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Our One Life. 'Tis not for a man to trifle, life is brief, And sin is here— Our age is but the falling of a leaf, A dropping tear.

MY LUCKY HIT.

I like change; I delight in the unknown and unexpected, in contrasts and adventures. I had been "out" several reasons, and knew by heart the deadly lively routine of a winter in the city.

from the east room; the dining-room branched off from the long room, parallel with the east room. Between them was a covered porch. Each had three or four windows and two or three doors.

struck a match, and looked in before applying it to the candle. The pistol was ready to my hand, and I recollected that only the day before Bertie had found it somewhere upstairs and carried it down in high glee.

A sense of fear and horror I had never conceived came upon me, a wild despair that crushed me, and from which I suddenly slipped away into a vast blank. When I saw Margaret's pale face close to mine, and felt some one's hands moving across my forehead, and some one's strong grasp on my hands, I knew that I had fainted for the first time in my life, and I knew why.

"She is the one woman of the world to me"—here the arm trembled a little, but held me close. "If you will give her to me, I shall devote myself to making her happy."

Our Manufacturing Cities. The statistics of manufactures, as returned for the tenth census, show New York to be the greatest manufacturing city in the Union.