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| The panim of labor and the song of love. <br> The times want scholars-acholars who shall shape <br> The doubtiul destinies of dubious years, <br> And land the ark that bears our;country's sood, <br> Safe on some penceful Ararat at last. | Kings |  |  |  |  |
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| The age wants teroes-heroes who shall dare To struggle in the solid ranks of truth; To elutch the monster error by the throat To bear opinion to a lottier seat; To blot the ara of oppression out,And lead a universal freedom in. |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | interest. On the last day of Kingston's visit he took a farewell stroll with agatha. They stopped on a little rustic | $\begin{aligned} & \text { gnd } \\ & \text { and } \\ & \text { adm } \end{aligned}$ |  |  | in this country, is wholily due to the int that pork is rare. y eaten here until it is cooked. If we were in the habit of |
| And heaven wanta souls-tresh and capacious sools, |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| souls <br> reptures, and expand like flowers Beneath the glory of its central sun <br> It wants fresh souls-not lean and shriveled <br> ones; <br> It wants fresh souls, my brothers-give it <br> thine! |  |  |  |  |  |
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| If thou, indeed, wilt act as man should act; If thou, indeed, wilt be what scholars should; If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive <br> Thy feet at last shall stand on jasper floors, <br> Tby heart at last shall seem a thousand hearts, Wech single heart with myriad raptures flled- <br> Kach single heart with myriad raptures niled- While thou shalt sit with princes and with <br> kings, |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul. -Anson G. Chester. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| The Two Miss Amberleys. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Within the vinc-elad window two charming eirls, in the severely ample |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| attire that fashion prescribes for traveling. Without, a long, well-knit, maseutine figure lies perdu in the grass, face invisible, being covered by the owner'shat. To him there saunters another gentleman, dark, stylish, wide-awake. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| "omething totell you." And he unkindly draws awey the sheltering hat, disclosing a handsome, angry face. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| pester a fellow so in this warm disconsolately |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| "Did I spoil your nap? Have a cigar, instead. I wanted totell you of the new heiress, with her cousin and companion. Theres's a chance for you to get a rich wite, my boy!" |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| " Don't want one. Hang this cigar. adon't draw! A poor man like myself |  |  |  |  |  |
| ean't afford to marry s rich wife." <br> "I should say that he couldn't afford to marry anything else," laughed the |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| other, "and Aggie Amberley is a beanty as well ss an heiress. You don't often neet snch a rrize!"' |  |  |  |  |  |
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| "You had better make up to her sourself," said Kingston, dryly. |  |  |  |  |  |
| Perhaps I shall, and leave you the |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | The Countess de Tilly, tried at Saintes, |  |
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| "Humph P " said Kingston, and smoked a tew minutes in silence; then be broke | tea |  |  |  |  |
| out: "The man that marries a woman |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| that crawls on this earth! You have money enough of your own, Preston, for your motives to be above suspicion, |  |  |  |  |  |
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| nary ar if I loved her ever so well! I've no fancy for the name of fertune-hunter." |  |  |  |  |  |
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| "Bravo, Don Quixote!" laughed hi triend. "Now, suppose we go and take a swim. You need some cooling off." |  |  |  |  |  |
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| They strolled away, unconscious of ey watching them. <br> Then said one young lady to the |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Then said one young lady to the otber: $\qquad$ woman my name's not Argie Amber. 0 " ${ }^{5}$ |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Af few days later Mrs. Courtney and aer guests were grouped on the lawnthe ladies with some dainty needle- | a) lee |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| them; Harry Kingston in his favorite position, fat on his back in the grass, corking at a certain probiem whict |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| hed been troubling him for some daysWhich was Aggie Amberieyp aim lilies on her bosom, or this grace |  | the cut ends by repeated |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| hal, dark-hnired falry in fluttering white molin? | $b$ |  |  |  |  |
|  | mere annoyances in houses, the most |  |  |  |  |
| ${ }^{*}$ The fair-haired one for money! She boks more like a fashionable beauty, |  |  |  |  |  |
| Jhm Preston said the heiress was. Not that charming little gypay. Providence with such a bewitching face. It would |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | Thas, expense being collected...... 10 |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| te 100 much partiality. But she don't sok much like a poor relation either. dive a good deal to hear one of those |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| sonag ladies call the other by her Chris name." |  |  |  |  |  |
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| hwve you a needleful of violet silk p" Said the dark Miss A mbeley. "No |  |  |  |  |  |
| Agate; but I can ket you some trom up. <br> Harry fairly gavped. <br> raloed he learned diant the blonde was mollod Agnees and the brunette Agatha. sertha dressed more simply than her conin and that she was al ways ready soterer smail services which the other young lady expresed it as her opinion and riches must be a great burden, almets mind for finaneral But for her martone. |  |  |  |  | (tec came into the editiorbroom withs, |
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