

HE COMES HOME AT AN UNEXPECTED HOUR.

The old Philosopher Writes of the Trouble of His Little Ones at School. How They Used to Whip When he was a School Boy.

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I got home early in the night, when deep sleep fall upon a man, and especially a woman. The doors are never locked when I am at home.

Mrs. Arp has confidence in me. She calls me her bulwark, her tower of strength. But when I am gone she locks and bars the doors and fastens the windows, and dreams of Charles Ross and Tom Woolfolk.

When I was a child, I was in hopes it was Ralph. He hasn't been home for two months. I've written a line for three weeks, and I'm afraid the poor boy is sick.

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"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTHS'."

IN THE IRON MILLS.

A TOUCHING AND BEAUTIFUL STORY.

A Well Written Picture of Life in the Iron Mills--The Stirrings of a Dignely Talented Spirit to Escape from a Life of Slavery.

This Story was begun January 6th.

He let her in. Wolfe did not see her. She crept into the corner of the cell, and stood watching him. He was scratching the iron bars of the window with a piece of tin which he had picked up, with an idle, uncertain, vacant stare, just as a child or idiot would do.

"Hur! never see Deb again?" she ventured, her lips growing cold, but the eye still on her mouth just then her passive hand and kissed it.

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ON TO CHILHOWEE.

HOW GEOLOGICAL SURVEYORS SPENT A NIGHT.

"At Our Arrival There Was a Two-Head Thrust From Behind Every Available Hiding Place on the Premises."

It was on Chilhowee one evening that several hunters stood watching my queer looking instrument while I saddled "Jack" and made ready for descending the mountains.

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HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

How the City Gals kept the Old Man a Jumping.

Farmer Hobbs was hunking his corn, and as he proceeded, without a pause in his labors, to state his case very clearly.

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