

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults, Pray don't forget your own. Remember those with homes of glass should never throw a stone.

AN UNWILLING RESTITUTION.

Poor May Lakeman. People pined for her when she came forth from the old home—came forth to commence the world anew, and to pick her own way through the tangled obstacles that ever beset the life-path of the poor and helpless.

Old Aaron Donberg had died, and had been buried; and his will had been read, by which it was made to appear that all his wealth had been bequeathed to his only son, Gaspard Grammont.

Aaron Donberg had been twice married, but he had never had a child of his own. His second wife had been a widow, with one child by a former husband, and Gaspard was that child.

Once, while Gaspard was quite young, old Donberg had been very sick, and fancied himself dying. In this condition he sent for a notary, and made his will, by which he gave his property all to Gaspard, his wife to have the use of a certain portion while she lived.

Gaspard Grammont sat in the apartment which had been Aaron Donberg's study, and he was looking at a book, and he was looking at a book, and he was looking at a book.

Time passed, and May went to occupy her mind, and she knew how to turn labor into pleasure. She was a good girl, and she was a good girl, and she was a good girl.

And Uncle Aaron, knowing something of Jack's good qualities, he said, "Well, well, we'll send the lad off upon a long voyage, and if he comes back, we'll send him to India, and take May's heart with him."

At length Aaron Donberg died, and when he had been buried, his private desk was opened, and his will was found—the old will, by which he had bequeathed his property to Gaspard!

alone. There was a light rising in the East. A ship came from India, and the commander thereof was Jack Lakeman, that same brave, frank, handsome fellow, but grown now to be strong and stalwart man.

Now, I think I may say with truth that Capt. Jack Prindle cared but very little for Aaron Donberg's wealth, since he possessed the only blessing he had ever hoped for from the household.

Capt. Jack made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances bearing upon the case and then he prepared for action.

Every plant once had its own home, just as every man has his own fatherland. But every man as men have done, many of them have gone wandering about the world and are found growing far from home.

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lowering his pistol. "If you will produce the missing testament, it shall be all over to please the young man; if accidentally, and voluntarily restored to you. On these conditions will you live?"

"Yes!" cried Jack, and he laid his hand upon the will by which May Lakeman was made the heir, and then he put up his pistol and departed.

"I people had wondered when they heard that Gaspard was the heir, they wondered still more when his new thing came out,—that Gaspard Grammont had found the second will, by which the great property was left to May Lakeman, and had voluntarily surrendered it to the notary."

"Dear Jack," said May, as she nestled in her husband's embrace—they were in the scullery, in the bend of the great bay-window, and Jack had been telling the story of his interview, in that same room with Gaspard. Would you really have shot him?"

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Other People's Letters.

"She certainly writes a beautiful hand," remarked one young gentleman, after examining the pink-colored and dainty rose-scented sheet of note paper which his friend had just handed him.

"Oh, yes, it's a nice hand—very pretty," said the other, who received a goodly number of missives from the fair sex, and the note was only a formal declaration of an invitation, so there was no indelicacy in showing it.

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Being a Roof.

There is still quite a number of people residing in Denver who were here on the night in the spring of 1861 when Cherry Creek, the hitherto docile streamlet, rose to the dignity of a mighty torrent which carried death and destruction with it, and left in its wake death and ruin, which caught unsuspecting sleepers in its arms, and hurled them to death amid the shattered fragments of their dwellings.

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Recreation of Men of Letters.

Wordsworth composed his verses while walking, carried them in his memory and was his own scribe, as he writes them down on his return. When a visitor at Rydal Mount asked to see the poet's study the maid is reported to have shown him a little room containing a handful of books lying about the table, sofa and shelves, and to have remarked: "This is the master's library where he keeps his books, but, returning to the door, 'his study is out of doors, whereupon he carried the visitor into the garden again, and said that having adopted this custom upon medical advice, it had become necessary, 'treat or cold, sunshine or rain, made no difference to him in the matter of his daily walk, for the afternoon walk which had his appointed time and length, and which he would rarely allow himself to curtail, either for business or for visits."

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Street Sweepers.

The street sweepers of Paris earn the most five cents an hour, and the women four cents. While you are studying the ways and habits of the rag-pickers, you naturally become acquainted with the ways and habits of the street sweepers. It appears that, according to a police regulation of 1879 each household in Paris is compelled to sweep the pavement and road in front of his house before 7 a. m. The Parisians, however, objected to rise so early, and the municipality offered to find persons who would undertake the task of sweeping. The householders levied a pro rata tax on their tenants, and four companies entered into a contract with the city of Paris to keep the streets free from mud, dirt and snow. This plan is still adopted. The sweepers are placed under the orders of inspectors appointed by the prefect, and at 4 o'clock each morning in winter and half-past 3 in summer the sweepers assemble at different points of the city to receive the roll-call. The sweepers are almost exclusively foreigners, and had chiefly from the grand duchies of Luxembourg and Baden, from Alsace and from Flanders, and the language of the sweepers is mainly a low German patois. How these sweepers manage to live is a mystery, and how they manage to save money, returning home to buy and buy a scrap of land, as they often do, is still a greater mystery. The key to both these problems is co-operation. Men and women from the same village had together in great numbers 10 or 20, and a furniture to begin with, a few bundles of straw and an earthen cooking pot. Sheets and blankets are unknown among them. Each has a house, a room, a fire, a room in some back street. The furniture to begin with, a few bundles of straw and an earthen cooking pot. Sheets and blankets are unknown among them. Each has a house, a room, a fire, a room in some back street. The furniture to begin with, a few bundles of straw and an earthen cooking pot. Sheets and blankets are unknown among them. Each has a house, a room, a fire, a room in some back street.

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Modern Dress.

It has often been said that the style is the man; we might also venture to add that the dress is the woman, and, in many lamentable instances, that the woman is the dress and nothing more. Without entering upon any intricate discussion about the expediencies, proprieties or improprieties of fashion, or prophesying that better future when every one shall be a fashion to himself, we would venture a few remarks on the prevailing mode of dressing and its moral effect on the rising generation.

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The Prime of Life.

People call the age of 40 the "prime of life." Who invented that mocking phrase? Some sublimed cynic doubtless. Because the prime of life is by any means at 40 the hair at the temples is whitening; at 40 you begin to be called a "harmless fellow" by your pretty niece and friend. A most disgusting time of life! When with a single step you walk toward your yawning grave at 75, you are at least an object of respect and reverence—if you have money. You're white like old, but you're not white like old. You're neither young nor old. Your hair is pepper and salt in color. Your speech has become, in spite of yourself, set in steeled sentences. You're not, perhaps, a dirt, but in the attempt meet with dire disaster. This enterprise is met with the giggles of girlhood, and you are driven ignominiously from the scene by some elderly lady in a dress of another prime of life is when your muscles are like tattered cords of the finest Bessemer steel. You don't care much about girls at that time, and your lungs are like the bellows that blow the smelting furnace; when you have only to say one pretty word and show your white teeth and twist up the ends of your youthful mustache, and any pretty girl you want just steps once and tumbles into your arms. That is the prime of life. It is all over when you begin to call for your dinner and grumble at the breakfast butlered soldier. When you have become a judge of wine and are induced to leave the arena and to accept the worn-out gladiator's gift of the wooden sword.

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