

I MUSED LAST NIGHT IN PEN-SIVE MOOD.

"Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life as a love that is true and true to the end..."

AN INTERESTING SUMMER EXPERIENCE.

BY RICHARD H. KIMBALL. I was seated with my friend H. on the night on the back piazza of his house in Thirty-fourth street, enjoying with zest the cool of the evening, and on the whole being in a very happy mood...

see the horrible spot where they were lying to put Willie back such a wretched, ghastly, dismal place! It just broke the poor boy's heart. No, my dear, you shall not go there. Here is a sofa right by the window. You shall lie on it, and I will be with you. You shall be as comfortable as a feather bed. The fact is, I had secured my room, before leaving Boston. If there is any one thing I am specially averse to it is the sharing a room with another person. Up to now, notwithstanding my sympathy in her distress, I had resolutely kept silent through all the talking on the part of poor Willie and how he was to sleep. But with the grived look and averted expression of this lovely creature before me, how could I longer refrain? "Come, I could put an end to this difficulty. The young gentleman can share my room. Don't say a word. He can do so as well as not." The widow's smiles were radiant through her tears. "Willie himself looked up from his chair, a cambria handkerchief in his hand. "Thank you, sir." I took him off directly and put him in the room, and hurried to my room to receive fresh thanks from his mamma. It was a lovely moonlight night, and I thought very much of what the prospect made-leek and took to bed. My heart beat nervously when I found I had her all to myself. If I ever was happy in my life, it was now. It was so wonderful, I was not at all surprised to find the lady exceedingly well-informed and very agreeable in conversation. The subject of her husband's death, which she had made her more reserved (which I was made to notice). She did not run on and on as I expected. She waited for me to start topics of conversation, which lent an additional charm, if not a deeper interest, to her presence. We talked about everything, upon every subject she seemed equally at home. What delighted me most was that she did not permit me to draw them out, exhibiting, as I thought, more and more of modesty and reserve as we became better acquainted. Her conversation, in the course of conversation, that she had traveled, and as I myself an old voyager, we found an agreeable interchange of places and incidents with which both were familiar. She had been up the Nile; so had I. She had been through the Suez Canal; so had I. She had seen the Holy Land, even as I myself had done. Indeed, on comparing dates, we discovered that we were on the same identical season and the same month. I exclaimed: "Who knows but we encountered each other going up the Mount of Olives?" "I am certain we did not," she replied. "But why?" I asked. "I am sure I should have recollected you," she exclaimed, impulsively. Then, instantly checking herself, she added, "I must have thought of you as a member of my party, which at times is almost annoying."

night before. They were precisely as I left them. The boy recoiled distinctly being as well as locking the door. In fact, I always do so. Suddenly the horrible thought seized me—as I am I—could it be possible? I made up my mind with the sagacity of an old traveler (sagacious after the event), that it was entirely possible in short, that there was no doubt about it. I dressed rapidly, pushed into the room, and proceeded to state-room 43. One of the stewards was already in the room, and I asked him, "Is the lady who occupied this room?" The lady, sir, left the boat, as soon as it was possible, that is, before we were to leave before me, how could I longer refrain? "Come, I could put an end to this difficulty. The young gentleman can share my room. Don't say a word. He can do so as well as not." The widow's smiles were radiant through her tears. "Willie himself looked up from his chair, a cambria handkerchief in his hand. "Thank you, sir." I took him off directly and put him in the room, and hurried to my room to receive fresh thanks from his mamma. It was a lovely moonlight night, and I thought very much of what the prospect made-leek and took to bed. My heart beat nervously when I found I had her all to myself. If I ever was happy in my life, it was now. It was so wonderful, I was not at all surprised to find the lady exceedingly well-informed and very agreeable in conversation. The subject of her husband's death, which she had made her more reserved (which I was made to notice). She did not run on and on as I expected. She waited for me to start topics of conversation, which lent an additional charm, if not a deeper interest, to her presence. We talked about everything, upon every subject she seemed equally at home. What delighted me most was that she did not permit me to draw them out, exhibiting, as I thought, more and more of modesty and reserve as we became better acquainted. Her conversation, in the course of conversation, that she had traveled, and as I myself an old voyager, we found an agreeable interchange of places and incidents with which both were familiar. She had been up the Nile; so had I. She had been through the Suez Canal; so had I. She had seen the Holy Land, even as I myself had done. Indeed, on comparing dates, we discovered that we were on the same identical season and the same month. I exclaimed: "Who knows but we encountered each other going up the Mount of Olives?" "I am certain we did not," she replied. "But why?" I asked. "I am sure I should have recollected you," she exclaimed, impulsively. Then, instantly checking herself, she added, "I must have thought of you as a member of my party, which at times is almost annoying."

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE. Any hard steel tool will cut glass with great facility when kept freely wet with camellia oil. It is just broken the poor boy's heart. No, my dear, you shall not go there. Here is a sofa right by the window. You shall lie on it, and I will be with you. You shall be as comfortable as a feather bed. The fact is, I had secured my room, before leaving Boston. If there is any one thing I am specially averse to it is the sharing a room with another person. Up to now, notwithstanding my sympathy in her distress, I had resolutely kept silent through all the talking on the part of poor Willie and how he was to sleep. But with the grived look and averted expression of this lovely creature before me, how could I longer refrain? "Come, I could put an end to this difficulty. The young gentleman can share my room. Don't say a word. He can do so as well as not." The widow's smiles were radiant through her tears. "Willie himself looked up from his chair, a cambria handkerchief in his hand. "Thank you, sir." I took him off directly and put him in the room, and hurried to my room to receive fresh thanks from his mamma. It was a lovely moonlight night, and I thought very much of what the prospect made-leek and took to bed. My heart beat nervously when I found I had her all to myself. If I ever was happy in my life, it was now. It was so wonderful, I was not at all surprised to find the lady exceedingly well-informed and very agreeable in conversation. The subject of her husband's death, which she had made her more reserved (which I was made to notice). She did not run on and on as I expected. She waited for me to start topics of conversation, which lent an additional charm, if not a deeper interest, to her presence. We talked about everything, upon every subject she seemed equally at home. What delighted me most was that she did not permit me to draw them out, exhibiting, as I thought, more and more of modesty and reserve as we became better acquainted. Her conversation, in the course of conversation, that she had traveled, and as I myself an old voyager, we found an agreeable interchange of places and incidents with which both were familiar. She had been up the Nile; so had I. She had been through the Suez Canal; so had I. She had seen the Holy Land, even as I myself had done. Indeed, on comparing dates, we discovered that we were on the same identical season and the same month. I exclaimed: "Who knows but we encountered each other going up the Mount of Olives?" "I am certain we did not," she replied. "But why?" I asked. "I am sure I should have recollected you," she exclaimed, impulsively. Then, instantly checking herself, she added, "I must have thought of you as a member of my party, which at times is almost annoying."

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