

RELEASED.

You scrap of blue is all I know
Of Heaven's floor, but there are sweeps
Across the space fair clouds of snow
Soft, billowy folds of purple deeps.
Sometimes come a rosey mist
Like pink steam vapors softly blown
Across the blue, by sun-lips kissed,
Hazy that have wandered from the throne
Of God, to bless a crippled child
On whom the sun-god never smiled.

"CRUNCHER'S NIECE."

A Stroke of Fortune at a Lucky Moment.

Owen Stanley, huddled in the corner of a third-class carriage, was going from Manchester to Chatham, where a position in a lawyer's office awaited him. The prospect was not cheerful, but it was the only means Owen had of earning his bread since that unlucky misunderstanding with Uncle Raymond. Also, if Uncle Raymond never would see the rights of that miserable affair, the work of Chatham would be a stepping-stone to a better place.

woman's manderings from his mind altogether? or, another view of the case, should he watch if there were perchance means of helping a fair damsel in distress—befriending Cruncher's unlucky niece? Then he laughed at his own chivalrous nonsense. He could imagine the type of young lady the one in question would be; addicted to jet beads and loud ribbons; fond of a yellow-backed novel, and considered a finished musician by herself and friends, owing to her taking manner of rattling off four or five waltzes and the airs most affected by the barrel-organs. In those halcyon days before the quarrel with Uncle Raymond, Owen had known a higher type of womanhood than he was likely to be thrown with now, and he smiled bitterly at his interest in the probably fictitious misery of Cruncher's niece. Why should he give two thoughts to the weal or woe of a girl he had never seen? He was astonished himself.

posited, and possessed himself of the old gentleman's sedate-looking hat. There, as he expressed, he found stowed away in the lining a tiny little note. With trembling fingers the now hopeful lover laid smooth the complicated folds of the paper and read:

were not for the charity of my relations!" "The brute!" "If I was so silly as not to know on which side my bread was buttered—it was often difficult to tell—he would turn me out-of-doors, and that would perhaps bring me to my senses. But why need I tell you the particulars of this and many another most painful scene? I was silent and undecided for awhile, and at last found courage to tell Mr. Mitchell that I could not marry him.

FARMERS AND TAXATION. How the War Tariff "Protects" the Agricultural Classes. The Lustrous Inconsistency of Ohio's Favorite Son. There ought always to be an appeal open from the John Sherman engaged in a frantic pursuit of the Presidency to the John Sherman unweaved by the buzzing of the Presidential bee in his bonnet.

ICE-BERG POLITICS. The Lustrous Inconsistency of Ohio's Favorite Son. There ought always to be an appeal open from the John Sherman engaged in a frantic pursuit of the Presidency to the John Sherman unweaved by the buzzing of the Presidential bee in his bonnet.

PITH AND POINT. —It is no use hiding from a friend what is known to an enemy. —That man who is looking for sympathy needs it. —The note that is not due till two years will be harder on you than the note due in a year.