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Ho's Light is Shining Yet. 'Tis true that time may swiftly pass, And years as quickly fly, And every hope that springs to birth, May wither, fade and die; And, oh, 'tis true that all our dreams, May in life's darkness set— But in the chambers of my soul, If upo's light is shining yet.

Notburga. FROM THE GERMAN. More than a thousand years ago an Emperor held his brilliant court upon the Hortberg.

When the Emperor remarked his once blooming daughter gradually fading away in all the beauty of early youth, he decided in his mind that the cause of her declining health could only be the result of some romantic attachment.

This communication filled poor Notburga's soul with secret apprehensions; for she dared not open her heart and confess the truth to her impatient and stern father.

Her faithful old servant, Caspar, heard her lamentations and pitied her affliction. He called to her, therefore, from his window below and promised to conduct her over the woody mountains to the secluded chapel of St. Michael, where this pious old man had passed the greater part of his life.

At length, at the close of a fine autumn, as the leaves began to fall from the trees, and the variegated tints of the mountains announced the approach of winter, Notburga fell ill, and the hand of death smote her.

When her absence was made known to the Emperor, and he found that none of his servants could give him any information respecting her, he dispatched messengers in all directions to search the banks of the Neckar, whilst he himself mounted his horse and rode out with his retainers to seek her in the castles and cottages of the neighborhood, but his search was vain.

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par, as he hastened to cut it a morsel of bread. But the sage, instead of thankfully nibbling the food, as was his custom, bent his head and stretched his neck toward the trusty old servant. "Ah, must I fix it upon them!" said he, and he attached the bread to his horns. The animal then struck its foot against the ground, as if in token of satisfaction, and, having gratefully regarded him for a moment, sprang, like an arrow from a bow, toward the Neckar. On the following day Caspar again stood at his window, and the stag returned and again presented his horns, to which a large oak leaf was affixed by an embroidered hand which Caspar's wife knew to be Notburga's garter.

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The Emperor so soon heard the miraculous story than he called for his swift steed, and, bidding his train attend him, he pursued the stag with all possible speed. He and his whole party drove through the forest, and, as they advanced, he suddenly approached and demanded an explanation of the strange proceeding.

"That must be my daughter's ily ara!" exclaimed the aged parent. "To no one else can such perfect symmetry belong." My Other, Oh, my Other, she cried, "has some foreign maiden's beauty driven thy Notburga's image from thy recollection! Has thy heart become colder in the land where the sun diffuses greater warmth! Oh, holy Virgin!"

This excited the Emperor's choler to such a degree that he attempted to drag her out of the cave by force; but she placed her other hand upon the simple cross which she herself had fastened of their spurs into branches. Eagerly at her resistance, he pulled with increased violence, until at last, horrible to relate, the maiden's arm separated from her body and remained in his hands.

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escort the holy relics to their place of rest, the angels of God accompanied the procession, filling the air with a chorus of heavenly music. Of a sudden, however, the oxo became restive and refused to wade. It was looked upon as a sign from Heaven, so the body was lifted from the car, and committed to the earth upon the spot where they stood. There the Emperor erected a church, and caused a monument to be placed in it to the memory of his sister child. Notburga's stag was never seen again.

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nutrition as a Cause of Infant Mortality. Why the death-rate is greater during the period of infancy than at any other time of life, should be a subject of as profound research as it is of momentous importance. The question of population is a social question, a question, and a political question, closely connected with the vital state of woman.

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A. T. Stewart's Estate. The surprise caused by the death of A. T. Stewart was followed by a sensational manner in which Judge Hilton slipped into the greater part of his property. In some cases it is a very good thing to be the confidential friend of a very rich man.

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The Emperor of Brazil. His Imperial Majesty, Dom Pedro II. of Brazil, is now in our country for the purpose of visiting the Centennial exhibition, and of making an extensive journey of observation through the United States. Speaking of the Emperor before his arrival at New York, the Tribune said:

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Anecdotes of Chancellor Kent. On one occasion the Chancellor told Mr. Kirkland, says the Albany Law Journal, that he was going to Richmond, and he continued: "While there, I mean to call on Chief Justice Marshall. We don't know each other; I shall not announce my name at the door, but shall go in, and when I see him, shall ask if this is Chief Justice Marshall. On his answer, if in the affirmative, I shall say, 'This is Chancellor Kent.' He will be as glad to meet me as I to meet him, and the Justice and the Chancellor will have a royal time." According to the Richmond newspapers, the Chancellor actually carried out his plan to the letter, asking to the Chief Justice that he might see some variety of meeting him in the next world, he was determined to meet him in this.

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Two of Thackeray's Anecdotes. As set-off to his own exalted view of his profession, says Joseph Hutton in London Society, Thackeray used to tell some good stories of the frequent absence of his proper recognition both in and out of society.

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