

THE OLD-FOGY MAN.

He was a queer old-fogy man, And loved old-fogy ways...

THE LAST RECEIPT.

"And so," said Aunt Annie, "that receipt was never found."

old grudge. As it is, they're quite out of our circle; but I do have the sweet opportunity of looking them squarely in the face in church, if nowhere else, and if my eyes don't tell them what I think of them, then one might as well be blind."

Debby opened the book, started to her feet, read something and turned as white as ashes. The book fell from her nerveless hand, and a yellowed paper floated out and laid itself out Aunt Annie's feet.

A distance by electricity. The report was not louder than that of a heavy gun, but the rock on which the cylinder lay was broken into a thousand fragments.

The Philadelphia Ledger has recently been calling attention to the strain necessarily placed upon the eyes of the public school pupils in this city...

The second volume opens with a general criticism of American institutions and popular manners. It is refreshing to hear what an imperial prince has to say about the former.

It is said that the limits of microscopic investigation have been reached. Effortless as so scores that the Indians can hardly keep supplied with meat.







