

Select Poetry.

From the Knickerbocker for May. The Young Man Saw in Broadway.

From the steps of the Astor, I gazed at the living tide, I saw the life of the city, I saw the life of the world...

Choice Miscellany.

MOTHER AND STEP-MOTHER.

CHAPTER I. EDWARD IRWIN now and then they would say to every one, think so much of my mother...

dy Irwin's countenance, if not from her spirit, and she welcomed her young visitor with courtesy, even with kindness.

"You tell her, Kitty. Don't she look a little better?" said the mother, looking at the girl with a pair of spectacles...

"No, no," said Kitty. "I don't think it will do you any good. You must look at the picture in the index. But no, no, no, and here we are at the billiard-table. I'll hunt up Frank, and mother will come."

my mother to London was a sad disappointment, yes, and an unexpected disappointment to me. I am not going to distress you by an inquiry into the motives of your refusal.

"I think you and papa would be lonely if I went," returned Catherine, slowly. "But that is not the only reason. I don't think it would be well for me to go, and I hope you and papa will let me stay at home."

"I should like it very much," said Catherine, musingly. "I should like to see what we can do for the poor, and to hear the clever and funniest man whom you know, but I do not think it would be right for me to go."

that which now possesses me. I, presumptuously, made sure of my happiness. Till this winter, I never questioned that you returned my love, absurd as it may appear to you.

"You shall know the whole truth," said Kitty, who, in her anxiety to master her emotion, hardly understood the import of his words.

"I will go with you," said Kitty, who, in her anxiety to master her emotion, hardly understood the import of his words. "I will go with you, and I will be with you in every respect unworthy your regard."

From the Ocean of Her MEMORIES. BY CHARLES O. LELAND. At the same moon-shine, rising through the dark and cloudless trees...

A night in Sebastopol. [In the multitude of accounts which the newspapers furnish, relating to the fearful transactions of the armies of the Crimea, we occasionally meet with passages of the most interesting interest.]

Among the Americans who attended the late ball given at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, was Jack Spicer, of Kentucky. Jack rushed the dress somewhat strong, and sported epaulettes on his shoulders large enough to start four Major Generals in business.

replied, "I was not wanting to betray our whereabouts." At last their feet gained terra firma, and they were hastily making a retreat, when a terrific yell burst upon their ears—the boat containing their pursuers had swamped, and every soul in her perished, as they afterwards learned from a deserter.

OLD JOHN SARCHUM was for many years known as one of the shrewdest men about Montgomery. In fact there were many persons who did not hesitate to say that his shrewdness was nothing but reality.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE LIQUOR.—The Detroit Free Press significantly remarks: "The temperance cause, in its view that prohibitory liquor laws, which we have passed, have diminished the consumption of ardent spirits, now, here is a fact and a question. All the New England States, except New Hampshire, have prohibitory laws, and have had them during the past year, which has become of all the spirits imported into Boston during that time."

couldn't get him.—The following is from the last Number of the Southern Military Gazette. It reads like one of Hooper's stories. Old John Sarchum was for many years known as one of the shrewdest men about Montgomery.

MARINA DISTINGUISH.—A Roman ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, began by saying, "I make a distinction." A cardinal, having invited him to dine, proposed to derive some amusement for the company from the well known peculiarity of his guest.

A Western contemporary relates a good joke of his neighborhood, touching a mail carrier, on a certain route, refused several times, a short while ago, to deliver the mail at a Post Office on his route.

CHAPTER II. EDWARD IRWIN now and then they would say to every one, think so much of my mother. "I never have known your father in my life," said the boy. "I didn't mean it."

"I don't know what good reason I have for it," returned Kitty, "but I have often seen what a friend he has been to me, all my life long." "Yes, I know that you don't love him," said the boy, "but he is not your father."

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