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North Carolina Gazette.

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Homo Circle.

Home is the sacred refuge of our life. Dryden. It is a terrible story that I am about to narrate—so horrible that it has haunted me ever since I heard it.

I spent last summer at the seaside: it was not in the least a fashionable watering place, but so quiet that the things that would have been of little or no interest elsewhere, became wildly exciting there.

Among the new arrivals one day there came a party that interested me to an extraordinary degree—a lady with her daughter and a maid.

The daughter, Miss Linzee, was one of those persons who feel some has a history. Tall, fair-haired, with dark eyes and a sensitive mouth, she was extremely handsome.

Once in particular I remember noticing this: we were speaking of hands, and I admired hers, saying that they looked so strong and yet were so delicately shaped.

"Alice!" she cried, "come back a moment; I forgot to tell you something."

Her voice trembled. Again and again she called. All was silent. She listened for an answer. Was it imagination, or did she hear a faintly muttered oath from under the bed?

"I hope I shall not get a home on fire, but I never could resist candles, and I mean to have an illumination for once."

"I am to be murdered, then," she thought, and with the calmness of despair she watched. The knife had a terrible fascination for her: now it flashed in the blue light, as the man slowly emerged from the bed, crawling flat on his face.

could make a slip-noise and throw it over his head." So thinking, she mechanically glanced about the room. Her eye caught sight of a picture hanging on the wall by a stout red cord.

The next morning, when the servant went to call Miss Linzee, she knocked again and again. Obtaining no reply, the woman went to her young mistress, telling her that her guest must be ill.

I cannot describe the scene as it was described to me, nor would I if I could. When they pined Jennie's hair burst into tears, and this alone, the doctor said, saved her reason and her life.

A FORTUNE MADE BY A WAISTCOAT. Some people have a fancy for fine waistcoats. This taste was more common in my young days than it is now.

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TREASURES UNDER THE SEA.

ST. PETERSBURG.

An undertaking is now preparing at New York for an enterprise of rare romance in this prosaic age. Its object is to search, with all the appliances of modern science, for some of the "unsummed heaps" of jewels with which centuries of war and wreck are supposed to have strewn the bottom of the Spanish main.

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A STORY OF THE WAR.

AN ARTICLE FROM THE PEN OF GEN. BEAUREGARD.

An article from the pen of Gen. Beauregard, recently published, relating to the use of torpedoes, iron-clad batteries and rifle guns at Charleston, during the late war, has called out a letter from Mr. Stanton, a Kentucky journalist, who was an eye witness of some of the events to which Gen. Beauregard referred.

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THE WINTER PALACE.

BY THE EMPEROR.

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THEFTS IN HOTELS.

BY A BARRISTER.

"Steal!" said the old man in accents of intense scorn. "Steal! Why, you would be astonished to find how large a proportion of the traveling public are infernal thieves. They steal the bed-clothing, pillows, boot-jacks, soap, soap dishes—everything, in fact, which they can carry off."

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A MOTHER'S FRENZY.

BY A BARRISTER.

A Poor Wisconsin Woman with Four Children, Abandoned by Her Husband, Poisons Herself and Them—and Burns the House.

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He that will not be counselled cannot be helped.