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Original Poetry.

SONG OF THE MERMAID. BY CHARLES LELAND PORTER. O'er the waves of the moon-lit sea, / On the foam in our misty eyes, / As the wind rose and glides o'er the deep, / Lapping the coral and shells to sleep, / Till the mountain shall listen and echo no more, / And the surge be calmed to our melody, / As the surges and shells o'er the moon-lit sea.

Choice Miscellany.

THE LITTLE PEDLER. FROM THE ROMAN OLIVE BRANCH. BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER. "Honesty is better than gold," said Paul Durand to his neighbors, whose surprise could not be expressed when mine host of "Ours Noire" did not fly into a great passion at the report.

ment was made between her father and Monsieur Gaudier every body perceived that the rose was falling in her cheek, that their dark, heavy fringes, drooping lower over those bright eyes, and that her voice was less gay than it formerly had been; and that the nearer drew the period fixed on for her marriage, the more marked was that change in her appearance.

THE GARDEN. BY MRS. JAMES GRAY. See the fair and fragrant flowers / Peeping their green mantles through / The warm and sunny rays of morn, / Smiling 'neath the sun's beams, / See their lovely colors blend, / Brought from many a foreign clime, / And with careful hands trained, / Till they reach their fullest prime.

THE GARDEN (continued). Oh! may we indeed be taken / From the world's polluted waste, / By his presence 'ere forsaken, / All his vital spirit late; / Where the streams of life are flowing, / Least know and prophets tread, / May we still be freshly growing / In the garden of our God!

THE GARDEN (continued). Little Joey had been alone a long, long while. He had broken his chain, pulled the fringe off from the table cover, and the variegated birds worked on the footstool, until he turned it over, had crawled to the patch of sunlight resting on the roses on the carpet, and clutched at the golden rings, and played with his transparent fingers. Still no one came. He fretted, then looked with a sudden quiet and vague expression on his face, magnetically toward the bright coils shining above the high fence, in an admiration of its beauties. Then, as the loneliness of his situation again recalled itself to his mind, he cried again softly, and with large tears running down his plump rusky cheeks, "Joey was cold, hungry and frightened—the had never been alone before; and the first form of his little tongue had ever uttered, passed meaningly his pouting lips—"mamma,—"mamma."

THE GARDEN (continued). "Come here, and look at this funny!" he said, jumping up, and waving his hand. "You are not to be fooled, you know, but in three weeks,—"Joey," he said, "you have interrupted her father, but he would not allow it.—"Gaspard," and I have been talking the matter over, and we have concluded,—"that Raoul Gaudier is altogether too old and ugly to be your husband. Now a good-looking fellow like Gaspard would suit me much better than would old Raoul; how would the exchange please you, child?"

THE GARDEN (continued). The fact that he had been robbed by Gaudier was not for a long time revealed by Gaspard to any one but Paul; but shortly after the young man's marriage with the happy Jaqueline, it was ascertained who had committed the very bold robbery which had been perpetrated in the neighborhood of Nantes. The accomplice of Gaudier suffered the penalty of his crime on the scaffold, but the old man died by his own hand in prison.

THE GARDEN (continued). "Joey," he said, "I wish you a merry Christmas!" They crowd around his bed, he sleeps so deeply and lies so still. His face is white—al though the thin lips wear a smile. They shudder and cry loudly. "Joey is dead!" "Yes, Joey has found his mother, and the angels in Heaven are singing,—"A happy Christmas to you, Joey."—Arch's Gazette.

CAR ETIQUETTE.

The Syracuse Evening Chronicle tells the following good story. It is now-a-days a very common affair to see two ladies enter a railroad car half an hour before the time for the leaving of the train, thumb the back of one seat over so as to sit vis-a-vis, lumber the spare room with shawls, bundles and handboxes—and then when the cars begin to be filled up, take every precaution to prevent any one from occupying what should be vacant seats, and in many instances compelling passengers to stand, when a spirit of accommodation would allow that a comfortable position. Such persons should be informed by the conductor, that when they buy a ticket, the purchase of a car is not included.

ONE SET APART.

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