

THE GARDEN



With sweetest flowers enriched, From various gardens cut with care.

THE HOME BEYOND THE SKY

There is a home—a bright pure home, A home beyond the sky, Where living waters gladden glad Forever to the eye.

THE REPOSITORY

THE WALTZ AND THE WAGER

CHAPTER I

"We are quite ready, papa," said Georgiana Melton, as she entered her father's library, with her sister Caroline.

CHAPTER II

"I have lost my wager," whispered the young Duke to his friend, Lord N—, and what is worse, I have lost the loveliest woman in England.

CHAPTER III

"How is Mrs. W., your client, this morning?" said one of the members of the bar to another.

CHAPTER IV

"I am sure you have bewitched him, sweet!" said Miss Melton to Caroline, the next day.

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FARMER'S CORNER

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PHILADELPHIA, July 14th, 1842.

DEAR SIR—Yours of the 6th inst, came duly to hand, and I should have answered it sooner, had business and other circumstances permitted.

The variety of the Mediterranean Wheat which I have sown for several years past, I consider proof against the Fly and almost proof against the Rust.

For the former, no rational explanation has been given; but the instances have been so numerous where this and the other kinds of Wheat among us have been sown on adjoining lands in the same field, with cultivation precisely the same—where this has remained untouched by the Fly, producing a heavy crop, and the others almost entirely destroyed, that the most sceptical have no longer any doubts on the subject.

But that it should so generally succeed in the midst we have endeavored to explain from the fact, that it ripens from ten to twelve days earlier, than any Wheat now sown in the Middle or Eastern States (as far as my knowledge extends).

The door opened, and two young men entered the room, one of them saying, as he did so, "I have brought you an old friend, Caroline, whom I am sure you will be happy to see, and also, Georgiana."

While the youthful Duchess sprang eagerly forward to welcome the stranger, the dark-haired lady languidly raised her eyes; but she could not repress the growing smile of joy, which lighted up her beautiful face, as she replied, "I welcome you, but with little importance to me, if you are so freely given, nevertheless." And she frankly held out her hand.

"I wish you success, most heartily, my dear fellow!" said the Duke, as he and Lorraine were riding through Hyde Park a few days afterwards, "but I must candidly tell you that you have but little chance with 'the statue,' as she is called, by all her male acquaintances. She has refused all over to overcome their awe of her, sufficiently to propose to me, and determined to keep herself to herself, with all her beauty of mind and person."

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