LUNE 28.

THE MAN DREAMS

PER PERSEL BOLIES.

grapher of youthful joy!
for a breat my twentieth spring!
gate ingh a bright haired boy
me rips a gray heard hing!

grad the wrinkind spoils of age! per with hearding's excessed to stellars a nedom written jungs,

has beylood's found of flame po no one giddy , realing dream gigh all love and fame!

pi calmiy smiling said, to heaty with m speck.

as a there nothing in thy tr mil the femily stay,

photic with seasons here had the wished for day Livest son's of women the

That then, what were life with a cannot be been bediend.

Brigisk & sepphire pan prime a reinfow down, Sport recid to a boy again,

there nothing yet agen

his de change appraint mente, all their gifts are find pp fice dissolving years?"

W not paternal joys; and paternal joys; facil set tear to leave them all;

The min will never dor man read be a boy again, min a hiber too!"

beardold with its melan-

e my dream, when morni

leger Morthly Magazine.

IDE OF MOSES GRANT

all vet December night, full

his the red wooden house in the

Livinds blow with an serie

marit's wall, and the snow fell

Average presidents

also instead too!"

1. a z asyuel a to valleroven

roums out from the blazing logs or was toseting unbeeded on the ew applies stood untouched on the

fing room were a such and com.

If the haby came into the world with a wait.

It was with addened miss the elders met tofull, with home made blue woolen
lary lines, to the brightly nellshad

where they had laim for almost eightern years.

It was with addened miss the elders met tolary lines, to the brightly nellshad

where they had laim for almost eightern years.

The second of th

erie, saturday morning, february 6, 1858."

Mary Grant; the mother leve, the methan tree derives, stronger than life, cheking in her resident.

Parson Blakeruss dead. His life, his kindly thrilling in her touch, raining in team from the life, seventy anyment and minter, was ended eyes—"you shall not tell me if ported not risk. In the little church yard on the hill tog they to. Be satisfied. You shall never go not into laid him gently and reverently to his long sleep the cold world again—you shall never suffer any little church yard where he had faltered note."

And Moses Grant wept on the while, his moned sixteen years before, he had stood tearfully beside stony hears malted, for the time, quite into child, is her of Margarat Grant, is hears who had some heak to him—alas! be know and lived alone ill his blamelies life, and his people had been to him instead of kindred. Like his children they all morned for him. Not a heart beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not beat in Mayfield to which he was not dear—not bea

That night a babe was form in the red house an eye but was dim with tours at the pastor's in the hollow. She came in the storm: was it a burial. He had married the old folk, he had token of the life that awaited her? Outside buried their dead, and now he was gone to receive were the snow, the darkuess, the pitiless; wailing the reward of his labors. More than forty years blast, within, only the girl; so young, so fair even had he been in and out before them, and broken in her ruin, and the two old people, there sow bread in their midst. Was it strange that his and silent, keeping breathless wetch over their death left a great roid, which never, hereafter, and hild

Trumbull, busy among the stand of house plants which were her chief white "sumusement, him, from the kitchen window, a figure coming down the hill. Her quick eye recognized at once the new minister, and her girlish libert thrilled wiff just first flutter of womanly vanity. Shyly she gathered from her monthly rescoush a bud just bursting into crimeon bloom, and placed it in her become. Then steeling to the Hille looking glass; she smoothed down her already faultlessly smooth hair, hoping, with pretty womanly self-conscious, mens, that the two old people by the hearth would not be remarked and to her of love or marking him she, at sixteen, by able to her stands to her of love or marking the high the story which Walter Fairfield delighted as read in her tremutous tones which repeat to him questioning?

He was an hopogable man, and he loved her with an homestable many adout her shrank from talling her so—from awaking her shrank from its maidenly repose—changing with hope into certainty—binding her by yows of betrothal. bair, hoping, with pretty womanly self-conscious, ness, that the two old people by the hearth would not notice her unusual anxiety about her appear ance. Then she said, in her quiet, respectful

"Hadn't I better light the fire in the dear grandfather? I see the new minister is

coming down the hill."

