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The Muses' Boomer.

Somehow, when all life's lessons have been learned, And sun and stars have set, The things which our weak judgments here have spurned, The things we've once grieved with labors wet, We thank us out of life's dark night. As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue; And we shall see how all God's plans were right, And how what seemed repulsive we love most true.

The Story-Teller.

Mrs. Preston's First Quarrel. By OLIVE BELL. At thirty, Charles Preston was a prosperous merchant, doing a flourishing business, in a city out West; and was such a pleasant, upright fellow, that everybody especially old folks and children looked at him with partial eyes.

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cast aside and rushed off to her own room for a good weeping cry. For her old father had been so good to her in her childhood, and over and over again that no other woman had ever had a place in his heart, and here he had been killed by Mrs. Astor, when she was Miss Helen Fanshawe.

"O, how could you—we quarreled about it," cried Lucretia, the tears rolling down her white cheeks. "How could I? Why the devil helped me, child, I envied you—I wanted you to be wicked and miserable like myself. I bought it, and knew it would make mischief between you." Her voice sank low, and she closed her eyes.

Up and down that valley through which Caster made his last charge—along that creek where so many of Reno's men fell dead from their frantic and struggling horses—in the thickets and along the ravines, a shadow lurked day and night.

Fred Douglas, the Marshal of the District of Columbia, made a speech in Baltimore, on Tuesday night, in which he lauded the Washingtonians without giving any speaking of his in the society in that city. Douglas, in his terrible comic style, said: "Washington was not a good city. It had a good many churches, but was one distant from the spot to which their spirit pointed. It had a bad beginning, and never produced any great names; but it was the seat of the slave trade, and the headquarters of its old families made no mark.

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Select Miscellany.

Let Your Neighbor Alone. No people are such a thorough nuisance as those who are perpetually meddling with the business of their neighbors, who are always on the alert for anything suspicious—always ready to believe the worst of everybody. Reader, if you belong to that unfortunate class, we pity you. As it is impossible that you can find out anything that is going on in your vicinity.

Who are the Blessed?

- Blessed is the man who minds his own business. Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so." Blessed is the man who on over on his own bottom when the baby is crying.

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