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ON THE EDGE OF THE MARSH. Dead sienna and rusty gold Tell the year on the marsh is old. Black and bent, the sedges shrink Back from the sea-pool's frosty brink.

OUR HOSTESS'S DAUGHTER. "Come," I said, rising and throwing aside my book—"come, Traverse, we have had work enough for one day. Let us take a sunset walk on the old ramparts, and have our tea at that charming little restaurant under the beeches."

"We had been recommended to Frau Hansing's lodgings by a fair cousin of my own who was visiting a me half-English, half-German relative near Bonn."

"If you stop at Neuride," she wrote, "my relative, Madame Estorf, desires me to say that you will find excellent lodgings with Frau Hansing, an old and faithful servant of hers, who will make you very comfortable."

"Ah, yes, mein Herr; but it is only my little Bertha—my daughter, who is companion to Madame Estorf. A nice, dear little girl, and my only one."

"N. R. RICHARDSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CLAYTON, N. C. REFERENCES: S. C. White, Cashier State National Bank; P. A. Wiley, Cashier, Citizens' National Bank, Raleigh, N. C."

W. R. JONES & BRO., Dealers in Liquors, Groceries, Dry Goods, &c. NEWTON GROVE, N. C.

New Barber Shop. Over Peacock & Bro's Store. I wish to inform my friends and the public generally that I am now prepared to do work at short notice, and as neat and cheap as any barber.

one can see that she has been brought up with cultured and refined people. Really, there is something about her quite magnetic. So indeed it appeared, judging from the frequency with which, on the following day, my friend journeyed up and down the stairs, at first anxious to receive letters and then on some newly-discovered business which necessitated frequent inquiries at the door of Frau Hansing's rooms.

"This is a favorite haunt of ours," explained the old lady. "But the sun is getting uncomformably warm, and it is high time that Peter should come for me." Peter did presently appear, and as he leisurely wheeled his mistress homeward, I walked by her side, leaving Traverse and Bertha to follow.

"You will forgive my deceit, won't you?" she whispered, as we proceeded down the long gallery. "A real plot, such as we read of in novels. And, do you know," she added, lower still, "I think it will end as novels do, in a marriage!"

"In two marriages," I corrected her. And, as it turned out, my prediction was fulfilled. And my wife, pay a visit every summer to the Chateau Rotherberg, and admire Mrs. Traverse's embroidery and her husband's pictures. And which is the happiest couple perhaps the reader would find it difficult to decide.

"I will introduce you to-morrow. She is not nearly so pretty, in my opinion, as little Bertha. She is, however, slightly—but then she is an heiress, and I confess that were I not so certain of your not being of a mercenary nature, I should be afraid to expose you to such a temptation. As it is, I shall insist upon your bringing your friend, since you describe him as so handsome and fascinating. That will deprive you of all chance of making an impression upon the heiress," she concluded, mischievously.

"I will accompany you to-morrow as far as that point," he said, "as it may be a subject to my portfolio; but I must decline the madame's hospitable invitation. To tell you the truth, Elliott, I don't dare expose myself to the possibility of again meeting Bertha Hansing."

"I had passed up the stairs, and was fully five minutes before my friend joined me. 'What a charming little creature is our hostess's daughter!' he said, quite enthusiastically. 'Such lovely features, and so much expression! And then

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THE BAD BOY IN A NEW ROLE. Taking the Part of a Girl Who Had Formerly Been His Schoolmate—Retrieving the Friendship. The Milwaukee Sun's famous bad boy appears in an entirely new role in the following sketch: "Ah, ha, you have got your deserts at last," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in with one eye black, and his nose pooled on one side, and sat down on a board across the coal scuttle, and began whistling as unconcerned as possible.

"You have known me before as your landlady's daughter," she said, "that was your own fault in the first instance and not mine. I am Bertha Estorf."

"The Frau Hansing is my foster-mother," said the young lady, "and when I go to Neuride, as I sometimes do, to visit my grandmother, I stay at her house. She was expecting her daughter on the occasion when I met you, but grandmother concluded to send me an allowance Bertha to visit her mother later. I did not know of you gentlemen being at Neuride, and so it is as well that you should know for your landlady's daughter, I thought it best to humor you in the fancy. Isn't that sufficient explanation, grandmother?" she added, with a charming smile as she turned toward the old lady.

