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Poetry, TELL HIM SO.

RESIGNATION, You kin talk about yoh sorrow, You kin kick about yoh grief; But it ain't no use to sorrow, 'Tis a waste of time to grieve.

DESTINY, Never the self-same path to two, In the woods of Day and Morrow; Each lives for himself through the maze.

Select Literature, A BOY'S FIGHT, The Story of a Battle Against Temptation.

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which he wished first to have cleared up. "Of course," he said thoughtfully, "if you had real estate, you could raise money in any way you pleased."

that fellow, Jen! he cried, eagerly lifting a squinted little yellow nose as he looked out into the hall, called "sourd night, Tom," cheerily, and then coasted her door.

He had been up early the next morning, but Tom was already down in his study, carefully dressed, ready for the great day. He was standing by his tub, watching his tenants.

"Well, I'm going to make my jump to-morrow," said Tom. "It's time I was off, too." His mother brought his hat and put it on his head, and buttoned his coat with shaking hands, trying to laugh.

"Yes, mother," Tom said in a low voice. "I'll be back in a week, and I'll be glad to see you." "That you must get it," cried Jenny, squeezing both his hands. "Good luck, Tom! You must get it."

He really needed something to brace him up, he said, and Squire Logue will see him in the morning. "I'll manage that," he tried to laugh, but the laugh scathed his guilty soul and left him staring at the wall.

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