

THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

If the swaying mountain harelk Had its choice, And could shatter the sweet silence With a voice;

THE STRAW-RIDE.

BY EMMETT A. YOUNG.



HEY! RE a pack of simpletons—that's all I've got to say about it!" said Simon Gale. He pressed the tobacconist into the bowl of his pipe as he spoke. Then he opened the door of the kitchen stove, dexterously transferred a live coal to the pipe, and then leaned back to puff contentedly, having saved the value of a match.

"Yes, Maria, it is really so. He spoke to me this very night, and he has loved me all along, and he has never cared for Alma Gray. Oh, I am so happy! But poor Alma, when she comes to know—"

himself into a jealous fury, Jimmy Frye, with Maria upon his arm, met Philip Marston and Lou Baxter on the porch at Wigson's.

REV. DR. TALMAGE. THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON. Subject: "Another Chance."

A man go a cholera or yellow fever hospital for his health, and the great lazarotto of the next world, containing the diseased and plague struck, will be a poor place for moral recovery.

the King dying that we might live. Tell it to all points of the compass. Tell it to night and day. Tell it to all earth and heaven.