

The Remarkable Tale of the Mysterious Bronze Box.

It came into my possession on the death of my father, just as he had received it from my grandfather years before. His one great desire had been to live to open it himself, but that could not be, for it was taken of nature too long a lease; so it fell to me to carry out the will of a man who had been nearly five hundred years dead. I can see it now, with its silver tipped corners and heavy hinges, and the engraving on the plate in the top, an inscription which I read over and over and over again till it became stamped upon the tablet of memory never to be effaced. They called it a mystery, I could reproduce that inscription, word for word, and letter for letter—aye, I will, that the reader may judge for himself concerning my mental state.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "There is no such thing as Chance—All That Exists is a Subjective Cause."—Sabbath School, New York City.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Suggests That Colored Missionaries be Sent to Connecticut. READS OF SAD CONDITION OF PEOPLE. William Finds Another True Book Which Receives His Heartly Commendation—Altho' He Highly Dislikes It.

COMPANY'S COMIN TO TEA

Thomas Col-Moov-I love you better than my life. Tabby Cal-Which one. Saphode-She's as pretty as a picture. Miss Cautricque-Yes; she is rather well painted.