

MOUNTAINEER'S PRAYER.

Gird me with the strength of Thy steadfast hills!
The speed of Thy streams give me!
In the spirit that calms, with the life that thrills,

DOLLY DEVOLL'S LOVER.

Hall came slowly down stairs, and looked in at the parlor door.
Demure little Dolly sat by the window, sewing away as busily as possible.
She looked up with a bright smile, and a brighter blush.

than a man's hand, the faint shadow of Miss Bruce's inadvertent words might have faded quite away in the full glory of wedded sunlight had not a most unexpected event occurred.
Not only was she a strikingly handsome woman, but she was also an old friend of Mr. Dempster's.

ever, in his own integrity, and Dolly's devotion, that he never avoided her in the least; so one evening, when most of the boarders were enjoying an unusual musical treat at the city hall, and Dolly was so seriously indisposed as to be confined to her room, he settled himself to a solitary tea-table with Mrs. Nelson without any misgivings.

that by this time you have amply atoned for these indiscretions of speech, and are in a frame of mind to thank me for showing you the natural instability of your character, and opening the eyes of your lady love.

Wild Indians of Niagara Falls.
Mark Twain says: The noble red man has always been a friend and darling of mine. I love to read of his inspired sagacity, and his love of the wild free life of mountain and forest, and his stately, metaphorical manner of speech, and his chivalrous love for the dusky maiden, and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrements.

bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missing it by a hair's-breadth every time.
At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush, and put a pipe in his mouth, and lit a match, and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match, while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind.