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asked a bright eyed girl as she reand drew the iron from the other. clined her classically moulded And I do well remember, in my manhood's riper years, when deep brow upon the shoulder of her sorrow fell upon my soul, and I

lover. "No, Lelia, you are not my only fain would have drank oblivion nor my first love-I have loved from the wine cups's fiery brim, another. Long years before I saw that same dark-eyed woman came you I loved another, and I love and bade me, in the name of God, that other still." to shun the fatal snare, and twining

"Love that other still-and her arms around my neck, while better than me! Paul, why do her eves beamed with love's deepyou tell me that ?" said she, raisest inspiration, she poured oil upon the troubled waters, told me of ing her dark blue eyes and gazing steadily in those of her lover, half purer hopes and brighter aims, and in my ear whispered a golden in astonishment and half in sorrow, while her jewelled fingers word that has outlived all sorrow. tightened convulsively on his Lelia, would you know the name of my first love? 'Tis my mother !" arm.

"You asked me, Lelia, and I an-"Oh, Paul! I'll torgive you and share your love-indeed I will." swered you with sincerity; you

"I knew you would, Lelia. would not have me deceive you, Second love is as dear as the first."

"You love her still, then ?" "I love her still." Boys WILL BE Boys .- She had "And better than you do me?" invited him to supper, and he was "No better, but as well." trying to appear easy and uncon-"And will love her still ?" cerned, while she was on her "Until death, and even beyond prettiest behavior.

death-over her last resting place "Have you used the sugar, 1 will strew spring's earliest flow-John ?" inquired the mother, in a ers, and bedew the spot with the winning manner.

purest tears that love ever shed." "John don't want no sugar, "Hansomer than I is she not?" ejaculated the young heir, ab-"Her eves are as black as night, ruptly.

and her hair in glossy blackness "Why not?" inquired the father, outlives the wings of the raven. curiously, while John, in his sur-She hasn't your sweet blue eyes. prise, swallowed a bit of toasted your soft brown hair; yet, oh crust and nearly cut his throat Lelia! her eyes have been the open

sweetest eyes to me that ever "Cos he don't." explained the sight. looked the look of eternal love." heir, in an artful manner ; "I heard "Paul, why do you wish to

him tell Mary last night-" break my heart? Why have you "You keep still," interrupted taught me to love you so wildly-Mary, in an hysterical manner, so blindly-and then in the midst while the young man caught his of my happiness tell me that breath in dismay. there is an impassable barrier be-

"I heard him say," persisted the tween us? This night, Paul, we heir, with dreadful eagerness, must part forever ! I would not "that she was so sweet he have believed this had another shouldn't never use no more sugar told me ?" and her eyes grew dim any more-an' then he kissed her,

an' I said I'd tell, an'-" "Be not too rash, Lelia, hear The young heir was lifted out

me to the end; you love me too of the room by his ear, and the dearly to part with me thus! supper was finished in moody Think you that you could not silence. share my heart with one that I so

"Bangs" sends us the following

"Never, Paul, never !" composition on rabbits, by "You shall, Lelia, and must! school-boy of his acquaintance:

leaped forward, and in a minute] had left my happy home behind, with all its loves, its hopes, and its tender memories, whose portals I should cross no more for eight long months, or, perhaps, for ever.

Reaching the steamship, I found an army of friends awaiting me, all of them bearing gifts of love, the grateful memory of which will be mine as long as life remains. While I write, before me hang two baskets of beautiful flowers, which I have brought three thousand miles over the sea, the faded rose-leaves o which have still a sweet fragrance which reminds me of my distant home and ever-present loves and absent friends. God-speeds, blessings, kind wishes, hand-shakings telegrams, and letters poured in upon me, till at last I heard the shrill cry of "All ashore !" There

was a sudden rush, the gangway was hauled in, the hawsers were cast off, and the noble steamship. "City of Berlin," swung slowly off into the stream. For a moment it seemed as if the ties that had bound me to home, country, friends, and all that makes life worth hav ing, had suddenly snapped asunder, a feeling of utter loneliness and deso lation crept over me. I felt a choking sensation in the throat, and a sudden mistiness clouded my eyes while cheer after cheer went up from those we had left behind and whose faces faded from my

view as we rapidly steamed out of Whatever misgivings I had about

my ocean trip were dispelled as soon as I had collected myself suffi ciently to take a look at the noble vessel on which I had em barked, and at the officers who had her in charge. The "City of Berlin" is one of the largest and finest steamships in the world, being 525 feet long, nearly 6,000 tons burthen, and having within her mighty hull ample accommodation for 2,000 passengers. Even those who travel frequently by sea have but a limit-

ed idea of what a wonderful thing an ocean steamship is; walking her deck, looking up at her towering masts, or 'examining her hull, I long, long ago.

