

Autumn Sports.
 The boy stood on the chestnut tree,
 Whence all but him had hopped;
 The burs lay thickly on the leaves,
 Where they had lately dropped.
 The honest yeoman came that way;
 The boy—oh, where was he?
 In horizontal positions he lay,
 Across the farmer's knee.
 Hark! How the blows and shrieks resound
 In tuncful reynance;
 Oh, how the batson plays around
 The head of his pants!
 "I prishob who thy oval hand,
 The youth in angust cryed,
 'Not till I have my neck lanned."
 The yeoman replied,
 He beat the thriving youth full sore,
 And smiled in horrid gloe.
 "I think," he quoth, "tho' neevermore
 Will rob my chestnut tree."

Then merrily the farmer said:
 "I'll gather these myself."
 The boy? He sat himself on the bread
 Front of the pantry-shelf!

STAINLESS.
 In the Author's "Sweet Dorothy Capel,"
 "Let's see,"
 TOLD BY DEMORAH CARY.
 "Dorah, I was not thinking of you,
 My dear, you will be silent as the grave."
 "Yes."
 He is still very calm. The clock in the hall
 ticks over, and in a low voice she said:
 "He is still very calm. The clock in the hall
 ticks over, and in a low voice she said:
 "He is still very calm. The clock in the hall
 ticks over, and in a low voice she said:"

Mr. Martin Napsine—the title is his—
 is evidently a young man of high social
 position, and his father, Mr. Napsine, is
 a well-known name in the city. He is
 a very handsome man, and is well
 educated. He is a member of the
 city council, and is a very active
 member. He is a very popular man,
 and is very well liked by all
 who know him. He is a very
 successful man, and is very well
 known in the city.

Mr. Napsine is a very handsome man,
 and is well educated. He is a member
 of the city council, and is a very active
 member. He is a very popular man,
 and is very well liked by all who
 know him. He is a very successful
 man, and is very well known in the
 city. He is a very active member
 of the city council, and is a very
 popular man. He is a very well
 liked man, and is very successful.
 He is a very active member of the
 city council, and is a very popular
 man. He is a very well liked man,
 and is very successful. He is a very
 active member of the city council,
 and is a very popular man. He is a
 very well liked man, and is very
 successful. He is a very active member
 of the city council, and is a very
 popular man. He is a very well
 liked man, and is very successful.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

I often wandered by the brink of the creek
 that crossed at part of our garden, and
 looking down into the water, I could see
 that fair ringlet tossing on the
 pebbles beneath.
 "A treat of golden hair,"
 said Mrs. Napsine, as she sat
 above the nets at sea.
 "King's pretty snow was always in my
 mind."
 "I could not have spoken of these fancies
 to my only one; they were however,
 rarely absent from my thoughts, and I
 think that Mrs. Napsine, in her
 conversation with her, had not
 entirely forgotten them. She had
 said that she had seen the
 unfortunate tidings to her. But her
 husband, who was a very
 devoted man, had not
 entirely forgotten them. She had
 said that she had seen the
 unfortunate tidings to her. But her
 husband, who was a very devoted
 man, had not entirely forgotten them.

CHAPTER III.
 Mr. Beresford did not purchase the estate
 for Mrs. Napsine, but for himself. He
 had inherited it from his father, and
 he had inherited it from his father.
 He had inherited it from his father,
 and he had inherited it from his father.
 He had inherited it from his father,
 and he had inherited it from his father.
 He had inherited it from his father,
 and he had inherited it from his father.

Irish Troubles.
 According to the English and Irish
 newspapers, the Irish troubles are
 still continuing. The Irish people
 are still fighting for their rights,
 and the English government is still
 trying to suppress them. The Irish
 people are still fighting for their
 rights, and the English government is
 still trying to suppress them.

A Bright Bird.
 A large and handsome whoping stork,
 Had found his way to the
 garden of the Duke of Devonshire.
 He was very much surprised to find
 himself in a garden, and he was
 very much surprised to find himself
 in a garden. He was very much
 surprised to find himself in a garden,
 and he was very much surprised to
 find himself in a garden.