"Quite sufficient for the present. We were all in the secret, my little Estorf, cousin included," she said, glancing at Julia, whose eyes were sparkling with delight through the half-deprecating look which she cast at me.

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THE BLACK HORSES. Have you seen the black horses As they stand in their places With the steam of their nostrils And the fire of their faces, As they shine in their harness For their swift, splendid races?

THE ACTION OF THE HEART. As with each stroke the heart projects something like six ounces of blood into the conduits of the system, and as it does so some seventy times in a minute and 4,200 times in an hour, this implies that it does the same thing 100,000 times in twenty-four hours, 30,000,000 times in a year, and more than 2,500,000,000 times in a life of seventy years.

THE ROMAN PAGEANT. The tournament in the Villa Borghese, at Rome, in honor of the marriage of the Duke of Genoa, was an interesting spectacle. It will be remembered that the Piazza di Scena, which was planned for pageants of this kind, and where many have been decorated with orders of Pope Paul V, met her on the street. It seemed hard to pass her in the street, when she had tears in her eyes as big as marbles, and not speak to her when I know her so well, and she had been so kind to me at school, just as a dude wouldn't marry her, but I wanted to obey p, so I used to walk around a block when I see her coming, 'cause I didn't want to hurt her feelings. Well, last night she came in the store, looking pretty shabby, and wanted a glass of soda, and I gave it to her, and oh, how her hand trembled when she raised the glass to her lips, and how wet her eyes were, and how pale her face was. I choked up so I couldn't speak when she handed me the nickel, and when she looked up at me and smiled just like she used to, and said I was getting to be almost a man since we went to school at the old school-house, and put her handkerchiefs to her eyes, by gosh, my eyes got so full I couldn't tell whether it was a nickel or a lozenge she gave me. Just then one of those loafers began to laugh at her and call her names, and say the police ought to take her up, and he made fun of her until she cried some more, and I got close to her, and saw where he was, and told him if he said another unkind word to that girl I would maul him. He laughed and asked if she was my sister, and I told him that poor friendless girl, who was sick and in distress, and who was insulted, ought to be every boy's sister, for a minute, and any boy who had a spark of manhood should protect her, and then he laughed and said I ought to be one of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and he took hold of her faded shawl and pulled the weak girl against the show-case, and sat something down on her, and she looked as though she wanted to die, and I mashed that boy one right on the nose. Well, the air seemed to be full of me for a minute, cause he was bigger than me, and he got me down and got his thumb take my eye out, but I turned him over and got on top and I maul'd him until he begged, but I wouldn't let him up till he asked the girl's pardon, and swore he would whip any boy that insulted her, and then I let him up, and the girl thanked me, but I told her I wouldn't speak to her, cause she was tall, and she didn't want me to speak to anybody who was tall, but if anybody ever insulted her so she had to cry, that I would whip him if I had to take a club. I told pa about it, and I thought he would be mad at me, for

THE ARTIST'S ADIEU TO HIS PICTURE. "You be hanged! According to an exchange, this is the season when the man who can see shadows in running brooks is apt to get and look for them on Sunday. Flat are biting. A Georgia young lady is raising four acres of onions in order to obtain \$1,500. When she gets through she ought to be able to write a companion piece to Tennyson's 'Tears, Idle Tears.' Mrs. Spiggins was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were stained. 'That's too bad; but won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?' asked the good Mrs. Oldboy.—Burlington II Weekly.

THE HEIGHT OF ECONOMY HAS REACHED IN PHILADELPHIA. A woman in this city, having worn out the heels and to s of her red stockings, is going to use the upper portions for lining her bonnet. It won't be quite as showy as red sa in, but ju t think how much it saves.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

CHARLEY, THE THREE-YEAR-OLD OF THE household, stood an attentive and interested looker-on while grandma was paring potatoes for dinner. Presently she made a sign of discontinuing the work with a single potato left unpeeled and unswished. The little fellow reached into the pan, took it in his chubby hand, and turning his bright eyes in an appealing glance to grandma's face, exclaimed: "Take 'im coes out and give 'im buff, too."

AN INDIANT LANDLORD FROST DEMANDING THE NAME OF THE party who first suggested putting sod of rope in sleeping rooms as a protection against fire. He says he provided every bedroom in his house with a coil of rope, and the first night three of his guests lowered their baggage from the sixth story window and skipped, leaving several days' board bill unpaid. He allows that being burned to death is bad enough, but running a hotel for fun is a good deal worse.—Rochester Express.