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THE WONDERFUL CANARY BIRD!

LOVE AMONG THE GRAVES.
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THE WONDERFUL CANARY BIRD!

charming as she was in her childhood, now that she was a woman she was infinitely more so.

During this year, life had grown a deal brighter to Mr. Thornbury; he was happier slowly and steadily, and had gained many friends.

She was dressed in a trailing robe of pale silvery blue, with an overdress of soft white lace; her beautiful neck and arms were bare, save for her ornaments of fretted gold; her face was untouched by paint or powder, and her rived coloring made her beauty seem almost unearthly.

"I shall see you to-night, Mrs. Kathleen," he said.

"At the Grangers'! Yes, I shall be there. I hope it won't be a crush."

"Why? I rather like a crush." "Oh! A crush makes me feel vigorous."

"There is Mrs. Catharine, Mr. Thornbury," said Cornelia Granger, "a pale, matured girl, to whom Miss Granger had given her name for the last few minutes, and who was furiously jealous of Mrs. Kathleen in her heart of hearts."

"I wish you would not call me that, Rupert. Mrs. Kathleen! You do it on purpose, and I don't like it."

"The last words were spoken like a petulant child; and there was a cloud on the face which looked up for a moment from the soft, vividly colored woods which the white and slender fingers were knitting into some complicated pattern of lace."

cent by his unwonted gaily, laughing and chatting like any one but his grave self; and she, the color deepening in her cheeks, the light in her eyes growing momentarily brighter, looked at this "dear" "dear" "dear" as if she were floating through the rooms.

"How beautiful they wait! Even Cornelia Granger involuntarily spoke in admiration, and a slender youth near her gave it as his opinion that "this downward could" be lighter than Mrs. Kathleen in a waltz."

"Are you tired?" said Rupert, looking down at the beautiful face, and Millicent, for the answer, said she could keep on forever.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought as he walked away from the house—"Just the same little Milly at heart, too, as in the dear old days. And her glances—oh, if I might dare to believe in them!—seem as true to me as they were then. But what to do with her?—I don't know."

"I am engaged for every one of these three weeks," he said, laughing, "I am sorry, Rupert, but—"

"No matter," he interrupted her, almost rudely. "I must get used to it, I suppose. He was standing before her, looking down at her, and she, in her pretty, impetuous way, laid her hand on his arm."

"You are cross to night," she said. "Sit here beside me, and tell me what it is that troubles you."

"I have been searching for you every-where," he said, laughing in his boyish, good-natured way. "It's my dance, most respected cousin Millicent. And she was forced to go, without another word to the man beset by her."

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Amusing Settlement of a Church Quarrel.

The following is a condensed sketch from L. R. Proctor's comprehensive work, "The Bench and Bar of New York."

Mr. Seward was a sort of standing mediator of church difficulties in this county. Contrasting parties in those disputes and troubles which destroy harmony and brotherly love in churches would often mutually seek his mediation and such was their confidence in him that each party would accept his advice and settle apparently irreconcilable quarrels and difficulties.

An amusing incident was once the result of an appeal to him in one of these church difficulties which for a long time had threatened the destruction of the Presbyterian church in a neighboring town.

"I shall not dance to-night," he answered, "unless it is with you."

"I am engaged for every one of these three weeks," he said, laughing, "I am sorry, Rupert, but—"

"No matter," he interrupted her, almost rudely. "I must get used to it, I suppose. He was standing before her, looking down at her, and she, in her pretty, impetuous way, laid her hand on his arm."

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Presidents of the United States.

Apposes of the recent death of ex-President Fillmore, the following list of Presidents of the United States, from Washington down, their political parties, date of birth and death, will be of general interest:

1. George Washington, a Virginian, born February 22, 1732, elected Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army in 1775; first inaugurated as President in New York, April 30, 1789; second inaugurated in Philadelphia, in 1793; died December 14, 1799, aged 68 years.

2. John Adams, a Massachusetts, born 1735; inaugurated, March 4, 1797; died July 4, 1826, aged 90 years.

3. Thomas Jefferson, a Virginian, born in 1743; first inaugurated in Washington, in 1801, second inaugurated in 1805; died July 4, 1826, aged 82 years.

4. James Madison, a Virginian, born in 1751; first inaugurated in 1809; second inaugurated in 1813; died in 1837, aged 85 years.

5. James Monroe, a Virginia, born in 1758; first inaugurated in 1817; second inaugurated in 1821; died in 1831, aged 72 years.

6. John Quincy Adams, a Massachusetts, born in 1767; inaugurated in 1825; died in 1848, aged 80 years.

7. Andrew Jackson, a Tennessee, born in 1767; first inaugurated in 1829; second inaugurated in 1833; died in 1845, aged 77 years.

How to Open Letters.

A young lady called at the registry department of the Sacramento postoffice last week, and asked for the record of that city, and asked for the privilege of reopening a letter which she claimed to have dropped in the box that morning.

The postmaster, after finding the address and taking a particular description of the missive sought, obligingly searched among the letters in the "drop" and, finding the letter, proceeded to open it in the presence of the writer.

In doing this the official used a common lead pencil, but the lapel of the envelope stuck to "stay stuck," and a general mutilation was imminent. Observing the unprofessional method, the lady said decidedly, "Give it to me; let me show you." The letter was handed over when the fair manipulator deftly run the thumb nail under the edges of the lappet, raising it neatly.

The performance was a high art; with deft and obliging search among the letters in the "drop" and, finding the letter, proceeded to open it in the presence of the writer.

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