



B. F. SCHWEIER.

VOL. XXXVIII.

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness, Blithe and care-free, Sweet thy matin of merriment and love...

A NIGHT IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

Polly Jane shut the door. She had shut the same door more than thirty times since the clock struck midday...

"I can't see to tell whether he is coming or not, much longer," she said, looking at the bright blaze on the hearth...

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, as once again she turned to the land. Behind her lay a small, dark, and deserted room...

"Come! come quick, and help me!" cried Polly. "I forgot to light up."

"One sailor's life is worth all the Matildas in creation," cried Polly from the kitchen, where she secured a box of matches...

"Well, now, if I ever don't you suppose I'll ever get at that Rock would see? And down at Squirrel Bar, as well?"

"You've never had a wreck here, have you?" asked Polly.

visitor. I did not mean to be cross but she spoke in a slow, hesitating manner...

"What's the matter with the light?" asked Polly, who was greatly alarmed.

"Now, take hold of my hand, and I will tell you," said Polly, her voice in a tremor of alarm.

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was going well, and the girls went to sleep, one at either one of the large sofas.

"The night went on, the light flashing, the sea roaring, Peter Carson's boat approaching when, with a sudden start, Polly found herself wide awake, sitting upright, and gazing with wild alarm at the faces of two headless men, whose peering, white eyes close to the window panes, into the lighted room.

"The light! the light! come quick!" gasped Polly, who was greatly alarmed.

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helpless passengers in her boat. The waves were running along the very rim of it at the stern when Polly once more pulled away for the island.

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The Cashier's Story.

"Hardly ever," answered one of Chicago's oldest bank cashiers, to the query of a reporter, who asked if such things as unclaimed bank deposits were of frequent occurrence.

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Even the slightest reminiscences of so distinguished a man as Alexandre Dumas, pere, may be of value, and I had the privilege of his acquaintance in 1870, for we were both engaged, in different ways, in preparing for the advent of Garibaldi, and for securing the liberty of the oppressed people of the Two Sicilies.

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behind the bar. "Ye are the boss of the Shupprane Court. I see ye ivery day go'g by here on ye cars."

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The Debut of Mario.

Mario was born in Cagliari in the year 1810. Coming from a military family, his father having held the commission of General in the Piedmontese army—he at a very early age embraced the military profession, for when only eleven years of age he entered the military academy of Turin.

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