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as is well known all over the United States. It is published weekly, contains eight har e pages, clearly printed on good paper, filted with the choicest stories and sketchas, by the best writers, not serve ional trash, but such as a mother is willing to have her children read. The whole tone if the paper is more and elevating.

is pure and elevating-It also contains distorical and Biographical articles; Scientific; Agricultural and Household Departments, Fashion Article weekly, fresh and unexcelled ; Humorous Notes; Literary H views; News Notes; Boys' and Gir ' umns; and Strong and Sparkling Edi - etc., etc. Is just such a paper as evicy . he price is only y loves to read, and

once. Her heart was heavy as lead. and she was angry at a would that had been a very hard one to her. "Three years since Pat went away,"

she said to herself, "and never a word from him. He's deady no doubt; and it's the last kind word I've heard. I wasn't shiftless and good for not sing to him. "Maggie.' he'd often say, 'I'd change you for nobodys wife.' Och, he was the man; and as good to me when I was faded and worn out with the hard livin' and rarin' and losin' the childer, as he was when I was a purty girl, with cheeks like roses, and he was a boy conrting m . Och, Pat, why did you go at all? You died in a ditch like a dog, maybe; for all these hard-hearted gentle-folk care, we all might."

She turned and shock her fist back "They've killed me, I belave," at the honse she had just left, or y a she said faintly, as a man bent over are not for Pat," she said; "but you the she fainted. could have no patince if a pertatie was burnt, or a towel not that smooth. You sent me out with the mght fall-

i.g. Bad luck to ye and to all your she plodded on ag like."

calico-it would burn like, tinder. In a moment more she had forn it off and had the matches in her hand. Ashe struck a light she heard a pistol click.

"They see me," she said, and held the match against the old calico, and as it caught she flourished it over her head. She feit a Bullet whiz by her shoulder, another struck her and now the glare was bright, and the train was close at hand-she rushed towards it, waving her burning dress, Thank God! they saw her. The train slackened its pace -it stopped. Men with lanterns in their hands sprang from it and harried to her. And the old dress, burnt to tinder, dropped to the ground, and she sank beside it, the blood flowing from a

at the house she had fust left, only a she said failing, as a fust bit of the root visible over the rising her "I can't show yon the place but it's beyant there—the rails—

When she came to herself she was by the roadside, and lights fell over

her, and she heard people talking of the hairbredth escape they had and of ther bravery,

Shortly before his departure for

out of bed in a frenzy to chase a

musquito around the room with a

pillow; or Marin Luther in a night-

shirt trying to put the baby to sleep

at two o'clock in the morning; or

Alexander the Great with the

hiccoughs; or Thomas Jefferson

getting suddenly over a fence to avoid

a dog; or the Duke of Wellington

with the mumps; or Daniel Webster

abusing his wife because she had nt

tucked in the cover at the foot of the

bed; or Benjamin Franklin paring

his coins with a razor; or Jonathan

Edwards at dinner table wanting to

sneeze just as he got his mouth full

of hot beef; or Noah standing at his

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

window throwing bricks at a cat.

India, the lamented Herber preached serman which contained this beauiful sentiment: "Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat glides down the narro v channel-through the playfull marmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the

The metropolis of the British Empire, the largest city the world ever saw, covers within fifteen miles,

made me what. I am."

nyself and did not go.

other way.

in squads to see it. It is so easy to

go with the multitude; it is so hard to

make a stand, break away, and go the

"That is exactly what I did. I

nastered the situation. I mastered

"It was the resolution then called

out, and called out perhaps for the

first time, which has, under God, serv-

ed me many a good turn since, and

LONDON.

· or inda

A TURNING POINT .- "The turning Bright Smokers in point in my life," said a gentlemen, was when I was a boy, not going to great demnad low circus. Some kind of a low show and circus came into town and of course all the boys were dying to

and wanted at good figures. I am determined to spare no efforts to please ALL who go. My mother did not want me to go. 1 might have stolen off. I had favor me with their you will find me at money enough in my pocket, the boys did all they could to persuade me, and more than all, people were going

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i on agam; woman she had left was not as bad as she had fancied her. In her thrift

as she had fancied her. In her thrift and tidiness she could not understand this untidy careless being. She knew uothing of the misery at her heart, of that the sorrow made her forget the pots and pails. She was actually half afraid of her and anxious to get her out of her house. She had felt it her out of her house. She had felt it a great mistake to hire a tramp from the road, as it were, and she had paid —one that sounded

her and was conscious of no crnel- "indeed, I am not rich. But I'd have

The daylight fled apace; the moon, risen long ago, became visable-a taint streak of new moon that set in a seeking two years. I found out yesterday where my missus is, and little while—only the fact stars were left-and Maggie, wardering ou the road with her bundle under her arm -a bundle of rags and odds and ends umbled together in an old flannel petticoat-began to lose her knowledge of it. Here and there she saw widbw." lights in a window, but they were no

promise of hospitality to her. If she could get to the Widow Yarrow's, that personage, who took the laborers to board, would let her lodge while she could pay; but where was Maggie, Pat?" the widow's cottage-to the right or

to the left? She could not tell in the And two great arms folded her darkness whether she had taken the proper turning. Hard by was a rushing sound, as of water. Danger there, perhaps. The railroad was somewhere at hand, and though Magas angels are in heaven.

gie felt that the world was a poor place, she did not feel ready to meet death yet. "I'll just drop down in the grass

but, Maggie thinks it so. somewhere," said the poor woman. 'And God between me and harm. It I could find a bit of bay now, 'twould

be comfort." She stretched forward, peering through the darkness, and her foot struck. some loose branches that lay upon the ground, with a cracking

sound. "It's an imp of a squirrel," said another voice. "Go on with your nek to them."

flowers on the brink seem to offer "You risked death to save us," themselves to our young hands; we said one woman. "You shall be

"Indeed, then," said another, voice -one that sounded familiar to her-

been loathe to be killed to-unght. I'm just on the road to what I've been seeking two years. I found out ",m goiu' to her-she breakin' her heart for me. I haven't much; but there's a couple o' pounds if you'll take 'em, good woman, and God's blessin,' too for the sake of Maggie Ryan and you've saved from being a

"And a strong hand folded over her weak one, and would have left money in it out she caught if tight. "Its Pat Ryan !" she cried ; "come back at last. Don't you know

close; and the poor soul who had tramped the road desolate and torsaken, an hour before, was as happy

It might not be "great good luck" to you to be a flagman's wife, and live in a little cottage on the road side poison, yet he swallows it. He knows,

"And oh, Pat !" she often says,

"how little dia I think when Satan was in my heart, and I was willing to lie still and let happen what might to the heartless gentlefolk, what I was doing to myselt and to you; and after all, it's kind hearts they had, and "What's that?" said a voice very gave you the illigant place, and me the

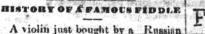
amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing us, we are excited at home short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, we cannot be delayed; basiens to its home till the roar of the of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land fade from our eyes, and the floods are litted around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further

voyage there is no witness, save the Infinite and Eternal." AFATAL HABIT.

Irresolution is a fatal habit; it is not vicious in uself, but it leads to \$50 the first of each month, a comvice, creeping upon its victim with a fatal tacility, the penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold. The idler and the spendthrift, the epicurean and the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideons form. He knows that the goblet which he is about drain is

for the example of thousands has painted it in glaring colors, that it will deaden all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with disease and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave, yet he drains it. How beautiful, on the contrary, is the power of resolution, enabling the one who possesses it to pase through perils and dangers, tria's and tempations. Avoid the contraction of the bad habit of irresolution. Strive against it to the end.

radius of Charing cross, nearly 700 square miles and numbers within are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly these boundries 4,000,000 of inbabitat the beauties around us-but the suts. It comprises 100,000 foreignstream hur ies on, and still our hands ers from every region of the globe. It are empty. Our course for youth and manifood is along a wilder flood, contains nore Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Roman Catholics than, Rome itself, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edins burg. The port of London has every day on its waters 1.000 ships and 9.000 sailors. Upward of 120 persons are added to the population daiiv, or 40,000 yearly, a birth taking whether rough or smooth, the river place every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes. On an average, ocean is in our ears, and the tossing 28 miles of, streets are opened and 9.000 new bouses built every year.



for \$2,000 has a curious history. It was sold by its maker, Sainer, to a certain Count, who promised in exchange to pay \$250, to furnish Stainer a good dinner as long as he lived, plete outfit once a year, two barrels of beer, his lodgings, fire, light, and in case that he married, as many hare

as be required for his table, and two baskets of fruit for himself and two for his old nurse snnually. These conditions were fulfilled for eighteen years, until Stainer died.

> Dr. Johnson once silenced a notorious female back-hiter, who was condemning some of her friends for painting their cheeks by the remark that, "It is a far less barmful tning for a lady to redden her own com plexion than to blacken her neighbor's character.

"The peanat crop in Tennersee is 800,000 bushels." This is a kind of Munch-chawsen story.—Boston Pott. 11 South 5th Ctreet, St. Lonis. No. 12 South 5th Ctreet, St. Lonis. No. 13 South 5th Ctreet, St. Lonis. No. 13 South 5th Ctreet, St. Lonis. No.



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