

The First Cloud.
The cloud that hangs over the world...

A DANGEROUS LOVE.

Peril to a Lover Ran and the Love He Lost.

SCENE I.

A winter day; a cold sky full of snow dancing down in joyous vivacity...

Edward Lamb found it a home like that, leaning at ease in a homey big chair that had the knack...

Miss Soulsby left the window and came back to her low seat on the floor...

"You'll you are not you coming back to me?" she asked.

"Well," she said, a little sharply, "what has kept you?"

"Why did you not go?" she persisted.

"I would have put it in her hands," he told himself between the muffled plumes of his hat...

Mr. Lamb moved from a couch on the floor...

the domestic adventures of a young journalist and the pathetic small economies of his wife...

"What a little creature you are!" said Edward Lamb...

"How dare you?" she cried.

"What a pitiful pretext! How ingenious! How full of courage!"

"Come in!" Miss Soulsby's sweet voice followed a knock at the door.

Mr. Lamb found something very brave and very pathetic in the simplicity and detail of this confession...

"But this is all in the very worst possible taste," said Miss Soulsby...

"She put the gray cat suddenly down upon the red brick hearth..."

"I could never be completely happy while cold," she said...

"I would have put it in her hands," he told himself between the muffled plumes of his hat...

Mr. Lamb moved from a couch on the floor...

hear of your privations, to see you braving your wings against your prison bars...

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Blessed is the man who has a well stocked farm and is out of debt...

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During the past week Mr. Vanderbilt has had a judgment entered up against General Grant...

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Advice to Young Men on Marriage. (Burdette's Boston Lectures.)

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Some Big Things. There was discovered in White's Valley, Va., a few days ago...

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A Jot from the Rochester Chronicle and Democrat: Mr. L. L. Fox, of Castle, is the proud possessor of a calla lily...

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