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Literary.

TWO LIVES IN ONE. A Sister's Story of a Brother. More than fifty years ago, in a village about ten miles south of London, there was in practice as a surgeon, Stephen was thirty-two, I eighteen.

He had no relations but a sister, five or six years older than myself, and well-married and studious man, living some miles apart from his neighbors, and standing almost in a fatherly position towards me. Through the years we had lived together one had thought of his marriage. Thus it was when the evening with them forever, but a few days I had to tell her.

How lovely Maria is! I am never tired of looking at her. "Look at her while you may," said he; "she has not three years to live." It was only too true. She had had that dreadful complaint, aneurism, I think it was—which must carry her off in the flower of her days. Stephen told me that he had consulted the most eminent doctors without getting any hope; and the emotion, rare enough in him, that he displayed, told me that he loved her.

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on. Then came my wedding day. Stephen gave me away, and by his side at the breakfast. He seemed to hang over me more tenderly than ever, as he put me into the carriage and took leave of me.

The last thing I did as I leaned out of the carriage window was to tell him to be sure to be my first visitor in my own home. "No, Margaret," he said, with a sad smile; "say good-bye to me now, my work is done."

Scarcely understanding what he said, I bade him good-bye. And was not until years ago, when I had read the letter, that I knew what he meant. It was not his last letter, but his last letter, written in the day-time; but at night I longed sadly for my darlings.

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felt his heart often as he looked at the time-worn dial. "Out again to-night?" said Mrs. Hayes, fretfully, as the husband rose from the tea table and donned his great coat.

"Always the way," murmured Lizzie Hayes, sitting back upon a sofa, "I shall be in early; have light in the library. Good night!" and with a careless nod, William Hayes left the room.

"How late is it, Rachel?" "Six o'clock, mother. Are you better, now?" "Yes, but my head aches still." "I will come and bathe it for you, mother, when I have finished this piece of work."

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The Revealed Testimony. James Watson Wallace, of the city and district of Montreal, counselor at law, being sworn upon the Holy Evangelist, doth depose and say: I am the same James Watson Wallace who gave evidence on the subject of the St. Albans raid, and whose name appears on page 212 of the printed report of the said case.

From some statistics recently published in reference to Massachusetts, one gets some suggestive facts. Among some figures in relation to births, we are informed that the number of births among purely American parents is somewhat less than the number of native Americans as a whole.

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