

THE OLD HOME.

SARAH DOUDNEY. "Return, return," the voices cried, "To your old valley, far away; For softly on the river tide...

THE FIRST CLOUD.

"It was to meet such difficulties as this that tontines—" "Bother!" I wrote the first sitting at my desk, and said the last aloud, impatiently—well, there, angrily—for Mattie had bounced into the room, run to the back of my chair, and clapped her hands over my eyes, exclaiming: "Oh, Dick, what a shame! And you promised to come up and dress!"

she was struggling bravely to keep back the tears. "Because I've no time for such frivolity. There, you've wasted enough of my time, so go." Scratch, scratch, went that exasperating pen, as I went on writing more stuff to cancel, and yet too weak and angry to leave off like a sensible man, run up and change my things, and accompany my little wife to the pleasant social gathering a few doors lower down the road.

pitteous tones; and as I was once more seized, I shook myself free, rushed up the ladder, with the flames scorching and burning my face and panting and breathless, I reached a window where Mattie stood stretching out her hands. I got astride of the sill, the flames being watted away from me, and threw my arms around her; but as I did so the ladder gave away, burned through by the flames that gushed furiously from the lower window, and I felt that I must either jump or try to descend by the staircase.

Orange Growing in Florida. Correspondence of the New York Sun. "How long does it take an orange grove to come into bearing?" The question was asked by a northern man in an earnest, deliberate way, that was intended to evoke a candid reply from the orange grower to whom it was put.

LADY OPERATORS. A Prediction that They will Soon Handle the Key to the Exclusion of the Men. The telegraphic profession will, we predict, says the current number of the Telegraphers' Advocate, in the course of a few years, be composed of female members entirely. In every large office in the United States, the proportion of male and female employees is undergoing a slow but positive change.

Tombs of the Presidents. The presidents of the United States who are dead are nearly all buried in the neighborhood of their homes which they occupied. Washington's tomb, at Mount Vernon, is known to all the world. John Adams and John Quincy Adams lie beneath the Unitarian Church at Quincy, Mass. The coffins are of lead, placed in cases hewn from solid blocks of granite. Their wives are buried with them. John Adams died on the same day with Jefferson, a strange coincidence itself, but stranger still, it was on the Fourth of July, 1826, just a half century after the Declaration of Independence which they had joined in making.