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Poetry

The Golden Chain

BY M. F. BOWEN. There is a chain whose golden links Heaven's choicest gifts combine: Life's crowning heritage on earth, His glory and His grace; Pure as the rainbow's blazoned dyes, Free as the stars from stain; Are Friendship, Love and Truth—the links Which form that golden chain.

The Old Soldier

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS. I was just eighteen years of age, and had been serving for two years, as ensign, in the Paulovsk regiment. The regiment was stationed at the great building still standing on the other side of the Champ de Mars, opposite the Summer Garden. The Emperor Paul I. had reigned for three years, and lived in the Red Palace, which had just been completed.

gigantic cocked hat, turned round at the noise. I recognized the emperor; it was not difficult to do so, for he reviewed us every day. I remembered that on the previous day his eye had rested upon me; he had called my captain from the ranks, and asked him some questions; then gave an officer of his suite some sharp and decided order. All this only served to increase my apprehensions.

"No." He remained for a moment in thought. "You came in a sledge?" he asked me. "Yes." "How many persons will it hold?" "Three." "Does this gentleman go with us?" he asked, pointing to my conductor. I hesitated, not knowing what to say.

and did not know even the name of the man who ordered his death. What was the obscurity of his night compared to that of his tomb? The four soldiers had set to work. They broke the ice with their hammers, cut it with their axes, and raised the blocks with the lever. All at once they started back; the ice was broken; the water was rising.

forfeited. I deemed science infallible. I was in error, and I now confess it. "What! you do not bring me gold?" cried Augustus, vehemently. "Know you what you have consumed in smoke and vapor? Not only your mixtures and amalgamations but a kingly crown! You pledged me your head; what is your head to me? It was the stake in a high game, which you have lost."

flected, since the large fragments were still in her possession. Besides, both of the vases which she then beheld were entire, and without the slightest flaw. The countess demanded an explanation of the servants; but they could afford none, beyond that the composer had caused the vases to be placed on their pedestals. While the countess was gazing on the vases with wonder and delight, the elector entered the apartment.

and make him sit up on his hind-legs; and then the little boy would shout and laugh, and tumble heels over head on the grass, while his dog would look very sober, and roll his eyes round to look at his master, who would presently release him from his unnatural situation; for he loved him too much to tire him. Then Willie would lie down with his face on the grass and keep quite still, and Monk would come to him and try to put his nose under his face; then he would rub him with his paw, and give a quick, sharp bark; and then Willie would look up suddenly and jump at him with a shout, Monk would scamper wildly round the grass-plot, and finish off his gambols by snatching up a stick and bringing it to his little master.