

A NARROW VALE.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities.

OUR ROBIN.

CHAPTER III.

Our grounds at Podmore are not extensive. Indeed the house itself, though old and roomy, is not pretentious, and it stands modestly in the midst of some fifteen acres only.

The near field is separated from the pleasure-grounds by a light iron paling; on all remaining sides the meadows are enclosed by a belt of beech-trees.

"You frightfully energetic creature!" I say with a sigh, "I put on my broad-brimmed hat and seek for my garden gloves."

"Don't care for society!" repeats Robin, "but I am not a society man."

"Well, our wit may rust, for all we care!" I answer rather defiantly.

"In the first place, we visit the stables, where Robin falls head over ears in love with our old retriever, Nell."

"They remind me of two fat old aldermen," she says, surveying them with smiling pity; "they must have been eating their heads off for years."

"They have," I answer calmly, "and Aunt Louisa drives twice a week, and that is about all."

"It can't be far," mused Robin, as she softly strokes Buttercup's nose.

"Only that? Then we must certainly go, unless you feel yourself unequal to the exertion!" this a little satirical.

"Do you think so?" I say, feeling the warm blood creep over my usually pallid cheeks.

"Yes, you have grown frightfully quiet, pale, and languid—how is it?"

"I am all right; it is only because you are in such overflowing health and spirits yourself that you think me delicate."

"Poor dear! There—don't fret!" and Robin laughingly wipes my eyes with her own handkerchief.

"It is enough to give one the blues," remarks Robin, her bright face clouding for a moment as she glances at the ruin.

"If you could only picture the good times we used to have here," I say, with a sigh, "when we were all children."

"I don't know, I am sure," I return faintly. And then I continue very softly, as though fearing my words might echo across the intervening fields.

his straw hat slightly to Robin and draws slowly away.

"As we turn our steps in the direction of the beeches, with Nell at our heels, I remonstrate with Robin on the cavalier way in which she treats my brother."

"Well, he will have to learn then," returns Robin, composedly. "I am not going to treat him as if he were Solomon."

"I should not even object to the romantic young artist, so long as he were not too romantic. Of course he would have to idealize my nose a little!"

"Talking of romance," I say, after a time, and returning to my ordinary rather mournful tone, "there has been a kind of aversion to this walk, in my mind, since the day on which Lucy was drowned."

"It is a rustic structure, in the last stage of dilapidation. No one likes to give orders that it shall be pulled down; yet, since we are not likely ever to care for it again, no one is content to keep it up."

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Where Our Names Come From.

It is surprising to many to find how large a portion of English surnames have a plain, every day meaning, and stand for a thing as well as for a family.

Most English surnames are taken from counties or towns, from professions or trades, from some personal peculiarity, from the father's name, with son, Fitz, Mac, Ap or O' fixed or affixed; or, lastly, from the crest borne by the founder of the family in middle ages.

We have Cornwallis, Cumberland, Yorks and Somersets, from counties; and Wiltons, Barnets, Chichesters and Henleys from towns.

Then, again, men whose fathers boasted no surname, and who had no striking personality or peculiarity to mark them out from their fellows, were content to be known as So-and-so's son, and thus founded the families of Richardson, Johnson, Robertson and Williamson.

Sometimes the neighbors did not evince the trouble to add sons; they simply pluralized the name, and called the family Clements, Stephens and Adams.

There is a story told of the ancient Willshire family of the dukes of Lake House which illustrates this peculiar form of surname and also the pride of the untitled nobility in the superiority of an ancient name over a modern peerage.

Another day the great flood of the deluge and Noah's ark. They say that from the account there it must have rained 800 feet of water in the space of forty days.

There was a story current at Cambridge no longer ago to the effect that the proctor one night discovered an undergraduate on Magdalen bridge, endeavoring, as he thought, to get in bed.

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BROOKLYN'S MINISTER.

Talmage the Great Divine Dwells on Facts That are Poined.

He Speaks of the World in Its Transformation Scene.

Salvation on Tapp For All Those Who Have Erred in Life.

BROOKLYN, March 24.—At the tabernacle this morning, after expounding some passages of Scripture in regard to the mysteries, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., gave out the hymn beginning:

"How vast a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, that I have laid upon the rock of truth."

The subject of his sermon was "Things in the Bible," and his text, "I Peter iii. 13: 'In which are some things hard to be understood.'"

The Bible represents that light was created on Monday, and the sun was not created until Thursday morning.

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modern vessels. After thousands of years of experimenting in naval architecture and in ship carpentry, we have at last got up to Noah's ark, that ship leading all the fleets of the world on all the oceans of the world.

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this battle of Joshua against the five allied armies of Gibeon. It was that battle that changed the entire course of history.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)