

Selected Poetry

SHE BATHES

On her chain of life is rest,
On her spirit's wing is dust;

Oh! her story soon is told,
Once a lamb within the fold,

She turned again to sin
What had she to lose or win?

No; the altar was not there,
For a chanting priest's prayer;

Till the bruised and wounded heart,
Aching from the tempter's dart,

What makes you so late to night,
Tracy?

Frank Tracy laughed and reddened a
little as his room mate, Howard Leigh,

Blushing, eh? pursued the latter
with a spice of mischievous malice in his

Your guess is partly right, said
Tracy, lightly, but the lady is a very

Then I am to conclude that she
never chewed your cravat ends nor

Not a bit of it. She's the most
perfect little piece of flesh and blood I

What a lucky thing for Frank!
It was scarcely a year after Mrs. Tracy's

John Newton once said; 'The art
of spreading rumors may be compared

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the hour of seven, the fire burned clear-
ly in the ornamented grate, and the

'I beg your pardon, my love; I was
not aware that I was annoying you.'

'You forget, Leonore,' said Frank
somewhat gravely, 'that America is

Mrs. Tracy tossed her head and took
refuge in a bottle of smelling salts. Her

I haven't asked whether my old
acquaintances, the Walton's, are living

Tracy was silent a moment, comment-
ing upon the sad facility with which

All at once the door was thrown open,
and two or three rosy little children

Don't come near me, you noisy little
monsters! hissed Leonore, waving

No word of reproach, however, fell from
Frank Tracy's lips, as the little ones

Poor Tracy, it's plain to see that he
is not happy, said Leigh, that evening,

What a lucky thing for Frank!
It was scarcely a year after Mrs. Tracy's

John Newton once said; 'The art
of spreading rumors may be compared

Nothing more was said on the sub-
ject, and several times that afternoon it

recurred to Frank Tracy's mind. He
wished he could see her.

The gas had been lighted however,
and the little girls were safely tucked

'Miss Walton, pray be seated.'
He saw at the first glance that the

'The principal was harsh and unkind
to me, and the place was noisy. O, sir

Agnes looked a moment into his kind
eyes, and placed her little hand confi-

And Howard Leigh was satisfied that
his friend had married the right person

MURPHYS VS ST. CLAIRS.—A cer-
tain gentleman of the Millesian persua-

Pat came to him.
'Bring me a St. Clair,' said the Maj.

'A which, sir?' said Pat.
'A St. Clair, I said. Don't you un-

'Sure, Ameriky is a queer country,
and I never heard such a thing axed for

'Well, Patrick,' quoth our joker,
with the air of one about to impart use-

The Major hit hard that time, at least,
for the owner of the 'police' name left

—John Newton once said; 'The art
of spreading rumors may be compared

—Why is oak the best wood of
which to make a wooden leg? Because

Original Poetry

The Falling of the Leaves.

BY H. E. BARRY.

The Autumn winds are sweeping
Adown the midland vale,

Sad thoughts fill up the measure
Of our earthly joys and tears,

Whilst Nature seems to languish
At the closing of the year,

'Tis meet to heed the warning
That Fall brings in her train,

The Women all Right.
The Nashville Union and Dispatch

relates the following incident, which
demonstrates that Southern women are

An incident occurred recently at the
Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs,

ment dressed himself from top to toe,
and presented himself in the ball room

These are unembellished facts.

AN UNLUCKY "SENTIMENT."—For
example, "Honest men and bonie lassies!"

A candidate for office, canvassing
his district for voters, came upon a Mr.

—An Irishman, speaking of the ex-
cellence of a telescope, says:

—The soldiers and negroes engaged
prominently in the late riot at Augusta,

—Why is a woman mending her
stockings deferred? Because her

A Promising Missouri Swen-
ite.

They have some promising children
around Ironton. Not long since a big

'Can you read?'
'Don't know?' was the reply.

'What does that spell?'
'Don't know.'

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Jim Wolf and the Tom Cats.

Here is one of Mark Twain's good
stories. He knows how to make the

I knew by the sympathetic show up
on his bald head—I knew by the

'We were all boys, then, and didn't
care for nothing, and didn't have no

So, that night, you know, that my
sister Mary gave the candy pullin',

Our wonder looked on to the roof of
the ell, and about ten o'clock a couple

Well, Jim, he got disgusted with the
row and 'lowed he'd climb out there

They comp'ny folks was down there
under the caves, the whole squad of 'em

And they had set out in the snow to
cool. And they was talkin' and laugh-

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