The room which she entered, in accordance with her grandfather's "Corpainly—make hauto, child?" was simply, even humbly furnished, and yet there had been imparted to it an air of feminine grace and refinement, during the last two years, since it had been Elinor's especial sharge.

Every thing was faultlessly been. Showy must like sertains draued the windown: the serial chairs. coming down the bill."

the uplies find the spiles about mixtures we greatly and one sixty of the spiles and the spiles the

of betrothal. ger came to him, as it does to most men, unex-pectedly. They had been taking a long walk. The sun had searcely set, but a young June moon was drifting, like a tiny, glittering cloud, up the blue sky, and they stood watching it together. At last Elisor turned her wet face toward 'him.

He had never seen tears in her eyes before.

"I have been thinking," she said, "how lonely my life used to be before you came. What
mysterious fancton, which I had none to explain, hamsted me at twilight and moonrise, and how

The state of the s

Es essight the protecting place high remove place policies desired and protection of the protection of over half the house: and drains the great basin of the United States, from the Alleghenies to the Rocky Mountains.

It discharges more water in one year than has issued from the Tiber in five centuries, and swallows up fifty rivers which have no name, each of an emphatic hint for him to "keep quiet" which is larger than the Thames. The Ameson, Marshon, or Oreliana, as it is variously styled, is, however, in some respects superior to the Mississippi. Its sources are soiled with the ashes of Cotopaxi, which looks over the Pacific. Its month, opens to the Atlantic. Its waters spring opportunity when the actress was deeply absorb. from eternal snow, and noll through an endless summer of the tropics. It is fed by great tributaries from the North and South, which are themselves longer than the Danube. The

Guinas and Venezuela lie above its reach to the North, and are drained by the Oringoo to the Reat, and the Magdalena to the Spanish Main. Egcepting the region which pours into these chan-nels, there are no rivers east of the Andes, on the whole continent, but those which are tribetary to the Amazon, until, in 16 deg. South,

and the second s

Some years can the manager of a washing given on to make the manager of a washing given as to make the washing given at the manager of a washing given a separate and looking and brisk the washing and continue and brisk the washing and to washing and the washing and the washing and continue to depart the washing as washing as a separate washing and the separate washing as a separa

One night when she was ennounced to appear in a favorite part, a couple of boatmen found their way into the pit near the foot lights, payticularly anxious to see the new famous comedi-ene. The bonne was consided, and after the subsidence of general applause, which greeted her appearance, one of the beatmen slapped his companion on the shoulder and with an empathic expletive exclaimed, loud enough to be heard

"Bill, I know that gal!"

"Pshaw!" "dry up!"
"But I'm d———d if I don't now, Bill, Its Sal Flunkins, as sure as you're hore. She's old Flunkine' daughter that med to run the Agine Polly, and she used to mil with him."

"Tom" said Bill, "you're a fool, and if you don't stop you're infernal clack you'll be patent.
Sal Flunkine! You must know a sight if you

think that's her!"
Tom was silenced, but not convince watched the setrees in all her enotions: with intenas interest, andere long broke out again. "I tell ye, Bill, that's her-I know 'sia

can't fool me-I know her too well!" Bill, who was a good deal interested in the play, was out of all patience at the presistent interruption on the part of Tom, and gaves him a tremendous undge in the ribs with his elbow as

Tom without minding the admonition, said "You just wait-I'll fix her, keep your eye on

ed in her part, he sung out in a voice which rang through the galleries
"Low Bridge!" From force of habit, the actress instantly and involuntarily, ducked her head to avoid the anticipated collision. Down came the house with a perfect thunder of applause at this "palpable hit," high above which Tom's voice could be heard, as he returned Bill's punch in the ribs

with interest-"Didn't I tell ye, old boy I know'd 'twas her. You couldn't fool me."-Buffalo Ex-