

IF THE DARK.

Midnight brooded silent and alone;
Nothing broke the wintry gloom...

Close to the larger bed
Stood the cradle in its place...

Something in the darkness stirred,
Warmly nestling at my side...

Then I murmured, as he lay,
"Mother's kiss, beside you, dear...

Wandering fingers toward me crept,
"Mother, let me hold your hand..."

Through the window's dark and dim,
Turning into Christ, who said...

Does He take them? Ay, He does!
All the same deep and wide...

I shall wait in Heaven's bright morning
With my baby at my side.

SUMMER NIGHT ADVENTURE.

Upon a somewhat elevated plateau
of ground in the suburbs of Laguna...

First came the hostess, a lady some
years between twenty-five and thirty...

Sitting next to her, caressing fondly
the soft coat of a beautiful Maltese cat...

Florence Deere was perhaps the only
one of the five present that was con-

Last but not least, there was Nina,
fondling, who had come into the neigh-

"Oh, girls, I have an idea!"
"For mercy's sake, let us have it before...

"Well, and what absurdity has entered
your noodle now?" asked Rathie...

"I will whisper my plan," answered
Amy, coming close to the other girls...

"I hate the place!" cried Rathie, while
a queer gleam darted astirward the cold eyes...

"I, for one, accept the offer, by way
of diversion; it has become tolerably...

"Have your own sweet will," answered
Rathie; "it would be ungenerous in me...

Rathie heard May bound up the stairs,
two at a step, whistling "Champagne...

CHAPTER II.

The morning dawned clear, with a
sultry haze perceptible, portending a...

"We will ask Aunt Mary to prepare us
a late dinner, after which we will proceed...

rather know him dead than that. But if
he is living, why hasn't he come?"

With these words, uttered half aloud,
she turned fiercely around, pushing down...

Every one had noticed Rathie's only
ornament, this plain gold ring, and had...

If Rathie had remained single through
life's best morning, had refused excellent...

The only living creature that could
awaken any interest, or relax the stereo-

CHAPTER III.

At dinner, the girls were merry and
light-hearted, apparently; yet the hearts...

Just as the night shades were gather-
ing, and the last rays of the light of day...

"Come, girls, we must get that place
lighted up before it becomes much darker...

May was the first, also, to reach and
forcibly open the hall door, that looked...

"But we forget the girls, Leonard;
they do not doubt you; I doubt if they...

"But you surely don't mean it,
Rathie!" said Florence, indignantly.

"Yes, I do. We were married two
years ago this evening, at Somerville...

"Wonders will never cease!" cried
May. "I knew of the engagement, but...

"When they walked home in the early
morning, Rathie told her husband that...

"Don't be idiotic, girls! You look as
though you were afraid that I was going...

"I, for one, am very comfortable here,
and will not go until after midnight, anyway..."

"Very well; the majority carries the
day; I will content myself by lying down...

"So saying, Rathie threw herself down
upon the sofa, and stared dreamily into...

Rathie wondered secretly if Leonard's
room had remained the same through all...

trated in the force, seemed to hold the
earth. Rathie shivered with undefinable...

With the last stroke, that sounded like
a death-knell, she sprang to a sitting...

Florence glided up closely to Rathie;
but Rathie moved forward, standing in the...

But now it moved again, in steady,
measured steps, firm and reliant, and, as...

At last, slowly and noiselessly, the door
opened, and there stood a man, well built...

The girls recovered themselves suffi-
ciently to be interested, but Rathie—she...

"Oh, Leonard, why did you not come
before? You knew of your excommunication?"

"No, darling, not until a week ago,
and hastened there to see my mother...

"But we forget the girls, Leonard;
they do not doubt you; I doubt if they...

"But you surely don't mean it,
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The Prodigal Son.

Last Sunday afternoon the Superin-
tendent of a Sunday school out in the...

"I reckon most o' you young ones
have heard about that old feller in...

But now it moved again, in steady,
measured steps, firm and reliant, and, as...

At last, slowly and noiselessly, the door
opened, and there stood a man, well built...

The girls recovered themselves suffi-
ciently to be interested, but Rathie—she...

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upon the sofa, and stared dreamily into...

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Sore Throats and Their Remedy.

The Deacon called a few evenings ago
and as I was suffering from a sore throat...

"I reckon most o' you young ones
have heard about that old feller in...

But now it moved again, in steady,
measured steps, firm and reliant, and, as...

At last, slowly and noiselessly, the door
opened, and there stood a man, well built...

The girls recovered themselves suffi-
ciently to be interested, but Rathie—she...

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A Disgraceful Scene in Congress.

Mr. Hooker, (Dem. of Miss.) is a fluent
and graceful speaker, drunk or sober.

When a member gets intoxicated and in-
terferes with the despatch of public busi-

For a while members were amused.
Then they gathered around him, like...

Even while making this painful exhibi-
tion of himself his language was chaste...

George Elliot the Woman.

Before the grave closes over the re-
mains of George Elliot, I may perhaps be...

Whatever George Elliot's religious
opinions may have been—and it may, per-

Three things to do—think, live and
act.

Three things to govern—your temper,
tongue and conduct.

Three things to cherish—virtue, good-
ness and wisdom.

Three things to contend for—honor,
country and friends.

Three things to love—courage, gentle-
ness and affection.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arro-
gance and ingratitude.

Three things to teach—truth, industry
and contentment.

Three things to admire—intellect, digni-
ty and gracefulness.

Three things to like—cordiality, good-
ness and cheerfulness.

Three things to delight in—beauty,
frankness and freedom.

Three things to avoid—idleness, lo-
quacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to wish for—health,
friends and a contented spirit.

Three things to cultivate—good books,
good friends and good humor.

For a Sprain.—The white of an egg,
into which a piece of alum about the...