

THE CALM THAT COMES AT EVENING.

There's a calm that comes at evening. When the weary day is o'er. That was soothing as the lullaby...

A Man of Mystery.

By Dan O'Connell.

One moist and windy morning in January, when passing a frame building on Ellis street, where a large force of carpenters were at work...

ing house. However, at ten minutes to the hour of dining, I rung the bell of a large, old-fashioned house, dingy and neglected-looking to a degree...

ken unawares, fought desperately for his life, calling loudly for assistance the meanwhile. Pooled in his blood-thirsty attempt, the stranger, with a loud yell and clashing his hands above his head...

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS. TWO LITTLE BOYS. A little bad boy with a little cross face Came slowly downstairs in the morning...

or jerked himself violently upward by means of his tail. I suppose that these actions had for their object the loosening of the claws and limbs in their sheaths...

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