

IN A NUTSHELL.

SELECT READING.

Foreign, Domestic and War... A story is reported in the English papers... A bad cold, like measles or mumps...

A Romance of the Forage.

A story is reported in the English papers which goes to show that the days of chivalry are not past. The story in brief is this: England had two sons, the eldest of whom was somewhat disipated. He fell in love with a cook, who in process of time gave evidence of becoming a mother.

MOSELS FOR SUNDAY CONTEMPLATION.

Bad taste is a species of bad morals. Ungatefulness is the very poison of manhood. No thoroughly occupied man was ever miserable.

THE LANGUAGE OF UMBRELLAS.

"One of the 'funny writers' of the day has said that there is a language of umbrellas as well as flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it is about to change owners.

TO CURE A COLD.

A bad cold, like measles or mumps, or other similar ailments, will run its course about ten days, in spite of what may be done for it, unless remedial means are employed within forty-eight hours of its inception.

ENCOURAGING A YOUNG MAN.

A young man, 22 years old, had, by strict economy, laid by a couple of thousand dollars. Feeling that he needed advice as to how to invest it, he called at the office of a capitalist, and philanthropist, and stated his case.

DRUNKENNESS IN GERMANY.

Germany has long been held up as a model for moderate drinkers, and wine and lager beer offered as substitutes for rum and whiskey, and antidotes for intemperance.

REAPPEARANCE OF THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

The reappearance of the star of Bethlehem is predicted by astronomers for this year or the next. On Nov. 11th, 1572, Tycho de Brahe discovered a star in Cassiopeia which equalled Sirius, and even Venus, in brightness for a month, and then fell back into its former insignificance.

WIFE WHO HAS BEEN SITTING UP FOR DELINQUENT.

Wife who has been sitting up for delinquent, who enters with an umbrella over his head—Are you crazy? Have you been going about the streets with your umbrella up this starlight night?

LET THE BETROTHED PAIR BEWARE.

Let the betrothed pair beware lest love should become what a French cynic has called it—"selfishness for two." Surely the influence of a great and holy joy should be to enlarge the heart and ennoble the life.

STEP-MOTHERS.

How many books do we still take up in which the plot turns on the cruel machinations of a step-mother, and surely writers ought to be wiser now. They make the very name hateful; it seems to ring with unkindness and injustice, and far be it for us to say that the prototypes is nowhere to be found.

A STRONG LOVE-LETTER.

Here is a love-letter endorsed as authentic by the Gainsville, (Ga.) Eagle:—"Dearest Amelia—My love is stronger than patent butter or the kick of a young cow. Sensations of joy go through me like cohorts of ants through an army cracker and caper over my heart like young goats on a stable roof.

EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING.

"Every cloud has a silver lining," it is said; but the colored clergyman who hands around the hat at a camp-meeting does not believe the saying as worthy of all acceptance.

WIGGINS IS A BIGGER BLOWER THAN OLD BOREAS.

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THEY ARE NOT STRANGERS MAMMA.

Not long ago I stood by the death-bed of a little girl. From her birth she had been afraid of death. Every fibre of her body and soul quivered from the thought of it.

THEY ARE NOT STRANGERS MAMMA.

"Hold me fast. Oh, I can't go." "Jenny," I said, "you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there who will love you and take care of you."

THEY ARE NOT STRANGERS MAMMA.

"Hold me fast," she cried, "don't let me go." But even as she was pleading her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my waist and lifted themselves eagerly aloft; lifted themselves with such straining effort that they lifted the wasted little body from its reclining position among the pillows.

THEY ARE NOT STRANGERS MAMMA.

Her face was turned upward; but it was her eyes that told the story. They were filled with the light of Divine recognition. They saw something plainly that we could not see; and they grew brighter and brighter, and her little hand quivered in eagerness to go where strange portals had opened upon her astonished vision.

THEY ARE NOT STRANGERS MAMMA.

But even in that supreme moment she did not forget to leave a word of comfort for those who would have gladly died in her place: "Mamma," she was saying, "mamma, they are not strangers. I'm not afraid." And every instant the light burned more gloriously in her blue eyes until at last it seemed as if her soul leaped forth upon its radiant waves, and in that moment her trembling form clasped among its pillows and she was gone.—Chicago Woman's World.

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TOPICS FOR WOMEN.

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