

Select Poetry.

JANE EYRE

on my dignity, awkward though I was, and appeared as though I had noticed nothing unpleasant.

Choice Miscellany.

SIX MONTHS FROM THE COUNTRY.

When I was young and my father was a farmer, he had a garden in front of his house.

rich and glossy silks, seemed jumbled together through the spaces between intervening vehicles, a rich variety of costly goods.

When I was young and my father was a farmer, he had a garden in front of his house. I remember the first time I went to the city.

Talking Right Out.

Henry Clay, of Muncy, Lycoming county, Pa., at one time a Know Nothing, is out as a candidate for the Legislature.

When the great reform movement of the subject of temperance was started, I lent my voice, and what little influence I possessed to keep the ball in motion.

After all that has been done by this order, and after the way matters are managed, are there any Democrats who are foolish enough to be blind any longer to the deception which has practiced upon them.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

LAST BATTLE OF FONTANELLE, THE OMAHA CHIEF.

The Missouri Republican, of a late date, contains the following letter from a correspondent, giving a detailed account of his death.

Logan, Fontanelle, chief of the Omahas, has just been slain and scalped at Loup Fork, by a band of Sioux.

He was on his annual hunt with his nation. A number of his braves were with him on the plains near Loup Fork.

The Blessing of a Good Deed.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I should like to do that every day, for a year to come," said Mr. William Everett, rubbing his hands together, quickly, in irrepressible pleasure.

Mr. Everett was a stock and money broker, and that just made an "operation" by which a clear gain of two thousand dollars was secured.

Logan saw them going round with glaring torches, and understood their object, and knew that the only cause of his safety was in his timely flight.

A ODE TO A MUSKATEER.

We greet the King of the Musketeers with "lie done" for the perpetrator of this, and send in his bill—for his name.

You're a blabber, why don't you sit on a log and let the world know you're a blabber.

Interesting from Russia.

The New York Times publish some highly interesting items from Russia, as received through private sources.

Singular Superstitions.

In Berkshire, England, there is a popular superstition that a ring made from a piece of silver collected at a communion is a cure for convulsions.

Laughable Occurrence.

A few days ago a man of firm faith, a regular "star," stepped into the Post-office, and addressing one of the clerks, asked, "Do you know Jim Jenkins, Springfield?"

REFINEMENT.

The tendencies of the age are towards refinement. When a man now says "my daughter has been added to his family," he merely says that his domestic affairs have reached a happy termination.

Mr. Everett was not a little moved by so unexpected an exhibition. He waited with a new born consideration for the boy, not unmoved with respect, until a measure of calmness was restored.

"John," he then said, "if your mother is in trouble, I may be in my power to relieve her."

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

Recently a dear little child of five summers was buried in a neighboring town. On leaving the house of its parents, the clergyman plucked up by the roots a beautiful plant.

"I held in my hand a beautiful flower which I plucked from the garden we have just left—By taking it from its parent home, it has withered, but here I plant it in the head of this grave, and it will soon revive and flourish.

A witness in court being asked if he had ever heard that Mrs. Wilkins was a naturalist, said he understood she had ten children.

REFINEMENT.—The tendencies of the age are towards refinement. When a man now says "my daughter has been added to his family," he merely says that his domestic affairs have reached a happy termination.