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MEMORY.

By W. H. WATSON. When the vesper bell is chiming Out the silent hours of night, Of her who was my soul's delight; And oft in dreams I see her As lovely as in days of yore; Those to me were days how happy But they've flown to come no more.

A HERO.

"John Dutton! What a commonplace name. I'm sure he can't be a bit good-looking," and Marion Hampton looked up inspiringly at her uncle as she spoke.

"Well, bless my soul, Marion; of what a romantic turn of mind you are to be sure!" cried old Uncle James, with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"My dear, don't be angry over it," said Uncle James, quietly. "If you do not like John Dutton there will be no harm done. I know his name is not so fanciful as Spence Arnot's, neither has he so large a share of his santanic majesty in his composition as that young gentleman; but what's the use of talking?"

"I don't care for it," said Uncle James, quietly. "If you do not like John Dutton there will be no harm done. I know his name is not so fanciful as Spence Arnot's, neither has he so large a share of his santanic majesty in his composition as that young gentleman; but what's the use of talking?"

"Who was that talking to you at the gate, Marion? Looked like a preacher." "Hush, Spence, he may hear you. That is John Dutton."

"Not on any more friendly terms than what you've been with Clara Mawbray for the past week or two." Spencer looked down at the pretty, piquant face. He often confessed to himself that he did not like to tease Marion!

"You have no grounds for making that assertion, Marion," said Spence with more indignation in his voice than he had ever used to Marion.

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to this, but she sought Uncle James, and told it to him with a stamp of her foot and a toss of her head, and Uncle James said: "My dear you are altogether too romantic, which was the truth for the old gentleman."

Marion tried her best to dislike John Dutton, but she was interested in him in spite of herself. There was something in the man's nature that she could not fathom; perhaps it was this that interested her so much. He looked at her so gravely; indeed, he even went so far as to shake his head at her wilful conduct, and with that shake of his head, John Dutton put his foot in it, and she would let John Dutton see she would not be dictated to by him.

"I will not have him regard me as the chief of sinners. I will not all him to come between me and Spence!" cried Marion. "I will be as wicked as I possibly can before him; and, unthinkingly, Marion threw her little pet dog, which she had been fondling, from her lap as she rose from the cat on the porch.

"The dog struck the stone floor in a manner that made him howl piteously for a minute, and in that moment John Dutton appeared and shook his head gravely at Marion. He spoke not a word, but Marion understood him, and said: "It's only a dog, and any way it's mine, and I shall do what I please with him."

"Only a dog, Miss Marion!" "He prays well who loveth well, And things, both great and small; For the dear God who loveth us, He hath made and loves us all."

Marion's eyes filled with tears. Something in the depth of his brown eyes, something in his gentle voice touched her heart with remorse. He cast an influence over her that she could not resist. Just at that moment she felt like telling him that she did not mean to do that cowardly act, but as just as she was about to speak Spence Arnot, who had been in the house unknown to her, stepped out upon the porch. The tears were still in Marion's eyes as a matter of course, she looked confused.

"Ab, I beg pardon for intruding," said Spence, about to step back. "You are not intruding, Mr. Arnot; I believe you have a right here!" said John Dutton, quietly, and turning away he entered the house.

"Marion, what does this mean?" cried Spence, an angry flush spreading to the roots of his hair, as he perceived Marion's agitation.

"O Spence!" cried the impetuous girl unable to control the tears which were fast rolling down her cheeks; "don't be angry, he is so good!" "So good! I hate him, there?" and Spence Arnot strode angrily away.

Marion stood looking after Spence. She was the picture of grief and despair, and John Dutton's heart was filled with sorrow as he watched her from within the window. He came to this house to meet his fate—a fate of which he now little dreamed. He had learned to love the handsome, wilful girl standing out there on the porch, but that look on her face now, as she gazed after Spence Arnot, told him, beyond doubt, where her heart was. He had nothing to hope for.

"Oh, Mr. Dutton, will you take me there? The Arnot mansion is in flames—caught fire while the inmates were all sleeping. I must find out whether every one has escaped."

John Dutton drew the little hand within his arm, and hurried out into the night air. His heart beat painfully and the little hand upon his arm, but he spoke not a word until they reached the burning building.

A WALRUS HUNT.

