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Select Poetry.

I'M WEARY. I'm weary of life and its battles, Tired of learning so oft That our fairest and sweetest flowers Perish first in the blast of the north; Fall one by one quickly and sure; And not even our loves and our friendships In adversity's wilds will endure.

I'm tired, too, of life's cares, Its quarrels, its fraud, and its strife; And I find in the grave would be lying, If death were the end of life. The friends that I loved and trusted Have faded one by one, And my loved ones too have vanished, Like the mists before the sun.

I once had a darling cousin, "With eyes that were dark and deep;" But oddly the death shades were falling, And she fell 'mid her shadows asleep. I once loved a pretty flower, That gay in a garden smiled; But the winter's chill breath tending, And it faded and drooped and died.

Each thing that I loved and cherished The hopes of my childhood are ended! The hopes of my youth are dead! I dare not love at all; The robins sing in the morning, And the lilies dance in the breeze That, whispering, tosses the ivy, And coquets with the laughing trees.

But into my heart still no echoes! The music of life has fled! The hopes of my childhood are ended! The hopes of my youth are dead! I dare not love at all; The robins sing in the morning, And the lilies dance in the breeze That, whispering, tosses the ivy, And coquets with the laughing trees.

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Chutes and Sketches.

MISSING. "Those are hard things to throw in a man's teeth, uncle, and I shouldn't like to think you meant them all."

So spoke John Birch, the carpenter, as he stood up before the old bird-fancier—tall, sivey and strong, with his handsome face in a hot glow, and a flash of temper in his eyes—a specimen of a fine physical type, showing in marked contrast with a puny, pale young man about his own age, who sat in a corner apparently reading, but in reality intently watching what was going on.

"The harder the better, so that he hit the mark; but what I have said to-night I am ready to say again—aye, and mean them, too."

John Birch had never won much favor from the little, hard-favored young man, who kept the bird shop, and lived there with his pretty grand-daughter. But to-night he had been insulted, and before a witness, between whom and himself there was an open feud, it was as rivals that he met. Tom Bartlett, the soft-spoken school-master, had managed to insinuate himself in the favor of David Birch, and was also striving to supplant the young carpenter in the regard of his cousin Polly. The old man was the first to speak.

"You need not glare at me like that, because I have found out what brings you sneaking round here."

"I never sneak, uncle; that does not belong to the Birches."

"No, it does not, my lad," the old man replied in a slightly mollified tone, adding, "and I am sorry you don't take after them. There's a speck of your mother—"

John Birch interrupted him, saying passionately, "Silence, Uncle David, you have a fortune left him by his mother."

"This to my face! Get out of the house, and never dare to cross my doorstep again till you are sent for, which will be long enough, for I tell you once for all that, if I can hinder it, Polly Carson shall never marry a idle, beggarly fellow; always out of work, who can find nothing better to do than live on his sister's earnings."

This was the stab that cut the keenest of all. The young man's voice quivered as he said: "That is too bad, Uncle David, but I know what feelings you stir in me," and in his excitement he laid his hand on the old man's arm.

At that moment the shy, watchful reader in the corner came forward, and, wifally misunderstanding his intention, thrust himself between them, saying, "Come, no violence, it would be a pity, and I should be sorry; you ought to remember Mr. Birch is your uncle and an old man."

In an instant he found himself put back with just the amount of force which a strong man would feel needful to use in dealing with some puny obstruction which he held in contempt.

"Mind your own business, Tom Bartlett, and don't meddle with mine; it doesn't need your sly tongue to teach what I ought to remember. My uncle is in no danger from me, and you know it." Then turning to the old man he added: "Uncle, I shall not want telling twice to go. I know you bear me ill-will, but I didn't think it was in you to upbraid a man for what is no fault of his; for I defy any one that knows me to say that I ever shirked work when I could get it to do. I am sorry for what has passed to-night, and perhaps you will be before you are many days older," and snatching up his cap, he strode angrily through the shop into the street, without deigning another look at Tom Bartlett, who had snubbed him into his corner, and was once more taking mental note of everything he saw and heard.

To the surprise of the neighbors, David Birch had not taken down his shutters, though it was nearly 11 o'clock; such neglect of business had never occurred before within their remembrance. But a greater marvel still was the circumstance of the old man himself being dressed in his best black suit, which he only wore on important occasions. It was clear that he was going to keep holiday that day, and that something unusual had happened. They would have been convinced of this if they had penetrated to the little back parlor and heard the old man talking in his unworldly flow of spirits.

"Put on thy best gown, Polly, and wear it in honor of the good fortune that is coming to us; thou shalt be dressed in silks, my bonny one."

"I would rather you gave me the money to poor Nellie Birch, grandfather. A shade crossed his face. "Yes, give it to her to support her little brother—not a shilling! It is enough that the will gives it to him after my death, more the pity; if I could keep it from him I would."

"Oh, grandfather!"

Miscellaneous.

What the Grangers Propose to do. The following are main points for which the Patrons of Husbandry are organized:

1. To secure for themselves, through the Granges, social and educational advantages not otherwise attainable, and to thereby while improving their condition as a class, enable farm life, and render it attractive and desirable.

2. To give full practical effect to fraternal ties which unite them in helping and protecting each other in case of sickness, bereavement, pecuniary misfortune, and want and danger of every kind.

3. To secure economy in the buying of implements, fertilizers, and family supplies, and in transportation, as increased profits in the sale of the produce of their labor, without enhancing their cost to the consumer.

4. To make themselves more successful and better farmers and planters, by means of the knowledge gained, the habits of industry and method established, and the quickening of thought induced by intercourse and discussion.

5. To entirely abolish the credit system, in their ordinary transactions, always buying on a cash basis, both among themselves and in their dealings with the outside world.

6. To encourage co-operation in trade, in farming, and in other branches of industry, especially those most intimately connected with agriculture.

7. To promote the true unity of the republic, by drawing the best men and women of all parts of the country together in an organization which knows no sectional bounds or prejudices.

8. To oppose monopolies, in every form.

9. To secure a reduction of the salaries of all office-holders to the lowest point compatible with the public interest and to abolish all unnecessary offices.

10. To preserve the public lands for the use of settlers upon them and to oppose their appropriation to railroads or other corporations.

11. To secure representatives and other public officers who will faithfully devote themselves to the interests of the people and carry out their views, and to prevent the election of mere representatives of corporations and monopolies to office.

12. To resist the attempts of railroads, bankers, brokers and