

THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

What anguish of mind I remember my childhood, recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained...

OUR FRIENDS.

These are the friends of our former years, the friends of long ago...

JAMES WINTHROP'S DILEMMA.

What must I say to you, Mary? I am about exhausted my small store of sensitive power...

Mary, I beg you not to be angry with me. Good-by—good-by. I did not mean to hurt your feelings...

Well, Mary? "How are you to-day?" "As she extended her hand and smiled a little, she seemed to have no remembrance of their last interview...

As his thoughts of Mary had multiplied since that discussion of theirs, they had decreased in leniency. He wished her to say, "forgive me" now. Instead of that—there she stood; if inclined to penitence, her appearance did not betray the fact...

and fills the air for a moment with a shower of silvery tongued echoes, and then steals back to its lair in the heart to watch again for its prey...

A servant presently informed him that Mr. Halstead was not then at home, but was expected back before night.

Now when he came that morning he had found Mary tending some rose bushes, and wearing a sunbonnet. On its removal, her dark hair had appeared slightly rumpled.

"What must have been your opinion of me to think that? It would have been pretty behavior truly, to go off and leave a guest awaiting me—rather awaiting some one."

Her merriment lessened the difficulty. He began to explain.

"Mary, can you not afford to be generous? You know that I am at your mercy."

"That is no consolation—can he not come back? Mary, I want you to forget what I said to you that day, I was jealous. I accused you of flirting—you remember—will you forgive me?"

Matters were becoming comfortably adjusted. It occurred to James Winthrop that the old friendship would not be sufficient for him—would not fill his desire any longer.

Grand thoughts come from the heart, and sometimes from the brain; bad thoughts come from the stomach.

Life is a voyage, where we aspire only to halting places; when we reach them, as they are either to warm or too cold, we must set out again on our march.

Love is not only a sentiment, it is also an art. A simple word, a precaution, a nothing reveals to a woman the great and sublime artist who can touch her heart without withering it.

Marriage resembles a lawsuit; there is always one side not contented, if one deceives the other, half of the husbands certainly enjoy the comedy at the expense of the other.

A score that some folks are allowed to run up—Three score and ten.

The Difference Between a Hearty Laugh and a Broad Grin.

The illusive character of language never shows itself so plainly as when we make an effort to describe some common phenomena.

The reader bent on laughable information may not be aware that there is a kind of laughter peculiar to young girls, especially suitable to the summer months.

Laugh and be fat, sir, your penance is known, they that love mirth, let them heartily drink. This only the receipt to make sorrow sink.

A special dispatch from Bridgeport, Conn., says: "Charles F. Ritchel, of this city, has invented a ship designed to sail through the air."

"This latter feature is one of the principal features of Mr. Ritchel's invention. He says that the tendency of a balloon, when in mid air, is to move either up or down from one strata to another with ever increasing velocity.

"The propeller worked one way tends to push the balloon or ship upward, and by being reversed draws it toward the earth again.

"Another new feature which Mr. Ritchel has introduced in ballooning is a new style of cloth for balloon covering—a light and very strong substance, which rain will not affect in either hot or cold weather.

Refinement.—Fashionable men are not always refined. A refined man is never "loud" in his dress, for refinement is always allied to simplicity and a judicious and tasteful employment of the means of the good and happiness which it has at command.

The new carpet for the House of Representatives at Washington, is a beautiful dark red tapestry, which will contrast richly with the seal-brown polka dots which will show about the time each of the honorable members has begun on his seventh plaid."

A man with an abundance of money needs no pedigree to stand on, and as a rule he has none.

LAUGHTER.

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"READ HISTORY!!!"

It is considered always proper and commendable to advise young people to read and study history.

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A STARLING DISCOVERY.

One That May Break Up All the Breweries in the Country.

St. Louis Republican: A genius in Dakota has made a discovery that threatens to revolutionize the entire brewing trade of the world and render brewery property worthless.

Gary, Dak., Sept. 25, 1883.—Dr. H. E. Hoeke, St. Louis—Dear sir: In our neighborhood lives a German farmer named Liebig who claims to have made a discovery which seems to me so remarkable that I have concluded to report to the press.

He is quite a scientific man, and has a diploma from some big agricultural college in Germany, the name of which I have forgotten.

He has a cow in his lot. Some time ago the milk from her had a bitter taste and a brownish color, which rendered it totally unfit for use.

He saw the animal coming out of the barn, where he has his hop-bins. Evidently the cow had fed on hops, and naturally the milk had acquired the objectionable taste.

He continued to feed hops, for which she had a natural liking, then malt, and then corn. Grass and hay would not do, because under it the liquid resumed its natural milky character.

The product under this feeding was a turbid light-brown liquid with a sweet, slightly bitterish taste. Warm from the cow he adds some yeast, sets it in a warm place, and lets it ferment.

He has got a brewery on four legs, which, in case prohibition should prevent, he can take along across the borders.

On a certain occasion Wirt and Daniel Webster were opposed to each other in the trial of a case.

"Pray, Mr. K., have you ever read 'Baron Munchausen'?" referring to a work noted for its improbable stories.

A Chicago paper says: "Nearly everybody who lives at Newburg, N. Y., is more or less bow-legged from walking up and down the hill on which the city is built.

A cornetist in Ansonia was stung on the hand by a hornet while he was playing his cornet in church recently. A deacon rose up and thanked the hornet."