Captain Markham thus speaks of a walrus hunt in the "Great Frozen Sea": "Three of these large animals were observed on a piece of ice, their large, ungainly forms stretched out, lazily enjoying their siesta. Volunteers were not wanting for the purpose of attempting their capture; but, as an indiscriminate attack would only lead to failure, it was determined to dispatch one of the whale-boats, specially fitted with a harpoon gun and all the necessary implements in order to effect a more organized and skillful manner the object we had in view. Greater difficulty was experienced in approaching our prey, as the boat had to be hauled over loose fragments of ice, and pushed through a slidy consistency of soft ice snow and water, in which the oars were useless; so that it was feared the unavoidable noise would disturb and frighten them away. At length, after much trouble and no little exertion, we succeeded in getting within about eight yards, so sound was their repose, without exciting the least suspicion in their minds that danger was lurking in their vicinity. At that distance, however, they evinced a degree of restlessness, by lifting their shaggy heads and uttering jerky spasmodic snorts, that showed us only too plainly a retreat was indicated. Selecting the largest of the three of his victims our harpooner carefully laid his gun. A moment of breathless suspense followed, to be relieved by the report of a gun, a roar of pain and rage, and the disappearance in the water of the three walrus, while the piece of ice, on which a moment before they had been reposing, was covered with blood, convincing us that our shaft had taken effect. If any further proof was required in corroboration of this fact, a tagging at the line and the sudden moving of the boat was sufficient. Lances and rifles were quickly seized; for these animals, when wounded and maddened by pain, are foggy and dangerous customers, and have frequently been known to rip the planks out of a boat with their formidable tusks, and that seriously endanger the lives of the crew. We had not long to wait; a disturbance in the water close alongside denoted that our victim was coming to the surface. An instant after, his bearded face, with every expression of infuriated rage and demoralized hate, his fiery eyes glaring with vengeance, appeared, and was immediately saluted with two or three rifle bullets. This warlike reception served only to incense and irritate him, and he tried hard to break his vengeance on the boat; but his enemies were too powerful, and with the united aid of bullets and lance thrusts, the unwieldy beast was forced to submerge to the superior power of his human antagonists. Towing the great carcass back to the ship, it was hauled on the flume and quickly finched. The blubber and flesh were packed in barrels, making a very welcome addition to the small amount of food that we had on board for our dogs."

THE KING AND TRAVELERS.

Three travelers, who had been found asleep in the royal park, where once brought before King Jollimon. They said they were story-tellers, who earned their living by relating tales and legends.

"If that be so," said the king, "and if you can tell stories worth hearing, you are indeed welcome. The court story-teller has just been banished for telling the same story twice. It would be a right royal idea to have three story-tellers instead of one."

So the three travelers, after having been refreshed with food and drink, were bidden to seat themselves at the august feet of King Jollimon.

Presently one of them told the tale of the wise cat.

A certain cat set out to seek his fortune, and traveled through the whole world. At last he came to a country where a cat had never been before. The inhabitants were at first frightened by the strange monster, but having observed puss killing the mice with which the country was overrun, they plucked up courage, and approaching him, requested that he should follow them before the king. Puss complied willingly enough, and the end of the matter was that he was installed rat catcher to the king, and a large salary bestowed upon him.

The faithful puss with which puss discharged his duties raised him high in the royal regard, and a circumstance soon occurred which advanced him still further. The king took his nap by an open window, and had a plate of cherries placed beside him that he might eat them when he awoke. A crow from the neighboring forest constantly stole the fruit, nor had all the efforts of the king's servant succeeded in destroying the bird. The cat, however, concealed himself in the wind-screens, and pounced upon the unwelcome marauder, and broke his neck. The king was full of gratitude, and ordered that puss's salary be increased. Soon after a bear came and ravaged the king's flock. His majesty commanded puss to kill him. "I can only do what I am able," pleaded the cat; but the king insisted. While puss was coming, brain attacked the store of a swarm of bees, and was stung to death. "My dear cat," said the king, and would listen to no explanations. The cat received the Order of the Royal Shoe-string.

Next an elephant came and ravished the crops. The king sent the cat to attack him. "Alas! I can only do what I am able," again pleaded the cat, but there was no moving the king. While the cat was coming, the elephant fell into a pit and was killed.

"You have done as I knew you would," said the king once more; and the cat received the Order of the Royal Penknife, and the care of the Royal Shoe-brush.

A great army marched to subdue the kingdom. The King gave himself no uneasiness. "Have we not the cat here?" he asked. "My dear, go and put those troublesome fellows to flight."

"Alas! my majesty," said the unfortunate cat, "I can but do as I am able, and luck will turn at last;" but the king was stubborn as ever. And while the cat was coming, a band of the enemy fell upon him and destroyed him; and they overthrew all the kingdom. The king was taken prisoner and compelled to feed cats all his life. "That unfortunate cat!" he continually exclaimed.—St. Nicholas.

Thackeray on the Clergy. Mr. Thackeray writes as follows: "And I know this, that if there are some clerics who do wrong, there are straightway a thousand newspapers to haul up those unfortunates, and cry fire upon them, fire upon them while, though the press is always ready to yell and bellow excommunication against these stray delinquent persons, it somehow takes very little count of the good ones—of the tens of thousands of honest men who lead Christian lives, who give to the poor generously who deny themselves rigidly, and live and die in their duty, without ever a newspaper paragraph in their favor. My beloved friend and reader, I wish you and I could do the same, and let me whisper my belief, entreat you, that of those eminent philosophers who cry out against persons the loudest, there are not many who have got their knowledge of the Church by going thither often. But you who have ever listened to village bells, or have ever walked to church as children on sunny Sabbath mornings; you who have ever seen the parson's wife tending the sick man's bedside, or the town clergyman threading the dirty stairs of noxious alleys upon his sacred business, do not raise a shout when one of these falls away, or yell with the mob that howls after him."

