

I Will Be Worthy of It. I may not reach the heights I seek, My untried strength may fail me; Or, half-way up the mountain peak, Pierce tempests may assail me. But though that pace I never gain, Herein the comfort for my pain - I will be worthy of it.

A SERENADE.

"Matty's got a beau!" said Mrs. Hall, in a sort of stage whisper, as she spread out the various sections of her half-completed patchwork bed-quilt before the admiring eyes of Mrs. Peckham, her neighbor. "Keeper's regular company?"

edge of the swamp, where her granddaughter Louisa was hanging out the clothes of the week's wash—a tall, slight girl, with large gray eyes, rather a colorless complexion, and hair of that bright Robens gold that Mrs. Peckham had misnamed "red."

had no luck all day. And so I give him some supper and a bed in the barn, and I just borrowed the organ for a little while. I thought it would be a good idea to serenade with."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. ESCAPING A SHOWER. Two crabs who were out on the beach to walk Snook claws when they met and stopped to talk.

OSAGE INDIANS. By Far the Richest Nation in the World. Each Member of the Tribe is a Dissolute Nabob.

Expenses of England's Prime Minister. The present Marquis of Salisbury, says a London correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, keeps about seventy in-door servants, exclusive of dependancies of a higher class, such as private secretaries, librarians and chaplains.

"Missing, None!" Comrades, listen! Hear the voices echo from these far-off years—"Roll call!"—gaps of silence—flinging "Heres!"