

POETRY.

THE ORPHAN.

Alone, alone!—no other face  
Wears kindred smile, or kindred line;

I heard them name my father's death  
His home and tomb alike the wave;

My heart is gone beyond the grave  
In search of one I cannot find;

My mother! does thy gentle eye  
Look from those distant stars on me?

The vesper bell!—'tis eventide,  
I will not weep, but I will pray:

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the white thorn bows the gale,

O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods

On the gray maple's crusted bark,  
Its tender shoots the hoar-frost nips;

Where, twisted round the barren oak  
The summer vine in beauty clung

Where, from their frozen urns, mute  
springs  
Pour out their river's gradual tide

Alas! how changed from the fair scene  
Pale, desert woods, within your crowd

But still 'twould music is abroad  
Pale, desert woods, within your crowd

Chill airs and wintry winds, my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;

PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,  
Go when the moon is bright

Remember all who love thee  
Pray too for those who hate thee

O'er it 'tis e'er denied thee  
In soitude to pray

Oh, not a joy or blessing  
With this can we compare

A dog was seen walking the streets of  
New Bedford the other day with a lighted

Pious flirts are said to succeed best. A  
heavenly smile will tell on a man he has

Unmuzzled bulldogs are recommended  
for lunch houses so that all who enter

A colored gen'l'm'n on a Georgia jury  
was in favor of sending the prisoner to

Some subtle magnetism drew him to  
her side. He could not resist it. Vain

Some hours were on. Then George  
Lawrence came to her with a counten-

INTERESTING TALES.

WED AND WON

(Concluded.)

There must be other horses in the  
stables. I do not wish to be deprived

Then I will be the first to do so.  
But— began the groom, in a low

Saddle Thunderbolt this instant if  
you please. I will ride him.

That was enough. The groom came  
back after a brief absence leading a

An instant later Maria Lynn dashed  
down the road like mad.

Ralph Braddon chanced to be out  
for a walk at that very time. He had

Of a sudden the thunderous thub of  
hoof-beats fell upon his ear.

Braddon saw it was a runaway. He  
was no coward. Standing like a rock

Fortunately the road was sandy at  
that point, and Thunderbolt's feet bur-

Braddon's nerves were of steel. He  
caught at the flying bride. His face

And you are very, fool hardy, Miss  
Lynn he returned, half-angrily. You

He turned and looked at her.  
And you are very, fool hardy, Miss

He took her hand in his looked at it  
an instant then uttered an exclamation.

You are hurt, Miss Lynn.  
I believe so—a little. It was the

The dainty glove was half filled with  
blood. Braddon tore it off, caressed

He did so. She held out her banded  
hand for the rain.

You cannot have it, he said, firmly.  
I shall not trust Thunderbolt or you.

Then she sat still and voiceless as  
any statue, while Braddon turned her

Then she glided away leaving him  
dumounded almost.

The girl was a puzzle. Why did  
her face haunt him so persistently like

Then his thoughts went far back into  
the past when he was a lad of eight-

Then she shot Maria a swift glance,  
but the composed face she saw told her

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low badly wounded. He has telegraph-  
ed for you

Maria uttered a moan. But on her  
way to the station to which Lawrence

A second train was about to start  
to the scene of the disaster. It seemed

God forgive me, she moaned, bend-  
ing over him with her whole heart in

He did live. How could it be other-  
wise, since love and happiness both

SOMETHING OF A FLIRT.

Estelle Vane was a beauty and an  
heiress, and—the truth must be told—

Estelle was an orphan. A mild, old  
lady, Mrs Mold, her aunt lived with her

Being a beauty and an heiress Estelle  
was of course not without suitors.

Water Miles loved her devotedly. He  
was neither handsome nor very brilliant

Osmond Ormsby (fourth son of Sir  
Edward Ormsby, be it understood) was

Osmond Ormsby had again come to  
Vane Abbey. He was determined

Estelle's birthday was near. Mrs.  
Mold, urged on by Ormsby had deter-

Estelle's little music parlour was the  
prettiest room in the house.

She was seated at the piano playing  
a noisy show piece. The door opened

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I don't understand French he an-  
swered grimly. You had better keep

Some people possess sufficient tact to  
hide their ignorance; others are too

There are many defects worse than  
a want of tact—flirting for instance.

Estelle played a few notes with one  
hand and said, Indeed.

Flirting is certainly the most un-wo-  
manly thing a woman can do.

I quite agree with you. But par-  
don me for not seeing the appropriate-

How can you say that Estelle? he  
hotly demanded. Don't your consci-

I never flirt with anybody, she in-  
terrupted, looking as dignified as she

that puppy Ormsby. Pretty conduct  
for an engaged woman.

Mr. Ormsby is a distant relative and  
also a guest here; as such, he is not

Ormsby is not your accepted lover,  
and you should not treat him as such.

How dare you insult me, Walter  
Miles? Estelle's eyes flashed and her

Your behaviour was disgraceful—out-  
rageous! I forbid—

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