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VOLUME I.

KINGWOOD, PRESTON COUNTY, W.VA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1877.

NUMBER 16.

A TALE OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

BY GEORGE F. BAGLES.

We are sitting to-night by the fire, My Mary and me, all alone. A watchin' the blaze on it flickers In its play on the old heartstone.

As the light of the burnin' driftwood Flares out on the hob, across the wall, It shines on a sailor's son's wester, Hangin' just where the gray shadows fall.

These thoughts make my bosom feel heavy, They've silv'ered an' whiten'd my hair, And, thus, as I sit in my corner, An'usin' an' nursin' my care.

There are times, when, sleepin' or wak'in', My face beamin' joyous an' gay, Steals upon me from out the corners An' nooks where he's nestled in play;

Yes, now, when it's late for repentance, I know I was hasty an' mad, I might as well be an' as a snake, I ought to be in a hole, hid away.

"But it is that any reason for refusin' them?" "Yes, for papa and I are independent, and had rather earn our own money."

"You are a strange child," was the reply, and the lady looked interested and amused.

"I know, as you say, I'm self-assertive. The tears sometimes come in a tide, But I'll try to act my part manly."

"I never saw a girl so full of spirit," said the lady, looking at her with interest.

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itself in her eyes, but was quickly followed by an expression of gravity and sorrow, touching in one so young.

"What is your name, dear?" she asked, kindly.

"Norah!" echoed the lady, turning pale. "Norah what?"

"Oh!" and an expression, partly of relief, partly of disappointment, swept over the listener's face.

"I can not take it, ma'am," she answered in a low voice, "my papa would be angry if I did."

"Because we're poor, and when people give us things, he says it's out of charity."

"But it is that any reason for refusin' them?" "Yes, for papa and I are independent, and had rather earn our own money."

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"Ah, yes! you have told me of her before. But I cannot understand, Kate, why she never answered your letters."

"You do not know how I have tried her love. My father warned me against the man, my mother told me of his bad blood and his bad temper."

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if he knew how I got it. Oh, dear! it is so hard to be poor and have a sick father."

"She bustled about a little, setting the room to rights, and tried to look cheerful, though she was down-hearted."

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Early Morning Sights in a City.

(Cincinnati Breakfast Table.)

It is interesting occasionally to arise early in the morning and see the city get up and shake itself into wakefulness.

"U-h-uh-uh!" Myfenwat—uh-uh's your hurry?"

Then comes a belated milk-cart rattling over the cobble-stones with a noise that is not unlike the clatter of a mill.

The sun was nearly an hour high when she awoke the next morning, though her room was still dark for at least one little window high up that opened on a brick wall.

"The first one was returned unopened," she answered; "of the others I never had any tidings."

"What do you mean, papa?" Norah stammered.

"I did not," she replied. "I was so utterly heart-broken, by all that had occurred, as to believe myself an outcast from love and kindness forever more."

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Christmas in Norway.

(Cincinnati Breakfast Table.)

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THE DEAD ONE.

BY FLETCHER BATES.

Where honeysuckles scent the way, I heard the humming yesterday; Thy little life was not in vain.

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