



TRUCE. I plucked a beautiful rose That pleased me with its grace, And a sorrow that no one knows, And an old dead summer rose, And a face so like this flower.

TRUCE—TALENT. And they do say she'll have to go to the poor house. And the children, too? And Miss Bennett shuddered.

net had her secret work, which she carefully hid when she saw Hetty coming. Slowly, in this way, she made a pretty nestle-book, a tiny pin-cushion, and an emery bag like a big strawberry.

Very pretty the little box looked when Hetty, in the bottom of a quilted lining, which had always been there, and upon this the fittings she had made. Besides this, Miss Bennett knit a pair of mittens for each of Hetty's brothers and sisters.

the yellow bit of paper: "Seek, and ye shall find." "I always felt there was something different about that," said Hetty eagerly.

"There's something in there!" she said, in an awed tone. "Yes," Miss Bennett, hoarsely, "there was not a candle in the house, but Hetty seized a brand from the fire, and held it up, and looked in."

The Story of a Brave Man. Thomas Tate Tobens, of Costilla county, is visiting Ex-Governor William Gilpin at Colorado Springs. He is 60 years of age, came to Colorado in 1837.

"It looks like lead—fled up," she cried. "Oh, come here yourself!" The old woman hobbled over and thrust her hand into the hole, bringing out what was once a bag, but which fell to pieces in her hands and with it she was revealed—a handful of gold pieces which fell with a jingle on the hearth and rolled every way.

Esting Arsenic Holdy. Forty years ago Col. John Van Arman, the famous criminal lawyer of Chicago, ate a poisoned biscuit before a Michigan jury, and by that act secured the acquittal of a woman charged with attempting to murder her husband.

History has told us of architecture derides its progress looks back upon it with curling lip; but the heart of the creole treasures its images and its memories. The stranger hastens to it as the Moslem to his Mecca, and the long, low streets of the city and pavement are, usually, the quaintest object in the quaintest city of the land.

Some time ago General Baggage Agent Freeman, of the Lake Shore road was notified that a valuable trunk belonging to Mrs. Graeger, of Ashtabula, and which had been checked from that place to Cleveland was missing.

As to the growth of the plant, the eminent botanist, Mr. Charles Clarke, of Painesville, has stolen the checks from some baggage delivered at that point, then returned to Ashtabula and operated in the manner described, as he still has the check which he stole from the trunk.

The French Market in New Orleans. It is in New Orleans what Old Temple Bar was to London—and more so, for the French market is the center of the French market stands intact. The inquiring traveler of to-day lingers hesitating and uncertain near the line where Old London ended, but from under the protecting shades of the old French Market he who possesses appreciative sympathy looks with twinkling eye, whispering those most blessed of all words, "Welcome to the city."

Having proved by the physicians who made them that the biscuits were properly poisoned, Mr. Van Arman, near the beginning of his closing argument, gracefully asked one of the jurors to remain in their sight for several hours, and took pains to show them that the grain of arsenic produced no ill effects on him.

Light in the Barn. It is estimated that nine-tenths of all fires are caused by carelessness. Now is the season when the lantern is frequently used in the barn, and we give a word of caution. Never light a lamp or lantern of any kind in the barn.

Slavery in Hawaii. Slavery on the Hawaiian Islands has been investigated by a correspondent. He says that the laborers on the sugar plantations usually contract with planter for three years, and that after the contract is signed the laborer is virtually a slave. He must work eleven hours a day, and his overseer is the sole judge of his ability to work.

"Who sent it?" she asked from the bed where she was lying. "Miss Bennett told me not to tell," said the boy, unconscious that he had already told.

"Who can that be?" she said to herself. "I never saw her face before. Come!" she called, in answer to a knock. The girl entered, and walked up to Miss Bennett.

"Do as you like with it," answered Miss Bennett, "as you like." "So she carefully lifted the silk, which stuck a little." "Why, here's something under it," she said—"an old paper, and it has writing on it to me," said Miss Bennett.

"What do you think she's ever so nice," she asked me to come again; "of course you may, if she cares to have you. I should be glad to do something to please her."

"I know all Miss Bennett's ways, and I know all her tricks," said the girl, indignantly; and, turning suddenly, she was surprised to see Miss Bennett's eyes fixed on her with an eager, questioning look.

"I think I'll take this out and dust it," she said to Miss Bennett, "if you don't mind." "Do as you like with it," answered Miss Bennett, "as you like."

"Why, here's something under it," she said—"an old paper, and it has writing on it to me," said Miss Bennett. "Perhaps it's a letter I have forgotten," Hetty brought it.

"Why, it's the father's writing!" said she, looking closely at the faded writing on the paper. "I don't understand it," she said, "but I don't think it is a letter."

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