

My letters written in my earnest boyhood To one who left us but the other day...

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My letters written in my earnest boyhood To one who left us but the other day...

Hetherington's heart without elating it. "Good-morning, said Miss Hetherington--"Good-morning, Mrs. Fries."

you go or not," she said to me; but if you've soul in your body, you won't take her in your. He's asking for her now; she may save his life.

HERNANDO CORTEZ. The Conquest of Mexico--Indian Relations. In the year of 1504, at the small country town of Medellin, in Spain...

idea of the goodness and greatness of the King of Spain, to invite them to conciliate that monarch by presents of gold and pearls, and acknowledge him as their sovereign lord.

Chickens and Ostriches. All middle-aged people must remember the great chicken waltz that swept over the land some twenty-five years ago.

ON THE VERANDA.

The people who owned it called it a porch, but Miss Hetherington thought that a rather deprecatory way of speaking of her country resort...

Miss Hetherington looked up, and was surprised to see that Mrs. Fries had turned into an old woman. From a comfortable middle age she had shrunk and faded into something quite pitiable.

It was a terrible risk. I waited in great suspense, placing what hope I could in trepanned skulls and the modern improvements in artificial limbs...

He was only nineteen when he took passage in a merchant vessel, and after a most tempestuous passage, reached Hispaniola, then the seat of Spanish power in America.

Cortez hesitated not a moment. Feigning submission, he prepared at once to march to Mexico. Some of his followers, however, not so bold as himself, murmured, and plotted against him.

It was found that the Shanghai was a dreadful bird, and would lay eggs only at rare intervals and in small quantities. The eggs in nine cases out of ten hatched cocks instead of hens, and experience proved that the Shanghai was tough and tasteless.

Just now it was delightful. She had just left the breakfast table, but by the little watch that hung from her girdle it was already nine o'clock, and the little watch kept excellent time.

"Dear madam, dear Mrs. Fries," she said, in that low, caressing voice which was a valuable accessory of Miss Hetherington's, "don't, please, worry. I assure you there's nothing to worry about."

An Arkansas Yarn. The most remarkable escape on record occurred in this city several nights ago. Jack Juckles committed an act, which, according to law, would send him to the penitentiary.

Nevertheless, when the governor offered him a portion of land and a number of Indians as slaves, there being nothing better to take at the time, Cortez accepted them, and became a planter.

Who would have thought to find such a passage in the will of Cortez? Nothing is more certain than this, that Cortez, in all that he did in Mexico, fully believed that he was an instrument in the hands of a benevolent God.

As for the cost of keeping ostriches, it is practically nothing, if the farmer resides in a region where gravel is plenty, and in any event must be very small, when we remember how cheaply scrap iron, scrap tin, and broken bottles, suitable for ostrich food, can be bought.

But that was a matter of course. Ceta va sans dire, Miss Hetherington said, and felt sorry that these little hobbies of mothers always interfered with their happiness.

"I'll go now," she said, beginning, in fact, to gather up her draperies. "It's too late now. The mischief's done." And it seemed that more mischief was at hand, for a great cry arose from the opposite field, and a bad sight could be seen from the veranda.

The deputy went out and locked the door. There was not the slightest danger to be feared from a mob, but an idea had occurred to the prisoner. No sooner had the deputy taken his place in the hall than Jack softly raised one of the windows.

But in 1518 he returned to Santiago (Chili), after an absence of several weeks a small fleet which Velasquez had sent out to explore the coasts of the adjacent continent.

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Miss Hetherington put up her glass. Her sight was tolerably good by moon or gas light, but deficient in the garish light of day. Without her glass, John and the mower looked one; she couldn't tell where John began and the mower ended.

Miss Hetherington stood there as if turned to stone. Mrs. Fries had disappeared, and in the mean while they were bringing the poor young farmer to the house on a rough litter. I approached Miss Hetherington. "I think we had better go," I ventured to say, for I was the only other summer boarder.

Did you ever see anything more graceful than a handsomely shaped fern? I never did. But I must confess I have seen some straggling, awkward, twisted fuchsia plants which fairly distress me.

Training Fuschias. Did you ever see anything more graceful than a handsomely shaped fern? I never did. But I must confess I have seen some straggling, awkward, twisted fuchsia plants which fairly distress me.

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adulterated in 1879 were more than one in five. The proportion varied much in different districts. In Hackney, 19 samples out of 46 are reported adulterated...

An Evening with Miss O'Neil.

From the Theater. "The great Miss O'Neil was coming to Norwich as a star, and I was to 'assist' at that night's performance when she was to appear as Belvidera in Otway's long-laid-aside--because thought to be stilted--tragedy, 'Venice Preserved.'"