THE SAME OLD DRUNK.

A big Judge recently fined an old drunk five dollars and costs for drunkenness, and gave him an admonition to get sober as speedily as possible. A couple of days after the same chap was again before him on another charge of the same kind, and again he was mulcted in the sum of five dollars and costs. After receiving sentence the prisoner fumbled in his pocket for a moment, as if fishing for the wherewithal to satisfy the demands of the outraged law, when a happy thought struck him: "See here, Judge, you hain't give me the square thing."

"Why, what's the matter?" was the judicial response. "Just this," said the inebriate, "don't the constitution of the United States say that you can't fine a man twice for the same offense?"

"I believe it does say something to that effect," answered the judge. "Well, then you're fronting the constitution," ejaculated the earnest speaker. "You fined me the other day and here you go and clap on another dose now."

"Well wasn't you drunk then?" said the prisoner. "I expect I was," responded the prisoner. "Well, ain't you drunk now?" thundered Nathan.

"I admit the fact," was the retort of the prisoner. "Then what are you raising such a fuss about?" said the judge. "Oss this is the same old drunk," was the response. This settled the fine, and the prisoner walked out with the purse undeposited.

A boy of five years was playing railroad with his sister of two and a half years. Drawing her upon a foot-stool he imagined himself both engineer and conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam he stopped and called out "New York," and in a moment after "Patterson," then "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and at the next place he cried "Heaven." His little sister cried eagerly, "Top, I des I'll dit off here."

Round the coast of the island of Ceylon, in the Indian Ocean, may be found musical fish. Their song—if it can be called a song—is not unobscured, nor like a bird's, but a multitude of tiny, soft, sweet sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, something like the vibrations of a wine glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. In the harbor of Bombay there is another species of fish, producing a sound like an Eolian harp.

Getting Left—A man in Michigan procured a divorce from his wife, intending to marry another woman. The latter, however, got tired waiting, and married another man on the day the divorce was granted. Then the fellow hesitated whether or not to try to make it up with his wife again, and while he was hesitating his wife married another fellow. This is what would naturally be called getting left all round.

The Paris Girls Not Pretty.—A Paris letter writer says the girls there are not so pretty there as they are in America. The reason here is one in nine, but one in fifteen would come near the Parisian mark. In Paris there is a disagreeable female tendency, first toward obesity; second, large and crooked noses; third, worst and last tufts and patches of hair on the face.

A man who can stand a great grief and conceal it, and hug it to his bosom, and go smiling around the world, can't conceal his emotion when a fly lights on his nose while the barber is scraping his throat.—This is what makes it so difficult to get correct statistics of those who really fall from grace.

A country damsel, describing her first kiss, told her female friend that she never knew how it happened, but the last thing she remembered, was a sensation of fighting for her breath in a hot house full of violets, with ventilation checked by blush roses and tulips.

"Oh, George, what a darsell!" exclaimed a wicked young man, six months after he was married he said he wasn't far wrong, but this time he would divide the last word with a hyphen. Josh Billings says: "Cider may be a good temperance drink, but I can manage to get so drunk on it that I can tell one of the 10 commandments from a by-law or a base ball club."

WHY WOMEN CAN'T VOTE.

It's no wonder women can't vote. It's no wonder men fear to trust the ballot in the hands of people who cannot manage their own affairs. No person should be allowed to vote who cannot dress without the assistance of a paper of pins. Now, if a man's tailor should send his suit home in the fearfully incomplete and unfinished state in which a new dress reaches its wearer, how quickly it would be sent back, tied up in a bundle of "cuss words." But a woman receives her new dress from the dress maker's gladly, joyfully, contentedly, and fills her mouth as full of pins as it will hold before she puts it on, knowing she will need every one of them and more before the dress is on. Oh woman, woman, if you only knew how your husband hates the man that makes pins.—Hayley.

IMPORTANCE OF A CLEAN SKIN.

Most of our invalids are such, and millions of more healthy people will become invalids, for the want of paying the most ordinary attention to the requirements of skin. That membrane is so often regarded as a covering only, instead of a complicated piece of machinery, scarcely second in its texture and sensitiveness to the ear or the eye. Many treat it with little reference to its proper functions as if it were nothing better than a bag for their bones. It is this inconsideration for the skin that is the cause of a very large proportion of the diseases in the world. If, as claimed by some scientists, four-fifths in bulk of all we eat and drink must either pass off through the skin or be turned back upon the system as a poison, and that life depends as much upon these exhalations through the skin as upon inhaling pure air through the lungs, it must be of the most vital importance to keep that channel free.

A number of gentlemen who were talking about agriculture dwelt a good deal on the bad husbandry of the farming regions, when a lady present gave spice to the discussion by saying: "Gentlemen, the worst husbandry seen in this country, is when you harrow up the feelings of your wives."

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies things, but cannot receive great ones.

Table with columns: SPACE, One M., Two M., Three M., Six M., One Y.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIGN PAINTERS Wanted in every section of the United States and Provinces to answer this advertisement. Address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

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