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NO. 101 N. MOORE'S

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING

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## CHANGED SONS.

BY A. MILLER.

For up the dizzy mountain side

The hunter calmly springs

To where the wild chamois roams

What power his daring foot shall stay

When he is in the path of death

And as he goes he carries his way

As softly as the mountain breeze

He may not think when making his

Triumph like the dangerous risk to dare

Unlike the weak, who tremble with

The bold soul to the upper air

And in the end he conquers death

His daimon heart beats undimmed

For he above the mortal steps

In Heaven his trail is firmly laid

Upward, still upward, to his course

When roasting through the mountain air

The mighty winds repeat their words

Which all exultingly he hears

The burning sun may interrupt

And the most robust his breath

Though death smiles on the track he goes

The hunter smiles at Nature's wrath

Now, from the rugged mountain's crest

Looks toward the plain below

A man, within whose granite breast

Lies the seeds of life and death

The heart's own, all its own

And the soul's own, all its own

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## THE DEVIL'S MARK.

FROM DOUGLASS' HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

On the morning of August the first, sixteen

hundred and fourteen, the village of Hambleton

was the scene of a dwelling which rallied

chiefly round the lively Master Simon, far-

rier, blacksmith, and wheel-righter for the town-

ship. Master Simon's only daughter Rose—the

White Rose of Hambleton, the folks called her—

was going to be married that day to her cousin

Richard Nicholl, who had come to Hambleton

about a year before to work at the forge for his

kinsman, whose strength was declining, and had

fallen in love at once with the pretty and warm-

hearted Rose. They were a very well matched

couple of young people, for if she was a bloom-

ing and sweet as her name, Richard was the

goodliest man in that parish, and many another

was the sixteen and he was twenty-six—both

of them in the full vigor of their manhood,

and they were going to be married that day.

The forge fire was out that morning, and if

any traveler's horse had chosen to cast a shoe

near the village, he must have gone a couple of

miles further, to Wistebank, before the damage

could have been repaired. In Master Simon's

ottage were collected half the women of the

place, but Rose's chamber was the favorite point,

for there the young men's toilet was being

accomplished by half a dozen of the best of the

town. We ought not to go into that myste-

rious sacrament, I know; but for the telling of

our story it is necessary that we should look

at the proceedings, and listen also to the remarks

of the bandmaids engaged in their agreeable

tasks. The custom of those days was not re-

markable either for its picturesque or its grace-

ful; but Rose's pretty shape and sweet face

were proof against its disadvantages. She stood

in the centre of the room, fair and blushing, in

a posture of remarkable stiffness and of some

preternatural length, her gold-colored hair

rolled up elaborately, and a highly-starched

rufling close at hand to imprison her round white

throat.

There was not one of the half-dozen friends

so beautiful as Rose; but one of them—the

chief it seemed—from her being the putter on

of the bows and decorative paraphernalia of the

dress, had a singular countenance—cold, repel-

ling, and scornful. The blackness of her

eyes, which were deep-set and depressed over her

nose, gave her a furtive, stealthy expression, and

her narrow scarlet lips, while they indicated a

sensual disposition, showed also one of cruelty

and vindictiveness. She was older than most of

the girls, but still quite young, and had pretensions

to beauty which she was more ready to as-

sert than others were to allow. Everybody,

however, Rose included, looked at her with a

glance of some kind of interest, and a bodice

which she was wearing, and which she was

pointing at her own reflection in the glass; she

always laid the blame of Nature's defects on her

alibi.

"Yes, Mistress Lucy, I see," she heaved a

sigh, and then whispered loudly, "I have a

mark; but I get from Mistress Turner in Lon-

don; but if I get from Mistress Turner in Lon-

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## DOUBTS ON LAGER BEER.

Do not let your friends be so mysteriously

multiply, and there were fifty Dampfools, and

there were forty glasses and in trying to make

the circuit of the room and touch my glass to

every one of them I fell over a table which was

inadvertently set before me, and as I went

down I took a small Dutchman in the cor-

ner, then I fell over him, the partially recov-

ered myself and sat on his head, then I got up

and stepped on his stomach, then I demanded

an instant apology, then I called for six glasses

of Lager, and the girl brought them all in one

hand, broke three, then I tried to drink out of the

remaining three all at once, and in so doing I took

an involuntary shower-bath, then I tried to pay

for the whole fifty glasses, but the damnable

waitress, who was a Spanish quarter, and who

she should give my change in gold dollars, there

seemed to be some difficulty about this, and

if I had not known that Lager is so intoxicating

I should have thought the man was drunk."

An Exciting Scene