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"I Wish I Were You." "I wish I were you" said a friend one day, as he gazed up at him in a heart-felt way...

The Happy New Year. "Happy New Year!" A bright face looked into the chamber; a sweet voice rang through it in tones of music.

"Happy New Year, darling!" And Mr. Ellis stooped to kiss the child. But the kiss he gave was not fervent. It was kind and gentle, but not loving.

"Happy New Year!" cried one child after another, as it looked into his room or met him on the stairs. "Happy New Year!" greeted him from many voices.

"Happy New Year!" said the neighbor, cheerily, to Mr. Ellis, an hour after breakfast, meeting him a little way from his own door.

"Happy New Year!" said the neighbor, shrugging his shoulders and arching his eyebrows. "Happy New Year," mumbled Mr. Ellis, in a half-playful, half-worried manner.

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before, and of others which were to come in--bills that he had no present means of paying. "I must get more salary," said Mr. Ellis to himself, as he brooded that New Year's Day over his unhappy affairs.

This good fortune quite set up our young friend. He felt rich; and on the strength of this feeling indulged himself with a new parlor carpet and a set of chairs--on credit.

It was no better with him when the next New Year's Day came round, and so it went on for ten years; and we find him still as unhappy on New Year's dawn as when it first opened on his married life.

As Mr. Ellis took his seat at the breakfast table, he looked into the faces of five pleasant children, and across at his still young and attractive wife. He ought to be a happy man with treasures like these.

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"Sue you!" exclaimed the neighbor, shaking his head. "Ah, my good friend! I see where the trouble lies. It is what suits--what is desired--and not what can be afforded that governs you in expenditure. No man who lives by this rule can hope for anything but the worry and humiliation of debt."

"Which have to my heart's content," said Ellis, bitterly. "And, struggle as I will, I cannot free myself from its coils."

"I will never do that," he said to himself, after brooding all day over his miserable affairs. "I cannot live on two thousand dollars. The case is hopeless."

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no image of an unpaid bill. True, there were unpaid bills, but none of account date; none but what had been adjusted to mutual satisfaction. Their aggregate, instead of being fifteen hundred dollars, was scarcely six hundred, and this sum he expected to wipe off in less than six months.

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Shall They Blush for Their Father? That children do good without responsibility, and often unconsciously, detracts nothing from the beauty of their sweet usefulness.

There were two older children in the man's dwelling, a boy and a girl. They were poor, and these children worked daily to keep up the supply of bread, made deficient more through idleness in the father than from lack of employment.

"O, father," said the boy, "such a dreadful thing has happened! Henry Lee's father was taken up to-day for robbing; they took him out of the shop when Henry was there, and carried him off to prison. I say Henry weeping. He hung his head for shame of his own father! Only think of that!"

"I will do the deed myself, and take the entire reward," he said. "And he did it according to his word. When the other man went forth to his labor on the next day, he learned that his accomplice had been taken in the act of robbing, and was already in prison."

"WOMAN LOVE."—These fellow mortals, every one must be accepted as they are; you can neither straighten their noses, nor brighten their wit, nor rectify their dispositions; and it is these people—among whom your life is passed—that it is useful you should tolerate, pity and love; if it is these more or less ugly, stupid, inconsistent people, whose movements of goodness you should be able to admire, for whom you should cherish all possible hopes, all possible patience.

"The Rising of the Nile." The rising of the Nile this year has been a very strong and full flood. It began to rise on the 1st of July, an average time. On August 10th it was a few inches over seven feet, and stayed there for six days, then fell and rose again and settled at a normal height.

"The Submarine Passage Under the English Channel." A scheme, with which neither the Suez Canal nor the tunnel through Mont-Cenis can pretend to vie in audacity, seems to be assured of ultimate execution.

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enough to render the all-rail transport of goods lucrative. It is by no means certain that the tunnel route would offer irresistible attractions to the traveler.

These are some of the objections to the submarine road, regarded as an independent investment. There is no doubt, however, that two corporations, the London, Dover, and Chatham Railway, and the Chemin de fer du Nord, will find their account in the new enterprise, and it is mainly to their exertions that an international tunnel between the French and English coasts is in the way of probable execution.

"A Timely Rescue." "Man overboard," said an old seafaring man to a reporter yesterday. "Do you want to hear the story? They are only two words, yet I doubt if there is any cry that sends such a thrill through every one on board of a ship as does this."

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