

ADVERTISEMENTS.

When I see you in the pocket the said money in Spanish dollars without the least delay.

The great-grandfather of the blue-blooded race of Boston or Salem, New York or Philadelphia, a century ago sold needles, and was a peddler in a variety of ways.

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DAY IN ROME.

FROM DAWN TO DARK IN THE ETERNITY.

How to Enjoy the Time—Suggestions to Tourists—Treasures of the Vatican—Night Scenes—The Routine of a Summer's Day Quite Graphically Depicted.

The routine of a day in Rome in summer is something as follows: The stranger wakes gradually and rises from his slotted couch by slow degrees, as he is wont to do.

VERONICA.

Her eyes are depths of dark delight; Her lips, twin roses closely pressed.

In rapture of contented rest, From his bed he rises with a sigh; Her hair, that fell in dusky clouds, The soft black tresses over her shoulders.

The convent walls are high and strong, But far the convent garden flowers, Brighter and more fragrant than the rest, From matins until evening song.

And last to mourn and first to pray In the young nun Veronica.

When her cell she keeps always, As in the tomb for centuries, The sweet, pure, martyred body lay; With heart warm love of matrimony she, "Santa Cecilia," prays for me.

And when at vespers heavenly clear, Her voice rings out above the rest, "Santa Cecilia," sure has been, Say the proud nuns, "our sister dear, As to the noble day of Rome."

No angel came, Veronica, Sang on unto herself alone, Or silent sat in sculptured stone, Or in the choir, or in the choir, Or in the choir, or in the choir.

And gazed up to the impulsive blue, Where not one heavenly face looked through, But youthful blood ran hot and fast, And narrow was the convent wall.

And with a sigh, and with a sigh, And with a sigh, and with a sigh, And with a sigh, and with a sigh, And with a sigh, and with a sigh.

She walks beneath the lily trees, Watching the shadows on the wall, Her eyes are fixed with vague regret; In long nights strange dreams she sees, And wakes in terror, "Must this be the end of my life?"

"Dear saint, who hadst all that I lack— Thy love, thy hope, thy joy—O martyr sweet! By thy dead hands, and straight, dead feet, Now walking so the heavenly track, "Santa Cecilia," come to me!"

Was it a vision? Close beside The stands a Presence in the cell; The white shroud round her limbs that fell, Her hair, her eyes, her face, her face, Her hair, her eyes, her face, her face.

Few of her words, but soft as rain, Down-falling on long thirty soil, Her hair, her eyes, her face, her face, Her hair, her eyes, her face, her face.

Outside the gate the broken air sounds, O Love, how sweet thy treacherous breath! Youth, strong in life, thinks not of death, And her eyes have reached their goal; Earth satisfied, her full soul.

"Santa Cecilia," oft they call, The heavenly singer, human yet, Her hair, her eyes, her face, her face, Her hair, her eyes, her face, her face.

The narrow cell, the convent wall, Or through applauding crowds can hear The nuns' meek voices chanting clear.

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THE REAL INCENDIARY.

Benjamin J. Lansing, LL.D., in N. Y. Independent.

In the very interesting letter of the bright correspondent of the Independent, writing from Washington, which appeared in our issue of May 20th, is the following paragraph: "The British made a little raid upon us in 1814, and one fine morning walked into Washington at one end, while Mrs. Madison fled with her children to the other, with the portrait of her husband, and her trunk, under her arm. The British took things leisurely, and were inclined to be kind to their adversaries and to their property."

The British did not enter Washington until the night of August 24th, 1814. The British entered the city from the north, and the British entered the city from the north, and the British entered the city from the north.

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ONE OF IRELAND'S FINEST.

Michael Davitt, a Man of Mayo, Who has served Nine Years in Prison. Michael Davitt, who ranks among the most popular men, was born in Mayo, Ireland, and he has devoted many years of his life to the solution of the Irish question.

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REMEDIAL.

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

From 145 lbs. to 161 lbs. To the Cuticura Remedies I Owe My Health, My Happiness, and My Life.

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