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For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Better than gold. Better than gold, better than gold, Than ranks and titles a thousand fold...

Better than gold is a conscience clear, Though full for lead in an humble sphere...

Better than gold is the sweet repose Of the soul of fall when their labors close...

Better than gold is the thinking mind, That in the realm of books can find...

Better than gold is a peerless love, When all the frowny characters come...

A LOST KEY.

Edgar Arnton had made a highly important discovery, and one that troubled him...

"Is it anything dangerous, Mr. Arnton? My uncle will recover, will he not?" Kate asked...

"My uncle is the only relative I have living in the whole West of England," she said...

"No, Miss Gerrow, I will be quite frank, although it is a medical privilege to be discreet, you know..."

"I do not understand," said Mr. Trent. "Why, I mean that, had the disease gone further, I might have been unable to overcome it, as I mean to do now..."

"You astonish me more and more, Miss Gerrow is beautiful, of good birth, and well-educated..."

"The lawyer bit his lips to keep from a loud explosion of misplaced merriment. 'The very thing that whether she were pretty or plain, would make her quite an attraction to most suitors...'"

"I am aware of it. But I am not like the majority. I am poor, my prospects are barren enough; all the world would say I was fortune-hunting..."

"How does Kate—Miss Gerrow—take it?" "As quietly as you may guess. Some girls would have been almost killed by the disappointment, but not she..."

"What shall you do then?" he asked. "Shun the danger, fight the temptation, work harder. I cannot run away as in other circumstances I might be tempted to do..."

"I shall not hate you—I shall be very grateful. I must meet her frequently, at the houses of mutual friends..."

The route the pair had taken brought them at this point within the cordon of habitations again.

With a few more words of less special interest they parted for the night. As Edgar's tall, athletic figure disappeared among the mingling shadows of tree and cottage, the lawyer turned and gazed for a moment.

"Poor fellow! there has been misery in his lot in earlier years, I know," he muttered to himself...

It was even so; Edgar Arnton mistrusted himself despite the apparent firmness of his resolution. As fate would have it, a week later he was thrown into Kate Gerrow's company...

They were a lonely couple, the wealthy, eccentric owner of Brixby Lodge and the fair young girl who was reputed his heiress...

"I sincerely trust so, Miss Gerrow," he replied; "of course, I dare not disguise from you that there is risk—grave risk that is inseparable from such cases..."

"If you think that that will be the best course to take, but I shall certainly wait upon uncle principally myself..."

And so Kate did. And day by day in his visits Edgar Arnton met her, and fell more deeply in love...

"The patient gradually recovered, and bore grateful testimony to Edgar's professional skill. The mend was not for long, though; a message in the dead of night some few weeks after took Edgar hurriedly away to Brixby Lodge..."

Kate's grief was intense. Edgar must have appeared cold and distant in the dark days before her uncle's funeral...

But in the course of time an odd rumor reached him. The old man's will had been read, and Kate was not an heiress after all...

"The document is dated ten years back, before Miss Gerrow came to live with her uncle," said the solicitor...

"There is no doubt as to its genuineness," every one thought he had made a later one—I did myself—but none can be found beside this...

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"The saddest experiences of my youth," he said, "came through a marriage for money, and through misplaced confidence..."

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MRS. SOUTHWORTH. The Whereabouts and History of this Profile Author. Fanny Ward writes from Washington to the Cincinnati Commercial...

There was a tale at Brixby Lodge and in due course one of the Lancashire manufacturer's sons, who had recently married, came down and was installed as his father's representative.

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Humor of Animals. Who that has kept dogs can deny that they possess a keen sense of humor? Nor are they the only animals who enjoy a joke...

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HOW A QUAKER DEFENDED HIMSELF. Frenz as Weapons Against Disasters of Natural Forces. A new method of dealing with serenaders was lately invented by Mr. Fox...

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Waiting. Waiting while the sun first gather, And the sunlight fades away, While the balmy perfume deepens, And the golden tints to gray...

Watching while the starlight quivers Brightly in the heaven above, I am waiting for her coming, Waiting, watching for my love...

Listening for the well-known footfall And the voice whose loving tones Swooly bids me see my waiting, Watching, listening for my own...

Lining still among the shadows, As they deepen on the beach; Bears exchange in silent stillness Thoughts that would be sailed by gales...

Thus in perfect love and trusting, Winged moments pass away; Till the holy, star-veiled night is Sweet to us as a golden day...

And as softly the phantoms Gather on the bow of day, God shall whisper, God shall bestow, When life's golden hours to gray...

VARIETIES. Four-fifths of the evergreen in New York either chew or smoke. The King of Siam has decided to establish a Legion in Washington...

A colored woman, known as "Anny Anatchy," who died recently in Florida, was the mother of twenty-eight living children.

The great seal of Great Britain and Ireland is affixed to yellow wax for English documents, red for Scotch and green for Irish.

Eleven school boys in Geneva walked to Niagara Falls on August 4, 1872, and agreed to meet there again, if living, in fifty years.

While Americans are ruthless, denuding the forests and drying up the streams and hardening the climate, Canada, more wise, is organizing a plan for extensive rewooding of its denuded mountains.

A lady lately looking at a printing press at work, turned to her companion, and in a most earnest manner inquired: "Well, Charley, an' them's the things as writes the papers. Be's them what they call editors?"

Pagubistic: A gentleman talking the other day to a bright little five-year-old boy who lives up the street somewhere, asked him: "Do you ever fight at home?" "O, yes," said the boy. "Well, who whips?" "O, mamma whips!"

Jumbo is the first Englishman of note that ever landed in America with only one trunk and no umbrella. His large and increasing popularity is largely due to the fact that he cannot go back and write a book about us.

The presiding elder who went to conduct the dedication of a new Methodist church at Grand Rapids did not do it. The debt was not all provided for, and he said he had promised God not to dedicate any more dome bills, mechanics' liens and mortgages.

Pennsylvania is now the only State which has persistently refused women admittance to the bar. A lady in that State has been trying for seven or eight years to gain such admittance, but the court refuses to allow her to enter under the existing statutes, and the Legislature refuses to pass a new law.