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The Apple Seed. Come hither and listen: a tale I'll relate of a little brown seed and its wonderful fate. In heart of an apple in autumn 'twas found. Then was buried deep down in the dark, silent ground.

THE GOVERNESS.

"Angeline!" cried Mrs. Duncan, as she fluttered into her daughter's boudoir, "what shall I do? I've just received a 'regret' from Madam Boutelle, and I don't know what in the world I am to do with the count."

"You needn't tell anybody who she is. She is well-enough looking, and knows how to behave." "Knew how to behave? It was well for the fair Angeline's plans that mademoiselle did not hear her."

So the little governess found herself rolling home in state. "I ought not to let you do this," she said, hurriedly. "I am not one of Mrs. Duncan's guests, monsieur; I am only her governess."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. Their Telegraph. They have a telegraph, mamma, and she sends all their messages quick as can be. No need of tall poles and wires up high. Only a look, and the messages fly.

CHINESE FARMERS. A Glance at the Agriculturists of the Flowery Kingdom. The Country's Graveyards a Bar to its Progress. There are reasons to believe that the trade of this country with China will soon grow to majestic dimensions.

Phosphorescence. The cause of phosphorescent light, as well as its nature, is, in many cases, a puzzle alike to the common and scientific observer. The light comes from very different sources. The appearance of any fish that is partially decayed gives the most common example.

Nursery Song. Pace, pace, pace: That's the way the ladies ride. Foot hung down the pony's side. Pace, pace, pace: Facing gently into town, To buy a bonnet and a gown; Facing up the narrow street, Smiling at the folks they meet; That's the way the ladies ride, Foot hung down the pony's side, Pace, pace, pace.