"Orange Sauce" ; or, the Pig's Place.
 A SHORT STORY.
 [NOTE.—Orange Sauce is composed of the
 ground rind of bitter orange, horradisad,
 mustard, cayenne pepper, &c. It is as im-
 portant an adjunct to a brown breast
 and butter to whitefish, or apple sauce,
 as sucking-pig, and brings out in a marvellous
 degree the subtle qualities of the
 hidden subtleties of flavour, which, without
 its aid, are almost impossible to an en-
 vied palate.]
 The story told in the following verses is
 based on fact, or rather on a dream, in which
 various features bearing on the subject were
 presented in a highly dramatic, strongly
 inverted and blended.]

I. The lamps are lit in the banquet hall,
 And glorious ones they light;
 A table, fair with fruit and flowers,
 With plates and crystal bright;
 Aglow with wealth of colour,
 With claret's ruby beam,
 With the moonlight of Rhine wine,
 And sherry's golden gleam.

II. While here and there, in contrast,
 Stand flasks of sober hue,
 The bottle-bills of Burgundy—
 And the corked wine of Rhine,
 And the sparkling champagne—
 Of all grapes' blood the flower—
 The great regalia of champagne,
 Entreated on ice-palis, lower.

III. But who could tarry the glories,
 Of all the viands there,
 From every land collected,
 From earth and sea and air,
 From the tropics of the East,
 From the frozen North, the
 From the snowy hills of
 From the sunny South of
 From the blue Alaskan mountains,
 From the green of the tropics,
 And the Russian sturgeon had yielded
 Its eggs, for the caviare;
 And the black eye of the
 A good savoury reindeer tongue,
 Which once had licked the snowy snows,
 Far Lapland's plains among.

IV. And there were those ducks, so lascivious,
 Known as the "canvas ducks,"
 From their native haunts of
 A merry brood, had quacked;
 And salmon, which in Norway
 Live in the cold streams,
 With silver trout from Scottish pools,
 There close together slept.

V. "Pat! I called out, 'may I light
 the lamp, if I cannot see my
 way?'"
 "The lamp is not lighting in the gloom
 you near to a man's appearance I did
 not fancy, and my father was
 assured mission, I rose at once, lighted the
 lamp, and placed it on the table.
 Mr. Van's eyes were fixed on
 her, and he said, "You are
 doing me a good turn, for
 I had been thinking of
 doing the same for you."

VI. And there was a South-west "gig,"
 Just lighted touched with "fall,"
 And fat in gait, white,
 "Supreme de volaille!"
 And larks—the skylark's sweet air,
 As he soars through the morning
 breeze,
 And swans that swim in
 silver trout from Scottish pools,
 There close together slept.

VII. And there was a South-west "gig,"
 Just lighted touched with "fall,"
 And fat in gait, white,
 "Supreme de volaille!"
 And larks—the skylark's sweet air,
 As he soars through the morning
 breeze,
 And swans that swim in
 silver trout from Scottish pools,
 There close together slept.

VIII. "Pat! I called out, 'may I light
 the lamp, if I cannot see my
 way?'"
 "The lamp is not lighting in the gloom
 you near to a man's appearance I did
 not fancy, and my father was
 assured mission, I rose at once, lighted the
 lamp, and placed it on the table.
 Mr. Van's eyes were fixed on
 her, and he said, "You are
 doing me a good turn, for
 I had been thinking of
 doing the same for you."

IX. And there was a South-west "gig,"
 Just lighted touched with "fall,"
 And fat in gait, white,
 "Supreme de volaille!"
 And larks—the skylark's sweet air,
 As he soars through the morning
 breeze,
 And swans that swim in
 silver trout from Scottish pools,
 There close together slept.

Battalion's Bite Cured.
 THE HAZARDOUS EXPERIMENT AND EXTRA-
 ORDINARY RECOVERY OF AN ENGLISH
 SUBSENER.
 (From Land and Water.)
 The following is an abstract of an account by
 Dr. Arthur Strangely, dated 18th
 of Dec. 1861, of the case of A. H. of his extra-
 ordinary recovery from a snake bite, received
 while performing his duty as a provost-marshal
 in the city of London.

The snake, a *Coluber horridus*, which he
 received at Penzance from a friend, was
 a snake of the kind long, and with
 two joints on its rattle. About one
 o'clock in the morning, when all was quiet,
 he opened the box containing the snake, and
 found the reptile which he never expected
 to find.

How we revelled in the pleasure,
 Of that gleeful feast—
 In jocund oblivion
 To the snake's hissings,
 How we waned in the sunshine,
 In the music of the trees,
 As they sang in mighty chorus,
 To the anthem of the breeze.

