

JEAN.

BY EMMA CLARK WATKINS.

Oh, to die, and I so young!
What will darling mother say?
Bless the heart so cruelly wrong!

A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Abram's Boy and the Ugly Gun.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

"Oh-h-h!" Then there was silence.
"I wonder what's dat?"
It was Abram's boy looking through a fence knot-hole into Uncle Lisha's yard.

"No wonder," said Abram to his little boy; "nuff charge in that old gun to knock ober de whole villij."
At the stranger's side was Uncle Lisha's big yellow mug, and around his pocket were the fragments of a sugar horse.

Seven Times a Widow at Forty.
For the benefit of that venturesome class of people who, like those possessed of an irresistible desire to risk their lives among savage African tribes, would—

A cup of highly-sweetened green tea, without milk, is placed before the visitor. The conversation is then carried on with more or less spirit on the ordinary topics of the day, and here, if the visit is a merely formal one, the interview comes to an end and the visitor is conducted to the door with the same formality and courtesy with which he was received.

A FIFTY-EIGHT DAYS' FAST.
A French Prisoner Who Beat Dr. Tanner—The Phenomena of Starvation.
(From the London Standard.)
Ann Moore, the famous fasting woman of Tutbury, pretended to have lived for eight years entirely without food.

If you do, state it. 7th. Have you ever committed suicide, and if so, how did it seem to affect you?
After answering the above questions, like a man, in the comfortable, the sleek little fat old fellow with good specks on oed I was insured for a term of years. I thanked him, and smiled on my most pensive smiles.