

THE LONE WIDOW'S SOLACE.

BY LOUISA R. UPHAM.

Yes, she sat there alone, with the faintest cap Perched atop of her soft brown hair; The deep weeds of mourning, though sombre as night, But rendered the widow more fair.

FIDO'S CHARGE.

In an upper room of a miserable lodging-house, a man lay dying. Beside him, her hand clasped in his, her ear strained to catch the low words of the rapidly-sinking man, was a little girl of eight years.

"Tain't no use. He's gone, certain." We must pass over the pauper's burial, and little Nell's uncontrollable grief. Between the orphan asylum and Mrs. Brown's Nell had her choice.

they thought. But the time came when the heart of each was awakened to the truth. She was false to the one that worshiped her—the brother who trusted him with such perfect faith.

all necessary information concerning Charles Austin. His body was placed in the family vault, beside his parents. A few years more, and beside him lay the wife, for whom he had forsaken home, friends and country.

At one of the demi-French reunions not long since, a little scene occurred which amused the few who witnessed it. About ten o'clock a monsieur entered, very correct in his "getting up," unexceptionable in his demeanor, but a gentleman gifted with a very considerable nasal organ.

THE PRACTICAL LOVER. I did not purchase for my bride Rich jeweled rings and costly fans, But what I thought would be her pride— A set complete of pots and pans.