never realized it. It was not until My fellow passengers appeared under the guidance of her chief en-

seems to fill the idea of the perfect say-buy your through tickets in that ?" model sailor. The features were New York, as it is a great saving to "Broken into."

clean cut, the eye bright and clear, purchase them in that way. the mouth strong and firm, the The passage was a stormy one,

port erect, and looking in his frank | part of the time a raging. howling face, you said to yourself, "there is tempest: but this grand ship rode the wayes like a seagull, and for a man to trust in life or death." Near him stood his chief officer, comfort, cleanliness, discipline, and Mr. Condron, a man fit to stand by kindness, I cheerfully recommend Cæsar and give direction; and the Inman Line to all my friends. anxiously flitting about the ship, and especially the "City of Berlin." with a gay bouquet in his button. But I feel now as if I could perhole, was the handsome purser, feetly understand the feelings of Mr. Bridge, the embodiment of the Western Hoosier who started politeness and nrbanity. The first to make a "tower of furren parts." night at sea is always a trouble- And the first night that he got off some one, and although old Ocean soundings, he had scarcely risen was as smooth as a mill-pond, the from the table, when he was called ladies as a general thing retired on to part with his supper. While early to their state rooms, to give | leaning over the side, almost turned the unstable nature of their foot | inside out, some jubilant passenger ing, their private and distinguished in the cabin struck up, "Rocked in consideration. Next day, Sunday, the Cradle of the Deep." The Hoothe solemn tolling of the bell an- sier looked up perfectly disgusted, nounced the call for prayer. The and the picture of abject misery crew, got up in their Sunday rig, and shaking his fist at the cabin marched into the main saloon. The gangway, he exclaimed, "Only wait passengers generally assembled, ex- till I get ashore, and if I ever meet cept here and there a heathen, outthe fellow that wrote 'Rocked in the side the pale of the church, and Cradle of the Deep,' I'll punch his finally the captain, attended by his confounded head. No baser fraud officers, came in, and reverently was ever palmed off on a confiding laying his cap on the table, he public, and I am satisfied that the opened his prayer-book, and in a voice experience of the poetic swindler beautifully modulated, commenced must have been confined to exthe solemn service of the Church of cursions on the raging canal." England. I felt that my character A sniff of Irish air, a brief look was at stake. I eagerly seized a at Halbion's Hile, and then for prayer-book, and commenced read-Paris. Already I feel that I am a

ing at the first place I struck. The foreigner. To-morrow I am going captain and the rest of the congreto have the tails cut off my coat. gation kept bobbing about from and about three inches off the one part of the book to the other, sleeves. I shall get a hat about and I made a frantic attempt to fol- | three sizes too small for me, with a low him. When he began on the rim about half an inch wide, and a Litany, I was wading through blue glass in my left eye, "Hi 'ope Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, to pass hinspection." Trusting that and at the prayer for Her Most my friends will not be sorry to Gracious Majesty and all the Royal hear that I have got so far in safety Family, I got entangled up with on my journey, the Baptism of Infants, and the I am,

Burial Service of the Dead. When

the final blessing was announced,

Truly yours, BROADBRIM. I had reached the index, and was

looking in vain for "Hold the GEMS .- Lord Bacon said: If a Fort," and the "Sweet Bye-andman be gracious to strangers it Bye," whose inspiring strains had shows he is a citizen of the world. cheered my drooping spirits in the and that his heart is no island, cut off from other lands, but a conti- things good and evil. All the nent that joins them.

"Certainly, it is what I mean to sav."

"Is her son to be married soon ?" "No; that engagement is broken -broken-"

"Broken off ?" "Yes, broken off."

"Ab, 1 had not heard that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news. No preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young mar, her son, is a fine fellow ; a breaker, I think." "A broker, and a very fine fellow. Good day."

So much for the verb "to break."

Young GIRLS .- Our young girls do not understand the witchery of bright eyes and rosy lips, but set off their beauty by all the artificial means which lie in their power, never reflecting that by so doing they destroy their principal charm -that of innocence. Their roundded cheeks, the bright eyes, the waving hair of a girl in her teens need only the simplest setting. Rich fabrics and sumptuous adorning are more for the matron, her dress gaining in ample fold and graceful sweep as she puts on the dignity of years. The seasons teach us something here, if we go to nature for an object lesson. How different her charm from the deep. maturing summer, when the bues are decided, and the air is loaded with perfume from a thousand censers. The school girl is only on the threshold of summer-She has not crossed it yet. Let her copy the sweet grace of the spring on her graduation day, and discard artificiality for nature.

FRIENDS .- People who have warm friends are healthier and happier

than those who have none. A single real friend is a treasure worth more than gold or precious stones. Money can buy many wealth of a world could not buy a

