

GOOD-NIGHT.

Apple blossoms fall and lovely
Op'ning with the dewing day,
Shook their faint, and unobscured
To the blossoms o'er the way.

Ruth's Step-Father.

A curious tale to take to, but then it
has grown to be profitable. Things
went at a low ebb with me when I took
it up, while now...

some folks has made me that case-hard-
ened that sometimes I've wondered
whether I'd got any heart left, and the
wife's had to interfere, telling me I've
lost my mind with prosperity and grown
unfeeling.

Human Nature.

little bird. Luke, my boy, will you go
and fetch a cab? Mother will see to
what wants going here.

My boy gave a sob as he caught my
hand in his, and the next moment he
kissed me on the cheek—before running
out of the room, leaving me with my
darling nestling in my breast.

Postal Telegraphy in England.

A London letter says: It is a very
interesting thing to be able to send a tele-
graphic dispatch to any point within
the United Kingdom at the rate of one
shilling for twenty or thirty words...

notice of them, except to give them a
smart blow with her paw if they get in
her way. At last one of the whelps...

Italian Crime.

A most extraordinary tale of crime
has been unraveled by the Italian de-
tectives in endeavoring to clear up the
murder of a young girl...

the late Lord Lyndhurst lived till
1882; yet he had seen the birth, growth
and maturity of the Republic of the
United States of America...

Social Life of Ants.

Mr. Auguste Forel, a gentleman who
spends his life in studying ants and
their habits, and who tells some as-
tonishing tales about them...

By and by, alone and lonely,
Leaves and blossoms withered—dead,
Will the trees seem robed in sorrow,
Mourning for their beauty fled.

Human Nature.

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