

OUR DEAD.

Nothing is our own: we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled;
One by one life robs us of our treasures;

THE COLONEL'S SECOND WIFE.

"What! her dowry ten thousand and
her age under eighteen! You are a
lucky dog, Hewett! Of course it's a
love match?"

preposterous," and the Colonel unsteadily
drummed the table with his fingers.
"Something must be done," he said,

Had he put his hand out, he could
have stayed the tempest. But that was not
his plan. Let her go beyond recall and
forgiveness, that was what he thought.

chased by the flames.
In the Autumn of 1855, John Rolfe
was one of a party of surveyors
engaged in the government survey of

or diminishing the distance between
them and the fire, until through the
smoky fog, and not more than half a

Running, Walking and Jumping.
The greatest distance ever run in one
hour is eleven miles, 570 yards, by Deer-