

MY WASTED YOUTH.

"Que vous ai-je donc fait, O mes jeunes années!" Let me alone! I am weeping my wasted youth. I am weeping the sun-lit days when the orchard was white...

A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.

I once spent six months in a small village on the southern coast of Ireland, not far from Queenstown. It is one of the loveliest spots in Europe. The small inn where I put up was kept by a middle-aged widow, Mrs. Welch. She was of good Irish stock, as many Irish innkeepers are...

and then, pleased with the little adventure, I took my leave. This was in the summer. I was away from New York most of the time until late in the autumn. Then, one evening, when I had called to see some friends in East Fifteenth street, who were out, I remembered Mr. Davis and his invitation, and resolved to "look him up."

he had stolen the money, but that the girl had accused herself in order to shield him. But she stuck to her story, and there was no help for it. "She was sent up, then?" "Yes, but I gave her the lightest sentence possible. Her old father was there, quite broken down with grief, and he, of course, gave her the best of characters; and certainly she was an honest-looking girl."

"JESUITISM." The Greatest Effort of the "Rev." Mr. Downs' Life. The following notice was a feature of the church announcements in last Sunday's Boston papers: Rev. William W. Downs, pastor of Bowdoin Square Baptist church, will preach at Paine Memorial hall, Appleton street, near Berkeley, for the last time this season, at 11 o'clock. Seats free. Subject: "Baptist Jesuitism versus Catholic Jesuitism: Which is Worst?"

form in hot weather must be avoided, is deniable, and is one of the greatest popular errors extant. When a person is perspiring freely from every pore, a vast amount of water is drawn from the body, which must be re-supplied, or great injury is being done to the physical health...

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PROGRESS

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