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Selected Poetry. GOING HOME. Where are you going so fast, old man, Where are you going so fast?

Selected Tale. THE MINISTER'S SANDY AND JESS. (CONCLUDED.) Jess made no reply till the minister was up, and her mother began to press her.

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do you not stand up for Sandy? He is your son, and you liked him with reason, twice as well as your daughter. I would not suffer my father's tyranny.

For some time after her mother's death, Jess was thrilled with a nervous expectation that Sandy would "cast up" as she expressed it, in the gloaming of any day, to take his part in their mourning.

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visitors with a cordial recollection of summer weeks spent by her and her old maid servant in the country quarters at Clovenford, and attended them to the Assembly, where the minister procured the party's admission.

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had emerged from a knot of gentlemen who were making the circuit of the room and an examination of the pictures with the ease of free-masonry of privileged professional frequenters of the place.

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own way with Jess Stewart, and finding it intoxicating, went on at a fine pace. But first he had the grace to tell her how Sandy was spoken of among artists, of what promise he was held, and to point out some of the portrait painters Jess had seen at Woodend.

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THE POWER OF THE HEART.—Let any one while setting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right one, and permit it to hang freely, abandoning all muscular control over it.

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been in the wrong. But who says she's blind? She has gone where faith is right, and where she knows the end from the beginning, and she has her share of the knowledge. I warrant she sees farther than any of us.

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Not so very long ago, in a certain Baptist church whose members were not exactly a unit on the subject of immersion.

POETRY OF LABOR. Toil swings the axe, and forests bow, The seeds break out in radiant bloom, Rich harvests smile behind the plow,

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ. A justice, better versed in law than gospel, married a couple in this way: "Hold up your hands. You solemnly swear that you will faithfully perform the duties of your office, jointly and severally, according to your best skill and judgment, so help you God. That's all, fee one dollar."

A LITERAL FACT.—"Didn't you tell me you could hold a plow?" said the farmer to the fishman he had taken on trial. "Be easy, now," says the fishman. "How could I hold it an' two horses pullin' it away? Just stop the creatures and I'll hold it for you."

IDENTITY.—Identity is the dead sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self-made sepulcher of a living man. The idle man is the devil's realm whose lively devils and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

A French writer, describing the trading powers of a genuine Yankee, says: "If he was eastward on a desolate island, he'd get up next morning and go around selling maps to the inhabitants."

PRENTICE SAYS GIRLS WILL DIFFER. One of them lately broke her neck in trying to escape being kissed, and a great many of them are ready to catch their necks to get kissed.

A LAND SPECULATOR, in describing a lake on an estate in Cumberland, says it is so close and so deep that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

A WESTERN "LOCAL" acknowledges the gift of "two bouquets smiling in their paper frills as do girls' faces within their lace night caps." That man is too imaginative to be kept on prosaic items.