

POETRY.

MY FAMILIAR. BY JOHN C. BATES. I hear the rattle of the wheels... I hear the rattle of the wheels... I hear the rattle of the wheels...

MISCELLANEOUS.

GOLDEN CHAIN. Of course you think me hard-hearted... I shall think of my every day... I shall think of my every day...

"Nonsense! Why, George, what can be the matter? What did papa say?" "Oh! I suppose he said what all fathers say..." "By the way, Walter, it is exactly a year since Mr. Rylston was here..."

Whether the conversation had been unusually dreary at dinner time, or whether the ladies did not care much for the charms of each other's society, Lucy found her companions in the drawing-room very uninteresting, and not at all inclined for conversation...

Of course you think me hard-hearted and unfeeling... I shall think of my every day... I shall think of my every day... I shall think of my every day...

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Of course you think me hard-hearted and unfeeling... I shall think of my every day... I shall think of my every day... I shall think of my every day...