

My Crucifix.

O Crucifix, Ave! Ave! Ave! I look at thee within my little room, I gaze upon the gray, unpeeped wall, No garish sunshine ever taints the gloom, That spreads around it like a mourning veil.

ELMER HAZEN'S ENEMY.

Well back in the forest of Minnesota, twenty four years ago, there stood a lone cabin occupied by three individuals. Why these three chose to dwell in such complete seclusion no one could tell.

search will be perpetual and murderous. "Would not the arm of the law be something of a shield there? It certainly cannot be exercised here."

These facts, briefly told, were the thoughts of the exile family as they sat in the lone cabin the night I have mentioned. The hands upon the little brass clock over the fireplace moved on and on until they indicated the hour of midnight.

and then the couple seated themselves to watch and wait. Three hours wore away, and then little Edie was awakened and the family left the house. Elmer Hazen set the plank so it would slip down and make an inside brace to the door.

The forester stooped over the prostrate form, and in a few seconds he had bared a white breast. "Morales, the Spaniard!" The name was pronounced by the woodman in a hoarse whisper.

ordinary stipend. "That is too much," I said. "Not too much," he answered; "for what I have received is above all price." And from that moment he seemed another man—indeed, one might say, a saint.

SIDE LIGHTS OF SACRED HISTORY. CORN EXAMINER, APRIL 19. CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST. My subject does not allow me to pass by another potent and to the vindication of sacred history found in the discovery, also the work of this century, of the secret of the Canaanite or wedge shaped inscriptions of Babylon, Nineveh, and other great cities—lost to the world for ages—of Assyria and Chaldea. However interesting the march of discovery in this direction, it would detain us too long to follow it step by step.