

THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

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THE SWALLOWS.

Dear birds that greet us with the spring, That fly along the sunny blue...

A Heart Broken Forever.

In a house that dotted a slope in the beautiful Valley of San Joaquin, a pale-faced woman knelt and moaned in prayer...

The night before the day she had wrestled so terribly in prayer, he had ridden from the town to inform her that the evidence was all in, and that in the morning the case would probably be given to the jury.

The question of the guilt or innocence of Harry Jordan had hung in the balance for two days. He was accused of the murder of a notorious French gambler at a monte table.

There was no attempt at escape on the part of the apparent murderer. To the crowd who surrounded him he said in an excited manner: "I have saved him—saved him from killing me; and when some one lifted the dead body—fallen on his face and seething with gore it was observed that in the right hand of the gambler was grasped a Derringer pistol at full cock.

During the year 1877, 1,175 persons were killed and 3,798 injured by railroad accidents in Great Britain.

springs to her eyes, and the blood beats in her throat; for she sees a horseman spurring furiously down the valley...

"Jordan is acquitted, thanks to God! I send messenger at once. Myself and J. will be with you in an hour or two hence. Faithfully, J. Maitland."

And kneeling again, this time in thankfulness and praise, the relieved wife is too happy for words except those due to God.

"Hang him! hang him!" Those brief terrible words, mechanically repeated like a refrain of fens, and with the quickness of an electric shock...

Four hours, five hours passed since the happy news of the messenger, and the sun was sinking to the verge of the horizon. Her solitude deepened, and yet she thought she could have no good reason to disquiet and distress herself, since the crisis she had dreaded had passed.

The sun was nearly down, but on the long road at last appears the figure of a horseman—a single horseman. Could it be he? Her heart beat quickly as she advanced toward the gate, watching anxiously the approaching figure.

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Love and Flowers.

'Twas morning, The orb of day was shining as bright as a bootblack.

"Sweet one, let me taste thy tulips," a voice said. "Begonia don't suit mesir," was the reply.

"Oh, charming one, thou alone canst give heartease to me." "Never to such a dandy as thou art. There is no sweet fern in this, sir."

"What hast thou?" "Oh, sweet one, do not violet my feelings with such paragoric leivy."

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his front yard, which he had laid out with great care and had surrounded with a fence of novel pattern and great taste.

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The Manly Art.

When Yankee Sullivan came to this Country from England in 1839 he found an English fighter named Vince Hammond in Philadelphia, and though he was a much bigger man than himself...

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of the pupil in ordinary light and closely examines the colors of the iris. These colors are never "laid on" by nature in precisely the same way.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

Colonel Lytle, late Military Secretary to Lord Dufferin, has been appointed to the same office under the Marquis of Lorne.

The assessors have fixed the valuation of the city of Bangor, Maine, the present year at \$6,600,052 real estate and \$3,034,885 personal.

An English hotel is about to be built at Cyprus, at a cost of \$300,000, for an English agent, who is to pay an annual rent of \$20,000.

It is reliably estimated that Iowa will produce this year forty-five million bushels of wheat—a bushel for every man, woman and child in the United States.

The grain and grass crop of Eastern Connecticut has been almost entirely gathered, and old farmers in the State are still expected for five years or more.

Fifteen hundred pounds of hair, trimmed from horses at branding, was shipped from Beaumont, Texas, recently. It is worth 12½ cents a pound in New York.

Within a fortnight after the occupation of Cyprus six companies, with an aggregate capital of \$20,725,000, had been registered in England to carry on operations in connection with that island.

The Electrician, a British journal devoted to telegraphic interests, states that at the present time there exist in working order over 62,000 miles of submarine cable in the hands of eighteen companies.

The chief hero of the fever-stricken town of Granada, Misamis, the telegraph operator there, William Redding, who is at his post day and night working with a tippet covered with carbolic acid around his neck.

One mineral water company supplies London with 4,000,000 bottles of the liquid annually. It is certainly not more than 250,000,000, according to old residents, though Behm and Wagner still give it at 405,000,000, with 29,580,000 in the border lands.