

Mr. VERNON, N. C. March 26th, 1877.

Dear Watchman: It is an ill wind that blows nobody any luck...

There is no denying the fact that we are an extravagant people...

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ceedingly small a "kitten" at the time, it always seemed like a wonder that he should have survived it...

The thermometer ranged from 12 to 16 degrees below zero all day...

The winter of 1755 was an unusually severe one at Philadelphia...

The next coldest winter to those of 1755 and 1780, in our Northern States...

The most violent snow storm that had occurred since the winter of 1844...

The great "frost" of 1663, in Paris which lasted 3 months...

These details, gathered from many a nursery tome, may have some interest to you...

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE. BY HESBY STRETTON. Author of 'Lost Girl,' &c.

III.—A STRANGE ADVERTISEMENT. In the evening after school was over...

Why, my lass! he cried, 'aw do believe as it's our measter's own nephew?'

Well, to go on with my story, Pippin came to school for high upon twelve months, never missing morning or evening...

But I must come back some time to pay you, answered Pippin. 'I'll not forget it, never. So I've brought you a bit of money father gave me long ago...

'That's neat and honest, lad,' said Transome, 'faithful in little, faithful in much.'

'It was nought but a small foreign coin, with a hole bored through it, and hung on a blue ribbon, like a coronation medal...

No, such another child never came again to school. I had good scholars and bad ones, and they were constantly changing...

He favours his uncle,' he said, as the boy faced him; 'but he's the born image of his mother, poor lass!'

'Going to London?' I repeated in amazement; is your father come back, Pippin? I could not get rid of the notion that his father would come back some time...

'No, he said sorrowfully; 'Mrs. Brown's sure he'll never come home now. So I'm going away.'

'But where to?' I asked, drawing him within my arms to the very front of the fire. I felt my heart very heavy all at once...

'Why,' he answered, squeezing my arm to his side, 'it's partly because you taught me how to write letters. Just read this up, load, Mrs. Transome!'

won't send you back; the lady in London is sure to love you, if she hasn't a heart of stone.

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'The grasshopper,' I thought, snalling to myself, 'the grasshopper shall be a bunce. Yes, yes! that time 'I come to me as well as poor Transome. But God Almighty, He'll help me to bear the grasshopper; He'll help me to bear the grasshopper and bear the day.'

'That's neat and honest, lad,' said Transome, 'faithful in little, faithful in much.'

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SOME TROUBLE IN THE HOUSE.

(From the Burlington Hawkeye.) A woman out on the North Hill being counted out the other morning, after a debate on the question, "Who shall arise and build the fire?" got up and split her husband's wooden leg into kindling wood...

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WHAT MONTH WERE YOU BORN IN?

We extract the following from an old paper. It is, to say the least, a very amusing production: January—He who is born in this month will be laborious and a lover of good wine; he will be complaisant, and withal, a very fine singer...

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