

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

Why bury all endearment in your heart. And never know the joy of love confessed...

ONE DOUBLY LOST.

The lightning of a lurid sky, The surging of a sombre sea, The friendless face of rugged rocks...

A BETROTHAL RING.

"Maria, I am sorry to reprimand you again for your curiosity. I wish you would try to correct that fault."

I was glad that I had an opportunity of seeing more of them, and I found myself watching them with a great deal of interest...

I soon concluded that those young people were more than interested in each other, and one night I heard, or rather saw, the whole story.

They came slowly towards me, as I sat smoking from the bow of the vessel. She was resting on her arm, and occasionally she would turn her fair face up to his with an air of mingled timidity and confidence.

When I looked again, he was holding a ring up in the moonlight, and both were looking at the pale bluish light which seemed to shoot from the stone in its rich, yellow setting.

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It was after midnight, I suppose, when I was aroused by a shock which made the huge ship tremble for an instant. I knew an accident had occurred, and dressing hastily, I hurried on deck.

A little puff of smoke arose, little tongues of fire crept up a mast, and before any one could shout the terrible cry of "Fire!" one of the sails leaped into flames.

"Look!" he cried suddenly. A woman with yellow hair streaming over her white garments was darting toward the bow of the ship.

"I believed it was the young English lady, however, for as she threw up her arms, I saw a ring flash in the light of the flames with the same peculiar tint that I had marked in the moonlight a few hours before.

The flames had now spread to every portion of the ship behind us, and the lightning was sweeping off to the horizon in great bands of purple light.

All this time the young American had lain in the boat apparently lifeless. One tender-hearted sailor drew off his own pea-jacket and threw it over his shoulders, saying, as if to himself: "I wish we could save her body."

The gray lights of morning were just stealing upon the ocean, which was hissing and throbbing like some great monster in an agony of pain.

While he lay there I took away the seaweed which had caught in her hair and spread the torn drapery about the foot of the bed.

with sobs. I knew it was useless to try to comfort him, so I waited. It all seemed like a cruel dream.

Within an hour the coastmen came and tenderly bore her away. Him I led along like a child. He said nothing at all, and just as we reached the lighthouse he dropped senseless to the earth.

He started nervously, like one waking from a dream; the blood surged to his face, and he stared at her fixedly.

"I've got that mortgage off'n my farm at last, Bill," said one farmer to another, as they met in the road.

"Yes, I paid the last note this mornin', an' now I'm goin' home to have a bonafire; but you're right, Bill, I have had a tarnation hard tussel of it."

"I'm a goin' to have a time of it, an' I'll suckin' pig," "You don't say?" "Yes, I do. I'm goin' to have a celebration an' a regular rip-snootin' time."

"That's what I'm goin' to do, Bill. I ain't been on a spree for thirty year, but I'm goin' to cut loose to-night, if I have to chew dogwood bark the rest of my days."

"We'll get on a high, an' beat the bass drum till midnight, if it springs the rafters, Bill. I've got six bottles o' pop an' two cigars in the wagon here, an' that'll be a whole bottle apiece for us all around, not countin' your wife—for I don't s'pose she'll care to drink nothin' now, seein' as she's got a young'un at the breast."

A poorly-dressed, hungry-looking woman called at the City Hall the other day to make some inquiries about the funeral trimmings lately taken down and voted to the poor.

DAYS OF HENRY CLAY.

Some interesting incidents in the Great Orator's Life—Mr. Clay in Philadelphia—A Visit to Ashland in 1847.

The affection of Philadelphia for Henry Clay was far more ardent than any man since his day has inspired, writes Morton McMichael in The New York Tribune.

In that same Chinese museum a few months later (June, 1848), the whig convention gave a death-blow to Mr. Clay's well-founded hopes by nominating Gen. Taylor to the presidency.

In the autumn of 1847 Mr. Clay determined to arrange the administration of Mr. Polk for the conduct of the Mexican war in a set oration which should at the same time formulate his own opinions and views for the coming presidential campaign.

When we reached Wheeling we had to wait sometime for a good boat going down to Cincinnati. A steambot was advertised to start at once, but kept delaying from time to time in hopes of getting more freight and passengers.

Mr. Clay's place, "Ashland," near Lexington, was a thoroughly comfortable home, but by no means a grand residence. The house was moderately large and well appointed, without being at all luxurious.

Mr. Clay was tall, rather spare, and thin, with his sixty-five years very well, walking with rather a youthful step, and hardly looking his age.

The republic of Chili now owes an account of her railways \$24,870,000. In 1883 these railways earned a revenue of \$6,516,049. The average earnings an annual dividend of 6 1/2 per cent.

bled, it was natural enough that eloquent allusions to the brave young Kentuckians who fell at Buena Vista should move the listeners to tears.

Mr. Clay was a born leader of men, full of confidence in himself, and with ability to back it he never lost courage. His manner was frank and cordial, but above all courtly.

After enjoying the proverbial hospitality of Kentuckians at Lexington, Mr. Michael and myself went on to Frankfort to see Mr. John Crittenden. His home was on the well-shaded main street of the town, a two-story double brick house which was and still is known as the Crittenden mansion.

There are special grades of silks and satins made exclusively for the necktie trade," said a manufacturer to a reporter for The New York Mail and Express recently.

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Cottage Interiors.

Many directions given in regard to household furnishings are bewildering from their impracticable character and carelessness of expense.

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