

THE PAST.

Into the moonlight of the past, To silence deep subsiding, Present, with its uproar loud, Forevermore is gliding...

FOUND.

A trim New England kitchen, with its floor of knotty pine boards scoured to a snowy whiteness, the red brick hearth reflecting back the gleam of the crackling log...

"Bliss me, how the time does go!" said Miss Jemima. "And it don't seem as if I accomplished nothing..."

"I know 'I'm a deal o' trouble, Jemmy," said the old man apologetically. "but I try not to make any more than I can help..."

"He'll be right down vexed, though," thought the spinster, "when he knows I've sold them these packets of Virginia tobacco..."

"Come out," pursued the unconscious George, "and wanted me to buy a lot of tobacco. Well, tobacco wasn't exactly in my line..."

"Where are you going, Ellen Dennison?" "To get some tobacco for Uncle Eben."

"Where ain't none left," she said, "there is, in the packet he brought from Norfolk in the Lively Sally."

"But I tell you there ain't!" reiterated Miss Jemima. "I sold it yesterday—to a peddler that came along. He gave me five dollars for it."

"You sold it?" Miss Jemima nodded her head defiantly. "Yes, I sold it, and you needn't stare at me as if I'd committed a State-prison offense..."

"I've sold it!" quoth Miss Jemima, putting her arms akimbo. "You've—sold—my tobacco! My blue Virginian brand?"

"Then," said Ebenezer, with a sort of stony calmness, "you've just got five dollars for a pack of the best Blue Virginian tobacco that was ever put into a pipe bowl..."

Miss Jemima's lower jaw dropped. "Sakes alive! why didn't you tell me on it, Ebenezer Buxford?"

"Because I didn't choose," said the old man bitterly. "I'm sorry on Ellen's account. I meant she should have money of her own, but as for you, Jemima, I'm free to say that I believe it serves you right!"

Miss Jemima sank, rather than sat down on a low chair by the table, letting her head fall into her hands. To the gripping, avaricious old woman, to whom a dollar seemed a bright idol to be worshipped and bowed down before...

"I know 'I'm a deal o' trouble, Jemmy," said the old man apologetically. "but I try not to make any more than I can help."

"No, you don't neither!" snapped Jemima. "I ain't no patience with your old pipe and your everlastin' smoke, smoke, smokin', till we all smell like an old bar room, and there ain't a curtain in the house that don't tell its own story..."

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"I might as well quit livin', Jemmy," said the old man apologetically. "but I try not to make any more than I can help."

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The money into my hands, for he always intended it to be mine, George!" "And I," said George Stapleton, "believe in the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction!"

Bethlehem.

A traveler in the Holy Land says: Bethlehem, containing about 6,000 inhabitants, is located on the brow of a hill, and may be classed as a rather imposing place for Palestine.

The inhabitants are mostly "Christians," the Jew Moslems who live here having been detailed in 1875 to guard the Church of the Nativity, and maintain peace, if possible, between the Latins, Greeks and Armenians.

"Yes, I have; and where's the harm, I'd like to know? I wasn't going to have it clutterin' up my cupboard no longer! I've sold it for five dollars."

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Haunting Over the Sea.

A stormy sea on every side, nothing to stand on but a ledge of slippery rock, barely six inches wide, the tide rising higher every moment, night coming on, no help within reach, and not a living soul in sight...

In the short lived brightness of Summer, when two whole months are one long day, during which the sun never sets, even the remotest islands of the far North make a charming picture.

How I had got into the scrape is easily told. One of those deceitful spells of fine weather, which in these high northern latitudes too often mislead even an experienced traveler in thinking the Spring storms fairly over, had set in two or three days before.

Had the sea been calm, I could have swam ashore in half a dozen strokes; but Captain Webb himself would have had no chance among the furious waves that made the very cliff tremble with blows, and dashed up the foam as high as the ledge on which I stood.

The strongest man on earth could not have leaped across the gulf that yawned between me and the main headland; and even had the leap been possible, a cat could not have found footing on the grim precipice beyond.

To escape seemed impossible; to stay where I was until the rising waves swept me off the rock would be slower but an equally certain death.

Suddenly a thought struck me. I knew that the cliffs of the northern islands, constantly saved away by lashing waves, often beetle over so as to make the distance between their tops less than a fourth of what it is lower down.

But just then I was startled by a harsh, horrible cry close beside me, which I had heard too often not to know at once for the shriek of the northern raven.

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was still to come. Scarcely had I made good my footing when I caught sight of a man who, seated close to the edge of the precipice, appeared to be taking a sketch of the surrounding scenery.

One glance was quite enough for the dismayed artist. Down went pencil and drawing block, and away he flew, with such amazing speed that I could hardly see which way he went.

Baneroff, the Historian. Baneroff, the historian, is one of the most noticeable figures in Washington society. The remarkable preservation of his vigor at the advanced age of 84 years, is what makes him the most interesting.

This is a picture of him as I saw him the other day. He sat in a low, easy pony platoon drawn by a stout black horse, wearing a plain, unornamented harness.

Mr. Baneroff leads a very regular life, and as he has always taken a great deal of outdoor exercise, it is not hard to account for his long life.

Safe—but what next? Except that I was now beyond the reach of the tide I seemed to be not a whit better off than before.

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Just at the moment that all hopes of saving the terrier were given up, the bark of a dog in the crowd attracted attention, and there appeared upon the stringer in front of the wharf, a large Newfoundland.

Upon landing his burden on terra firma, the Newfoundland gave two or three sharp barks, and seemed to be proud of what he had done.

One of the witnesses of the strange sight, patting the Newfoundland dog, said: "This dog is mine, and I would not take one thousand dollars for him at this moment."

A Story of the West.

About 11 P. M., on 15th, Patrolman Eugene Cissy was returning from the western beat to the station when his watchful eye detected a vessel's light through the mist in close proximity to the eastern end of Maccoom R. P.

The men quickly gathered, and ascertaining what of their apparatus would be necessary hastened to the station and hauled the handcart rapidly to the spot.

Fully Patrolman Williams, selecting a smooth time, rushed down with a hand line and succeeded in leading it safely upon the bow.

That woman under favorable conditions may become the perfect equal of man has been demonstrated, and the following is only a new instance in proof of the above statement.

The Line Cossacks of the Terek, a river falling into the Caspian Sea, are the descendants of immigrants who came to the Caucasus during the reign of Ivan the Terrible.

These immigrants were transformed into Cossacks, and, becoming half farmers and half warriors, became men, being in constant war with the Caucasian mountaineers, were obliged to leave the cultivation of their gardens and fields to their wives and daughters.

All able-bodied Cossacks are enlisted in the irregular cavalry, and spend nearly half their lives in military duty.

The women do all the work, and the consciousness that the welfare and prosperity of the entire household is acquired and maintained solely by their exertions makes them very influential.

The use of terra-cotta tiles for the roofing of buildings is now advocated by engineers of the highest repute in place of slate and other popular materials.

The tiles are very light, owing to the rectangular holes traversing them longitudinally, but recent experiments have shown that they are capable of bearing the enormous pressure of 394 pounds per square foot, and, when protected from blows by a thin sheathing, furnish one of the best materials available for the floors of large structures.