## 


 sthe Mine Mayor of Cindinnation on roilce
refused to
The ocogive
Poile
Comminisionen







 tort and gaveno of cheses between Zuker
in a draw, onith the sth. Louis, resulted


















 Chookren
Captan
Mexico.

## 


 recommend ing that
toward a new builing.
Seatle, Wuathor trouble in reported ai






|  | aid of an Amencean Exposition to be held in London in May next was re ported adversely. The Halr Gallo Tax bill was considered in Committe of the Whole, and Mr. Findlay, <br>  lowed on the silver side. after which the comm <br> In the House on the 10th Mr. Blan tions expressing sorrow for the death were adopted and the House adjourned <br> FOOD FOR THOUGHT. |
| :---: | :---: |

## Do not herald the sacrinces you make to each other, tastes, habits or prefer-

Let ally our mutual aceommodatione
be spontaneous, wholevolled and free
as alt.

Jot amusement III up the chinks of
youreof.
thence, but not the great spaces
Viturer reaures no other recompense
than the tribute of self-approbation and respecte ed so ther rosary whose thread
ot neees sis strung with beads of love and
thought. ond
onoen is never conscientious during
actionc only the lookeron has a con-
In themper and smoke are about equal
in their rebility to drive a man out of
the house.
Yousean no more get good by doing
evil han you can get wool from a hy
draultic ram.
To know how to listen is a great art
it $\begin{aligned} & \text { it } \text { trom kow how to gain } \\ & \text { trom } \\ & \text { instruction }\end{aligned}$
A hesstating or grum yielding to the
wispee or the other always grates upon
a loving heart










 lis pentilen.
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nothane
nothing


 muct, but in in b
we mese
alwass enough
Hit







Sil

## 

 every one that happens to to herfriends a judgement, is not dead yet.
Men are like an old-fashioned country Men are like an old-fashioned country
wagon When it is loaded everthin
seems to work well and smoothyly, bi seems to work well and swounly.
When it has nothing in it it trattlos wit
a noise that can be heard for miles. No man has come to true greatness
who has not fett in omome degree that his
life belongs to his race, and that what
God gave him, He gives him for man-
kind. A man may be in heaven long before
he goes there, ana a man may be per-
fectly sure that there is a hell here,
even when the is dophte fectly sure that inere
even when heal about the one,
hereater.
 to read Latin.
I could never divide myself from an
man upon the difference of an opinion



$\left\lvert\, \begin{aligned} & \text { though she wore an in-made dress, } \\ & \text { She had small feet, and her long, } \\ & \text { slender hands sought the green ribbons } \\ & \text { of her hat with a gesture }\end{aligned}\right.$ Iife. Oh, Louisel Loutel 12 son
Ioved mel "It is very good," sala Leonce to
himself. "I never expressed a note himself. "I never expressed a note
more suitably. Now the question is
how to convey It to my lady. The
simplest way is tit beot, of course. IIII
put it under the door into her room simplest way is the best, of course. Ill
put tit under the door into her room.
But where is her room? That is the question."
He then began to smoke a cigar, at-
tentive, powever, to every sound in the tentive, bowever, to every sound in the
house, He had not long to walt, he
soon heard light steps in the passage, the rustle of a robe; he rose quickly,
and opened bis door with the greatest and opened bis door with the greatest
caution, just in ilime to see Loulsette's
delicate figure enter a room on the left at the end of the gallery.
Our hero allowed a elapse, and then, stepping mikents ata,
visited the door through which Louis ette had disappeared, and adroitly
slipped under that door the letter he shiped ander
had prepared.
"Good""
"Good"" he thooght; "my letter
will be the first thing she sees in the Then he went to bed, humming
tune, and slept the sleep of the just. At seven the next morning he wae
awakened by a very lively sensation in his arm, as if it had been tightly
grasped by iron pincers. Standing by
his bed and holalng his arm was a sort his bed and holaling his arm was a sort
of giant, fully six feet tall, with the
frame of Polyphemus, only this Cycleps bane two Holyphememus, only this Cycleppe
bases which were
flashing fire; and be had a loud, hoarse,
giter "Get up, Parisian!" sald he. "I am VVery weill", said Leonce, half
asleep and completely stupefied; "what sut to other lifted him by the arm,
like a feather, and set him in the mid"What does this mean?" cried "This means that I am going to cut
our throat, Parislan!" "But what for?"
Noexplanations!" howled the giant
Yes; but-" follow me!"
Van der Veide, seizing Leonce by the
arm, dragzed him after him down arm, dragzed him after him down
retired stairway to a deserted street. At the end of a few seconds he knocked
at the door of a house and entered with Leonces still in tow.
Leonnce found himself in the prosence of four men. who were introduced to
him, two an his wn withesses, and twe as those of Van der Veide, and whe
were all acquainted with the cause of
the duel, as Van der Veide explainod.
"BBe" "But," objected Leonce, "men do no
aght thus, without a motive-" you are a, was brave enough, and dik
Leonce was
not allow Van der Veide to tinish hin "I follow you, sir," be sald quickly.
At the end of a few moments' walk
they cane to a little grove. One of the they carne to a little grove. One of the
witnesses carried the swords. The four
nitnesses chose a spot, and set the giant witnesses chose a spot, and set the gian
and the young man in their placos.
Leonce was a very pretty fencer, a Leonce was a very pretty rencer, an
parried the Arst blows succossfully, even
scratching his adverers The Cyclops, furious at his wound,
alling on Leonce with the force of a wild bull, pierced the young man's arm
through and slighty wounded him in to the earth. Veide rushed to his side,
Van der Ver
and examined his hurt with anguish. Nexamined his hurt with anguish.
"Maladroit that $I$ am!" he cried in a trembling tone; "I meant only to tonch
his arm, and his breast is wounded"" Leonce held out his hand,
"Why the devil, then, do "Why the devil, then, do you write
ove letters to my wife?". ened Van
der Veide. "And what a silly action
of throw the letter into her room! I to throw the letter
picked it up myself."
"What") murmured
$\qquad$ your wifel You the husband of a girn
of seventeen! Well,
you; y your wife is the threttiest blondate I ever saw.",
"Blonde!

wife, which is the bost fortune 1 eas
wifh you!

