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cheapest things. But the magic charm of the whole affair was that we had laid aside every penny that was not needed by actual positive want. They have seen my wife lay by her copper, one by one.

LOVE'S LAST GRIP. BY FRANK JOHNSON. Now fare thee well, my own beloved, Death's stamp is on thy brow, His hand has touched thy cheeks, The blooming roses now, Ah! bitter, bitter is the pang, Dark fate has left me, — To know by his side the grave will hide, Thy loving form from me.

Entombed Alive in India. At Agra he was introduced to Lall Singh, in whose garden was discovered the remains of a former residence. Of this he says: "In several of the niches, (in an underground room) were little lamps, such as are burnt upon the tombs of Moslems, and a hookah and a pair of marble chairs were found in this subterranean apartment, of which the sky was now the roof.

MAY. BY LEIGH HUNT. May! thou month of rosy beauty! Month when pleasure is a duty! Month of mirth that mingles kind-ness with the sweetest of the year.

A Disunionist—The Progress of the Nation. Mr. De Bow recently delivered a lecture in Charleston, and one of the public journals of the day says that he spoke of "disunion as the haven of our rest, and our ark of refuge."

TALENTS. Since the day when, according to the sacred record, the "Talents" was hidden away "under a napkin," and kept useless for any purpose whatever—and doubtless long before the period that that "talent" lay buried—Talents have been abused and wasted and mismanaged, misunderstood or undervalued.

HOW TO EARN A HOME. The other evening I came home with an extra ten dollars in my pocket money that I had earned by odd-hours work. The fact is, that I'm a clerk in a down-town store at a salary of \$800 per annum, and a pretty wife and baby to support out of it.

THE WIFE'S MISTAKE. BY GRAY MARION. It is very beautiful, the history of the 'Wife's Mistake,' and I have no doubt, such cases are not infrequently made for profitable. But let me tell a tale on the other side.

GOOD MEN OUGHT TO BE POLITICIANS. BY GEORGE V. COCHRAN. Does the production of twelve hundred million pounds of cotton fulfill the destiny of this country?

Simply. Among many other definitions, Mr. Webster gives the following to the word simplicity: "Artlessness of mind; freedom from a propensity to cunning or stratagem; freedom from duplicity; sincerity; plainness; freedom from artificial ornament."

Accounts from different sections of the country, South and West, state that the fruit has been seriously injured by the cold weather of last week. The citizens of St. Cloud, Minn., have bought a new press for Mrs. Swisham, to replace the one lately destroyed by the actor.