

A STORY OF TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Mr. B. was a general merchant in Baltimore. One morning he was passing over the vessels at the wharf, he stepped on the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro, whose dejected countenance gave sure indication of distress. He accosted him with: "Hey! my man, what is the matter?" The negro lifted up his eyes and, looking at Mr. B., replied: "Ah! massa, I see in great trouble."

will take \$700; but I shall not sell Moses nor them to go out of the State." "I wish them all for my own use, and will give you the \$1,400." Mr. B. and Col. C. then went to B's store, drew up the writings and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel; and Mr. B. approached the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, wrapped in meditation of the most awful forebodings, and said: "Well Moses, I have bought you."

what I'm talkin' is gospel truth. Wha the flame leans over, as if its being worked by a blow-pipe, and points to a man, death has marked him. "Some years ago when Bill Hendricks was killed in the Savage, the flames of my lantern pointed right to him for over an hour, and when he moved the flames would turn just as if Bill was a loadstone and the flames was a mariner's needle. I knew he was gone, and told him to be careful about the blast. Well, he got thought that all right and got on the cage. As we went up the candle kept acting strangely, and at times the flame would stretch out long and thin toward Bill. At length it gave a sudden flicker, and Bill reeled to one side and was caught in the timbers. I heard his dreadful cry as he disappeared down the shaft, and while he was bounding from side to side, dashing out his brains and scattering his flesh down to the bottom, my light went out.

butcher, and walked three miles to the post-office twice a week. Garcia declared that small things made her sick. So Em made fires, cooked meals, did the family washing and ironing, nursed her mother and waited on her sisters. The girls had each a lover. It was a little strange, though Grace and Garcia declared that Em had drab hair, Em had nevertheless, a most devoted lover—John Melvin by name—a young doctor, and as yet too poor to marry. Em's sister could not reproach her with this, for young Borden—Grace's lover—and Lieutenant Egbert—Garcia's fiance—were neither of them rich enough to marry penniless wives. To do them justice, they did not, however, desert the girls when they became poor.

it certainly was a home, and would enable the owner to marry nicely; John Melvin, too, preferred to go West for practice. Em stood silent and pale. "If Em wants it, she must have it, I suppose," said Mrs. Chetwynd. "Yes!" cried Garcia, "and I have nothing! Be doomed to stay and die in this hole! Take it, Em. Of course you will! Em had involuntarily looked up at John Melvin. He felt the delicacy of interfering, but his momentary gaze seemed to bid her hold her rights. But at Garcia's stormy words she started, and her patient eyes dilated with pain as she looked at her sister.

Singular Superstitions.

Virginia, Nev., Chronicle. Sailors are generally considered the most superstitious men of any calling, and indeed it would be strange if in the mysterious ways of the deep, with its wonderful phenomena, something was not found to base superstition upon.

The Old School-Room.

My school-desk! it is many a year since I used this little room. I longed for the noon to come; Or watched the lengthening shadows Creep along the dusty floor, And tried to catch one golden gleam Of sunshine through the door.

EM.

BY RUTHER SERLE KENNETH. The Chetwynds considered their family quite perfect and complete when the youngest arrived, and so she was not particularly welcome. A girl, and quite plain, too. The twin-sons were very handsome, the twin daughters very pretty. Em was looked upon at first as a very undesirable addition to the family.

The Cultivation of Sorghum.

Rural New Yorker. The continued high price of sugar coupled with the fact that the United States import \$750,000,000 worth annually, gives importance to any effort which may, in part of whole, tend to supply this deficiency.

IMPERFECT PAGE

Page