

No Sunset To-Night.

No sunset to-night, no glory is over the pallor of snow; Dark is the heaven above us, And dark is the earth below.

HUSBAND'S RELATIONS, OR The People Loved Her Much.

He is ready to be profuse in his apologies for having missed his appointment with her at his club, and though he thinks it singular that she should not have attended to his request and followed him to Mrs. St. John's, still, as matters have gone, he is rather glad than otherwise that she has not done so.

lows, or his patience would stand a little further strain upon it. As he picks up the paper he leans back in his chair, and the large sheet of the Times, lifted up to his reading level, intercepts the view of which he is rapidly tiring—namely, that of his infuriated wife.

the knife being balanced impartially between Lady Killeen and her husband. But with her good temper and light heartedness has come back her insatiable craving for excitement and change.

concoived portrayal of curiosity she adds—"What was it made me ill yesterday?" "Nothing that I know of," he says, carelessly, for he is resolved to keep Mrs. St. John out of the controversy if possible.

izes "how very funny all this would be if her ladyship were some other fellow's wife, and Darragh some other man's cousin."

MONROE, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875. Sins.—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me. W. L. CARTER.