high and dry' as Uncle Jeff said, but he has not felt so for decades."

Subjugating Animals.
In Hiloastan snake-charming is a branch of a business that includes horse-breaking, rat-catching, monkey training and a variety of other things.

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THE CITIES OF THE UNION.

City	Population
New York	1,000,000
Philadelphia	842,710
Boston	600,000
Chicago	500,000
St. Louis	400,000
Pittsburgh	300,000
Cincinnati	250,000
San Francisco	200,000
Portland	150,000
Baltimore	100,000
San Antonio	80,000
San Diego	70,000
San Jose	60,000
San Francisco	50,000
San Francisco	40,000
San Francisco	30,000
San Francisco	20,000
San Francisco	10,000

Scientific Notes.
Recent experiments go to prove an excess of velocity of blue over red light.

Tracking a Murderer.
The Chicago correspondent of the Courier-Journal could not help but hear the story that follows, because he was waiting for a horse to be sold, to vacate a barber chair, one day.

For the Ladies.
The remarkable types of Nihilist women are well known. There is a French woman, whose self-inflamed terrorism, was the most modest of her sex.

Beauties of a Florida Forest.
The spring season is the most favorable time for viewing Florida scenery. The magnolia then wears its regal crown of creamy white—the queen of flowering trees.

A Norwegian Table.
The Norwegian writes a correspondent are not epicures, not even the best of the good things.

Stolen Bank Notes.
It is not a good thing to be associated with the holder of a genuine bank note that when he chances to be a bank robber.

The Antism of Work.
The world likes heartiness and earnestness. These will often compensate for the lack of other sterling qualities.

Statistics show that women commit suicide most frequently on Sunday.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Cardinal Newman is a gentleman in one who never inflicts pain; then no dentist can be a gentleman.

"What is the iron rule?"
Answer: The rule of average man. If it is done unto you, it will be done unto you.

"What is the golden rule?"
Answer: The rule of righteous man. If it is done unto you, it will be done unto you.

"What is the silver rule?"
Answer: The rule of the world. If it is done unto you, it will be done unto you.

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