

A THOUGHT.

It fell at night upon a rooking world, As sinks through glooms of eve a falling star...

FORTUNE'S FROWNS AND SMILES.

Mrs. Briggs had made a mistake. She owned a ranch, herself. And a mistake must be very patent, indeed, before Mrs. Briggs would own to it...

is filled up; and it's very hard to get work anywhere at this time of year. The doctor said I ought to stay a year at least in the country; but Mrs. Briggs has got another girl and—

left all his money to the Gattawooche Indian Mission, as he always said he would. But he was my uncle after all.

thirteen and seven are twenty; and nine—oh, dear me! I wonder what that noise in the basement hall is! It sounds just like some one crying.

was, as she poured the decoction of fragrant Young Hyson into her great grandmother's china cup, decorated with butterflies and oblong scrolls of gilt and violet!

Few conditions of life can be more dreary than that of the fathers of Saint Bernard. A pitiless winter of eight months in the year, and the scene that stretches around their abode very confined, having little of the grandeur of most Alpine views in so elevated a site.