| N. |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  | me; and then 1 struggled with him. Myteeth were wet fast-my bands clenched, the strangtus of strong man nas in male. 1 seiz |  |  | Thoroughly Dricd Potatocs whi Alway Prodace a Crop Free From Kit. |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | At protesor in, the Russin, Agricuturnitn- |  |
|  |  | me! I did not see in what direction |  |  | Ver inleresting panphilet on titi potitio ot |  |
|  | at seliool, than any one that I ever knew or bedrd of. It was incestant flogging. It was |  |  | Wrben each passing moment is cronned with de- | drying,if condncted at an spyficienity bigh |  |
|  | the best way they knesw of toeducate qui cor- rect me. If renuember to this dna hour hys |  |  |  | spring of 1850 , the professor says hepplaced |  |
|  | tather and iny nixster wesed osese "they would |  |  |  |  | Gontleman you will waitheran |
|  |  |  |  |  | three weeks they wered dri, enoight top phatit |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | Time went on in titic old way. I lyas for- |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | der and a lost froul, for ever and ever." I iurned from the cliff resolutely, and rent |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | All Bollman's siock of pouthesesbeing extuas- |  |
|  |  |  |  | Kind Nature in all her profusion bestows: |  | it he whld mait it, |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | $\stackrel{\text { Flia ofor }}{ }$ |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | While the old frigate Brind yivine tay at en |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | botit uilike, ind both good, and hat toid Jook |
|  |  |  |  |  | mitar, the American Consul, Mre' Sprague, came on board with a man who srished to join |  |
|  |  |  |  | Skerling Old Poerin Who shall judge a man from manners! |  | were narted of, and' 'then the' combtatatis <br>  |
|  |  |  |  | Paupers may be fit for jpinces,Prinees fit for samethine less.Crumpled shirt and dirty jacketMay levetothe the oolden ore |  |  |
|  |  | Libut |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | M:at beclothe the golden ore Of the deepent thonghts nod feelings- <br> Salin vesta couk du no tnore |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | Thery ars springs of erystal dectar <br> Ever wellingsout of ntone; There are purple buds and golden Hidden, crashed and ocergrown. |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | Her, that the tur had some semese to it | hgonist, and takigg a bullet from betwee-: is teeth, he handed it to bim. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | Ifun. npraised abne his rellows. <br> Oh forgets his fellows then; |  | at the ball. It was surely the same one ifhad scen put into the pistol, and now he ha,seen his foeman take it from his mouth. II |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | On forgets his fullows then; Masters-rulerm-lords, remmber |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | Men by thought and men by frame, In a man's enoobling name |  |  |
|  |  |  | ad quiver. Lyer the writing, though the monent I conld not recognize the |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | Thure are fonmembroidered oceans, <br> There are fectle inch-bigh sapliss, | of molys, which he phaced in the purser's hands for safe keeping, but he would tell none |  |
|  |  |  |  | God, whore counts by souts, not stations, <br> For to Him all vain distinctions |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | Ofing hands alone are builders |  |  |
|  |  | thanght if $I$ could save lifo if 1 could allevi- tie euffering ond tring blessiug instend of |  | Fed and fattened on the same, By the sweat of other's foreheads, <br> By the sweat of others forehel fiving only to rejoice, <br> Vainly lifteth ap its roice. |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | silver spring at the end of the butti and truethere were some percussion caps there. $I$ I took out two and haring cspped his owp $p$ tol, he gave it a toss in the, air, catching adroitly as it came down, and then handecback the other to the Spaniard. I liad watch ed Joe most carefully, buth I saw nothing, ou:of tho wat, - and yet he lad changed piotols |
|  |  |  | drew the ganzy drapery round her head. Itfell ibout her: soft and white as foan. I knew not where I had sect her before, Jying |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | Secret wrongz shall never prosper Wlifle there is a sunny right <br> Gid whose roild heard vion in |  |  |
|  |  | wy pasieieys, but by active good among fellow | and love; calling me then to innocence asnow to reconciliation. IIerangel in lier like- |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | Sinks oppression with its titles,As pebbles in the sea. | ing limeself so that his back cane a gainst llie bankk of the spaidrd but he did not notice |  |
|  |  |  | ness had once spoken to me through the waves, as Herbert's spirit now spoke to me in |  | - Our laugh iad jest ran high; and just as <br> Ioe sidid something more shan usually temay. |  |
|  |  |  | ${ }^{\text {Lers }}$ Thisis is his portraity she conitiouel, open. | Mental Enjoyment. <br> "My mind to me a hingdom is." |  |  |
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|  | ouly hidest ioweer, he esw that I was eerious, |  |  |  |  |  |
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