

Miscellany.

A TALE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

There was a man in our town who thought himself wondrous wise. Said he, "What costly trumperies the average husband buys! Now I'll cut out all the 'Household Hints' and give them to my wife, and she'll furnish the house on nothing at all, you better bet your life!" So he bought some ancient newspaper files, and his wife got on her knees. And began to manufacture things with elegance and ease.

THE QUEEN'S PARDON.

On the heights of Portland the December mists, still unbroken by sunbeams, hung like a pall over all traces of the prison buildings from the roads, where several ships of the Channel Squadron lay at anchor, and also from the straggling row of houses at the base of the northwest slope. In the prison itself there was no light as yet save in the few windows of the cells, which the ever-alert warders paced monotonously to and fro. In most of the cells the prisoners slept, tired out with the previous day's heaving of stone and unaccustomed tasks, but in one the occupant, a man of 35, good-looking in spite of prison garb, close-cropped hair, and the ravages of toll and despair, lay on his bed awake.

elusion of the formal part of his duty he added a few words of congratulation. Harbore seemed to have no comprehension of his meaning. He remained standing in the center of the narrow cell speechless. At last the chaplain made him understand the import of the document which had just been read over to him. "Free! Free! It is impossible," he exclaimed, and then he threw himself on the bed in an agony of joy. The clanging of the bell, the slamming of doors, the echoing of footsteps down the resounding corridors recalled him to a sense of his position. A warder entered with a suit of clothes. With trembling fingers he removed his prison garb; worn, soiled with sweat and labor, and intolerable. The trousers felt chilly after the thick prison tight-fitting knickerbockers, and rough, thick, worsted stockings. The coat seemed to fit him nowhere. With one look around his cell, on the walls of which he had done innumerable calculations to keep himself from insanity, he saw the terrible silence and sense of loneliness. "No, 27," now no longer a mere figure, a machine, but a human being, stepped into the corridor.

There was a breakfast for him such as he had not tasted for nine long years, but he had no appetite. The one idea now possessing his mind was to get home, now possessing his mind was to get home, now possessing his mind was to get home. He had no appetite. The one idea now possessing his mind was to get home, now possessing his mind was to get home, now possessing his mind was to get home.

TRUMPET CALLS.
W E sell our birthright to be saved when we choose sin.
A SAN FRANCISCO DRUMMER'S CLOSE CALL.
George R. Hendrickson, a well-known traveling man, describes a novel experience which he had recently had.
Thought He Was Going to be Launched Into Eternity.

Turned His Hair Gray.
FEARLESSNESS OF IGNORANCE.
Illustrated by a Tourist Who Insisted Upon Going Into a Crater.
Capt. Basil Hall tells one of those stories which are always coming up to prove that the man who knows nothing about a danger is the one to fear it least, and to neglect a salutary obedience toward those who have trodden a path before.

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