

WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,

AN EASTER LILY.

I had seen her morning after morning,
at her stand in the French market
in New Orleans. A girl of about fourteen,

When a beautiful bouquet had been
made for me, it was time to go.
Blanche and her "children" accompanied

I smiled at Blanche's "large business";
but large or small, my little flower-girl

"Where do you live, Blanche?" was
my next question.
"O! so far!—on the Bayou Bridge road.

"I would like to taste your milk," I
said, smiling at her.
The grave, business-like look came

It had been a princess graciously
conceding from her high estate,
there could not have been more dignified

fruit. Not an inch of ground was left
unoccupied; and the cultivation was
wonderful, considering that it was done

"Her death-wreath!" I found myself
softly repeating the girl's words
over and over as I watched her fitting

"The children can do it," she said;
"but then they are heedless, and do
not sweep as well as I would wish.

"Only think, madame! He gives me
health and strength and love of work
at the best of neighbors, and best of

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"Go away?" I repeated, question-
ingly.
"Yes. Does not madame see I am
going on a journey, which will take

"Why does madam cry for me? It
would have been hard had God called
me when I was so well and strong; but

"Ah! my children are not back yet,"
she said, when it ceased.
"I sent them out for a walk. They
have nursed me day and night, and

"Not that I fear for them," she con-
tinued.
"They will have the nest and the
flowers and fruit, and the birds and

"How they will miss you!" I could
hardly speak, for the tears would come.
"Every year they will put their wreath

With the help of the weeping children,
who had returned, I carried
Blanche to her bed. I did not leave

"A rose
She blest us; but, as bless the roses,
A morning's swift, brief space."

"Did you ever hear of those men
who have a mania for readingsymbolic
writing, secret signs and the like?"

"I am. To me a hieroglyphical ad-
vertisement is like a glass of whisky
to a chronic drunkard. I cannot

"This puzzled my brains, I can tell
you. It was evidently something criminal.
Written by a woman, too. Hour

Whales were eaten by persons of the
upper class in Europe as late at least
as the latter part of the thirteenth

DISCONTENT.

Two boats rocked on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree;
One was in love with the harbor;

The one that rides the billow,
Though sailing fair and fleet,
Looks back to the peaceful river,

Of all that life can teach us
There's naught so true as this:
The winds of fate blow ever,

Isaac Steele, an aged farmer living
near Petrolia, Pa., made \$100,000 from
oil that was found on his farm a few

Three nights ago Steele was woken
up and found three men in his room.
They were all masked. They seized

Every one supposed that Steele would
put his wealth in a place of safety after
the second warning he had received,

The different modes of shaking
hands will delineate human character
better than any other single act can do,

A youthful soldier had a presentiment
that he should die on a certain day of
the year, because it was the anniversary

"It's a strange story," he said feebly,
"but if you don't mind it I will tell it
to you; it will make the time shorter."

"It was three years ago my sister
Jessie was drowned at 9 o'clock at
night. She was engaged to be married,

Contrary to this style, there is a habit
among the rude class of giving your
hand a crushing grasp, which is often

though he said nothing, looked old and
haggard, and we all knew he was
grieving his heart for sister. The anniversary

He closed his eyes and lay still for so
long his comrade thought he was dead,
but at last he opened them again, and

"When I enlisted it almost broke
poor mother's heart. On the day I left
her I told her I would come back to her

There are many plants whose leaves,
flowers and seeds contain virulent poisons,
which every one should know, so as

Meadow hemlock is said to be the
hemlock which Socrates drank; it kills
by its intense action upon the nerves,

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Common Flour the Best.

Those intelligent persons who are
now habitually rasping their digestive
tracts by eating branny foods, on account

Dr. Randolph now demonstrates that
the wheat grain itself possesses a large
amount of gluten, which forms a sort

Such being the case, the use of branny
foods for the purpose of obtaining gluten
appears to be a fallacy and worse

Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Jessie Benton-Fremont, wife of
Gen. John C. Fremont, is one of the
best known and most popular women

What will be the title of your book,
Mrs. Fremont? I asked.
"O! I can hardly say as yet. If I

Mrs. Fremont then said: "I think
there is one thing lacking in the history
of our times that adds such fullness

The safe part of a car.
A party of merchant travelers in a
passenger coach were talking over their

Lately at a dinner given by some
homœopathic doctors in Paris, after the
memory of Hahnemann had been

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