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Poetry: A Farewell.

Farewell, days, and months, and years; Farewell, thoughts, and hopes, and fears; Farewell, old delight and woe; Farewell, self of long ago; In the old familiar place Time sped on at slower pace-- Past recall indeed you lie, Days, and months, and years gone by, Shut us out forevermore.

Select Tale: That One Dollar Bill.

How it did rain that November night. None of your undecided showers, with hesitating intervals, as it were, between; none of your mild, persistent patterings on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge, a rush of angry drops and a thunder of opening floods!

Mrs. Prattlet hesitated. "He looks so pinched and cold and wretched, Josiah. He says there is nobody in the world to let him have a cent." "All the better for him, if he did but know it," sharply enunciated the old Squire. "If he had come to that half a dozen years ago, perhaps, he would not have been the miserable beggar he now is."

ingham, "that he has brought that ere lot down opposite the court-house, and he is going to build such a house as never was." "He must have prospered greatly," observed Mrs. Prattlet. "And his wife she wears a silk gown that will stand alone with its own richness! I can remember when Ruddlelove was nothing but a poor drunken creature."

But, oh, the fate that may be before any babe, before you, before me! Oh, the brightness or the darkness behind the curtain that veils our future and that of those we love! Do the angels know all? Is it written or only to be written? For one thing let us all be thankful; that we do not know, and that there is no means of knowing the life we may live, or the death we must die, or the fate that lies before the children for whom we build our bony air castles.

The doctor arrives at the hospital to make his daily visit of inspection and receives the ticket of a new patient, which reads, "X. musician in German band; pulmonary consumption." He proceeds to the patient's bed side, surrounded by his admiring class.

Thought He Had 'em Again. Sciffles brought his two weeks' spree to a close on Saturday night. He lay on a lounge in the parlor, feeling as mean as sour lager, when something in the corner of the room attracted his attention--Raising on his elbow he gazed steadily at it. Rubbing his eyes, he started again, and as he stared his terror grew. Calling his wife he asked hoarsely:

Cuticura. Treating Humors, Scaly Humors, Blood Humors, itching humors, permanently and economically cured when physicians and all other methods fail. ECZEMA ROIDENT. SALT RHEUM. RINGWORM. MALT BITTERS. A grand combination of Blood, Brain and Nerve Foods.