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Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

THE POET'S FAITH.

My God is good, and will not leave me,
When I die;
His love, I know, will not deceive me,
With cruel doubts he will not grieve me,
When on death's bed I lie.

IN AFTER DAYS.

In after days, when grasses high
O'erthrust the tomb where I shall lie,
Though well or ill the world adjust,
My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question nor reply.

THE TRAIN ROBBERS.

AN EXPRESS MESSENGER'S ADVENTURE.
I always knew I served the company in a dangerous capacity, but I had been an express messenger for so many years that I thought little or nothing of the risks I ran.

being desperate men who hesitated at nothing.
Occasionally, however, I did relax my vigilance, and slept as soundly as at the hotel where I boarded. Finally my turn came.
The train arrived at Tucson one night nearly an hour late. There was a great deal of express matter to exchange, and for fifteen minutes I was kept busy loading and unloading bundles and boxes.

A REMARKABLE AFFECTION
THE STRANGE FANCIES THAT DISTINGUISH NEUROPHOBIA.
Persons with a Distike for Certain Streets, Places or Objects—Others who Dread Letters or Colors.
In the afternoon of one of the sunniest days last week two men got on a Madison avenue car going down town at the corner of Fifty-fourth street.

THE FLOWER POT.
BY H. C. DODGE.
You're like this lily,
Like love, and
As equally as
A pure.
Your
Auty
Is as rare,
And longer will
Endure. You are as
Graceful, too,
Hands are just
Your
I love,
Share, I
This
Lily fair, love, how happy I
Would grow,
Flower pot, Will, for you are often 'broke'
And also cracked a lot, Will, judge
By what you speak. Likewise you
But elar, Will, while I, a lily bright, f
You must grow away, Will, to seek a higher
Light. "But lilies wilt. Wilt thou?" sighed
Will, "give me a leaf to hold
Theo still?" "I? Will!"
—Chicago Sun.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Thieves on the stage are always caught in the act.—Scissors.
A red-hot quarrel generally breaks an intense coolness.—Blizzard.
A summary proceeding—Taking off your flannel.—Chicago Eye.

There are 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 hats made annually in this country, and when a man is the last to leave a banquet he generally gets the worst one.—Norristown Herald.
"Talk about bein' careful about wearin' out the seat o' my trousers," said the boy to his mother, "you don't seem to think o' that when your old slipper's agoin' it."
—Boston Post.
It is said that water composes three-fourths of the human body. This may hold good in some communities, but in others water does not enter largely into man's composition.—Arkansas Traveler.