

Remotely Akin.

Our friends are like the buttercups That turn plain fields to gold With bounty manifold; While Love is like the sweet wild rose Which fills a hidden place With fragrance, color, grace; Nor yet the dower scorns Of beauty's country thorns.

A FAMILY FEUD.

"There!" said I, "how do you like the way I have rendered that red autumn leaf?" "It's capital!" said Simon, absently. Now, I can always tell my brother Simon's tone exactly whether he is attending or not. And this time he was not!

used to fancy that she looked at me by times, with a curious, icy gaze as I went to and fro. "Hush!" I said, suddenly, to myself, with a tin tube of ultra-marine in my hand; "there are footsteps down stairs. Somebody is moving about there."

they had made an inprokupt couch for me with two old packing-boxes and a scarlet plush in way rug. And mamma was crying and declaring that she did not know what she should have done if it had not been for Rudolph Battersley's kindness and presence of mind.

Part of Wall street is not Wall street at all. Down by the ferry, around Front and Water streets, there is no stock and bond flavor whatever. Things down there smack of China, of Java, of Brazil and of Cuba, but of nothing nearer home.

—Pompadour silks are recommended for dressy frocks for young girls. —The safest colors for cheap portieres are olive-green and brick-red. —Fine woolen tissues are streaked with silk of a lighter shade, forming stripes or squares, and a small pattern of silk dots, clover-leaves, or small flowers of silk, imitating embroidery in relief, is scattered all over upon the dark ground.

—Tanner's Vernette trotted a mile, in 2.25 and repeated in 2.23 on the 11th. —The belle is gaming ground that Kingston will not start for the Withers stakes. —The little pacer Seventy-six wears no boots or toe-weights and is a very good actor.