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NO. 30.

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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Farewell.

No more those sweet red lips I'll kiss,
Or press thee to my heart;
Alas! my life was one of bliss
Ere I with thee did part.

No more amid the fields we'll roam
At close of eve-tide,
Or watch the white and feathery foam
Upon the ocean wide.

No more at the old trysting-place,
Where we've so often met,
I'll see that dear familiar face
I never shall forget.

Farewell, fond love! may Heaven guide
Thy footsteps as before,
The ocean it shall us divide
For ever—evermore.

"HOW EASILY THINGS GO WRONG."

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"It is unattainable for me—I feel that," he replied with a quick glance, then a sigh.

"Then give up craving after it; take the abundance you can so easily obtain."

"Be satisfied with gaslight after one has seen the sun? No. If a glimpse of the sun had never been vouchsafed me, I might have—"

"If you wander into astronomy, you go beyond me. Will you tell my coachman to drive straight home, please?"

"What address am I to give him?"

He looked pleadingly, entreatingly, smilingly at her as he spoke, and she laughed and gave him her address.

"I am generally at home to visitors in the afternoon," she said. "Good-night, Lord Reil."

CHAPTER IV.

Lady Reil had tasted much bitterness in her short experience of married life. In twelve little months she had learned how falsely men can vow, and how soon forget, how loving women's hearts can ache and yearn, and how little men can care; how inch by inch, beneath cruel neglect and selfish unkindness, love will die, and how hard, how bitterly painful is such a death.

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ALL SORTS.

Experience ripens in the field of endeavor. One cannot show displeasure and hide chagrin. Effort finds congenial companionship when it meets with approval. He who would better his circumstances must better his opportunities. It is essential that ability be marked. It might be lost sight of in the crowd else. General Meigs wrote a hand so unreadable that General Sherman is said to have indorsed an official paper from him to this effect: "I concur in these recommendations, but I don't know what they are." Two ounces of attar of roses represent the refined product of a ton of rosebuds. The highest velocity ever given to a cannon ball is estimated at 1626 feet per second being equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. There are 40,000 women studying in the various colleges in America; and yet it is only twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to women. The Empress of Austria was banked by two Arabs in Alexandria, who sold her a worthless statuette of Isis as a real excavated Egyptian antiquity, for \$2,500. In the city of Buenos Ayres it is said there are sixteen men for every woman, and that any decently good-looking woman that goes there can have her pick out of fifty eager suitors. The barber is a sort of bellicose individual. He has his little brushes right along, he lathers people and occasionally smashes their mugs. A stove that has become rusted from disuse, will be restored by rubbing thoroughly with lard. Stovepipes may also be preserved in the same way. The man with the iron jaw is no match for the woman with the ironical jaw. "Did her father kick you out?" "No; he missed me, lost his balance, fell on his face, and carried him into the house and was forgiven. Henry Clews, the great New York financier, is of the opinion that it requires neither education, breeding nor persuasiveness of disposition to accumulate wealth and declares that any man or woman may become wealthy if he or she will begin right and will observe strictly certain fundamental principles. One of these is "to always save some portion of the day's wages and be on the alert for investment." When love was strong and love was young, And she was yet to win, He used to praise with flattering tongue Her pretty dimpled chin. Now, though she's still his heart's delight, As in the bygone years, When home he's going late at night, It is her chin he fears. I'm awfully sorry, Alfred, that pa should have kicked you off from the front steps last night." "Yes, so am I." "You will not let it make any difference in our engagement?" "No, darling. I love you dearly. But I believed last night, for the first time, some stories I once heard." "What ones?" "That he inherited his great wealth from the buccaneers of the Spanish Main. He is no slouch of a freebooter himself, darling. No, I must go. I will not sit down." Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard, To get the poor dog some bread, But she took by mistake some her daughter did bake, And shortly the poor dog was dead. If you remember how much easier it is to remember what you would rather forget than remember, than to remember what you would rather remember than forget—then you can't forget how much easier it is to forget that you would rather remember than forget, than forget what you would rather forget than remember. They stood beside her father's gate; He talked of pure undying love, As constant and inviolate As were the stars that shone above. They parted, and she thought—"Kind fate! His love shall be my life's pure pearl." He thought—"I'm sorry it is too late To go and see my other girl." At a watering-place in the Pyrenees, the conversation turned upon a wonderful echo to be heard some distance off on the Franco-Spanish frontier. "It is astonishing," exclaimed an inhabitant of the Garonne; "as soon as you have spoken, you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock and precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier the echo assumes a Spanish accent. Man wants but little here below, He is not hard to please; But woman—bless her little heart!—Wants everything she sees. Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]