

SONG OF 1876.

Waken, waken of the Land of Freedom!
Spirit of Freedom, awaken all
Blink thy shores to the Song of Swan,

THE YOUNG LADY FROM BOSTON.

Feel a little stiff, eh, Jim?" asked Farmer Wilbor of his brother, as at evening they sat in the porch of the old homestead.
"Yea, but I shall sleep as I have not for months," said the young professor from College.

lipid and clear gray eyes were all aglow with eagerness.
"I was determined I'd have him!" she cried, with a glance at Prof. Jim's shirt-sleeves.
A wild fancy shot through the professor's head; that he had so overworked his brain, that dreadful hallucinations were coming upon him.

offered to send home for some books, which she was sure would interest him.
Averse to making her needless trouble, and yet not knowing how to deter her, the professor took from his pocket a pencil and paper, and had the wit to say he could put down their names and get them from an excellent free library in the near town.
"Let me see the list, please?" she asked.

with the information that he "guessed" she'd have to sit on the track all night.
He had loitered about the place after the cars left, and, ere long, a telegram came from the next station.
There had been an accident, several persons were slightly injured—none killed; but the baggage-cars were demolished, and others overturned and off the track.

The European War.
The European war, which but a few weeks ago was no bigger than a man's hand, is fast spreading over the whole Eastern sky.
The dispatches from Vienna, Belgrade, Paris, Constantinople, and Berlin agree in the general information that the Porte having rejected Serbia's ultimatum, war between Serbia and Turkey is inevitable.

THE NEXT CENTURY.
Where, where will be the bright that a hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gayly now,
Oh, where will be the lovely smiling eye,
Joy's pleasant smiles, and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?