XX. "How we revelled in the pleasure,
 Of that gleeful feast—
 In jocund oblivion
 To the snake's hissings,
 How we waned in the sunshine,
 In the music of the trees,
 As they sang in mighty chorus,
 To the anthem of the breeze."

XXI. "How we revelled in the pleasure,
 Of that gleeful feast—
 In jocund oblivion
 To the snake's hissings,
 How we waned in the sunshine,
 In the music of the trees,
 As they sang in mighty chorus,
 To the anthem of the breeze."

XXII. "How we revelled in the pleasure,
 Of that gleeful feast—
 In jocund oblivion
 To the snake's hissings,
 How we waned in the sunshine,
 In the music of the trees,
 As they sang in mighty chorus,
 To the anthem of the breeze."

XXIII. "How we revelled in the pleasure,
 Of that gleeful feast—
 In jocund oblivion
 To the snake's hissings,
 How we waned in the sunshine,
 In the music of the trees,
 As they sang in mighty chorus,
 To the anthem of the breeze."

XXIV. "How we revelled in the pleasure,
 Of that gleeful feast—
 In jocund oblivion
 To the snake's hissings,
 How we waned in the sunshine,
 In the music of the trees,
 As they sang in mighty chorus,
 To the anthem of the breeze."

XXV. "How we revelled in the pleasure,
 Of that gleeful feast—
 In jocund oblivion
 To the snake's hissings,
 How we waned in the sunshine,
 In the music of the trees,
 As they sang in mighty chorus,
 To the anthem of the breeze."

XXVI. "How we revelled in the pleasure,
 Of that gleeful feast—
 In jocund oblivion
 To the snake's hissings,
 How we waned in the sunshine,
 In the music of the trees,
 As they sang in mighty chorus,
 To the anthem of the breeze."

DEBATE AND ART NOTES.
 The reports of Sardone, the dramatic
 recently arrived at their goal.
Female Standard.
 MIKE ALBERT of G. An. French
 C. M. U. is the bourgeois wife of
 Frenchy, published
FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.

FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.
 The reports of Sardone, the dramatic
 recently arrived at their goal.
Female Standard.
 MIKE ALBERT of G. An. French
 C. M. U. is the bourgeois wife of
 Frenchy, published
FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.

FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.
 The reports of Sardone, the dramatic
 recently arrived at their goal.
Female Standard.
 MIKE ALBERT of G. An. French
 C. M. U. is the bourgeois wife of
 Frenchy, published
FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.

FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.
 The reports of Sardone, the dramatic
 recently arrived at their goal.
Female Standard.
 MIKE ALBERT of G. An. French
 C. M. U. is the bourgeois wife of
 Frenchy, published
FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.

FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.
 The reports of Sardone, the dramatic
 recently arrived at their goal.
Female Standard.
 MIKE ALBERT of G. An. French
 C. M. U. is the bourgeois wife of
 Frenchy, published
FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.

FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.
 The reports of Sardone, the dramatic
 recently arrived at their goal.
Female Standard.
 MIKE ALBERT of G. An. French
 C. M. U. is the bourgeois wife of
 Frenchy, published
FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.

FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.
 The reports of Sardone, the dramatic
 recently arrived at their goal.
Female Standard.
 MIKE ALBERT of G. An. French
 C. M. U. is the bourgeois wife of
 Frenchy, published
FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.

FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.
 The reports of Sardone, the dramatic
 recently arrived at their goal.
Female Standard.
 MIKE ALBERT of G. An. French
 C. M. U. is the bourgeois wife of
 Frenchy, published
FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.

FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.
 The reports of Sardone, the dramatic
 recently arrived at their goal.
Female Standard.
 MIKE ALBERT of G. An. French
 C. M. U. is the bourgeois wife of
 Frenchy, published
FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.

FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.
 The reports of Sardone, the dramatic
 recently arrived at their goal.
Female Standard.
 MIKE ALBERT of G. An. French
 C. M. U. is the bourgeois wife of
 Frenchy, published
FRIDAY MORNING
 In time to meet the early mail.

JOHN
 77 W. 3d St.
 The best
 9,000 C.
CURE
 The best
 9,000 C.
FOR DYING
 Dear Sir—
 I have been
 afflicted
 for many
 years with
 a severe
 cough and
 asthma,
 and have
 tried every
 remedy
 without
 success.
 I have
 been
 informed
 of your
 medicine,
 and have
 purchased
 a box, and
 have
 already
 taken
 several
 doses, and
 feel
 much
 better.