

An 1885 Spring Poem.

Trade up by Base, for I had bid to die
A welcome to the dew-drops on the grass
All hail! on Spring, I welcome you at last
With such rejoicing to the winter's past.

A LOCK OF RED HAIR.

CHAPTER II.

The following day the same rule with regard to seats was observed; Miss Hunt evidently enjoyed her breakfast, and started off with Lucy immediately afterwards in high spirits, declining Mr. Richmond's escort, blushing and laughing the while.

I believe all people are, only they won't allow it. But I like my friends to know the worst of me; then they won't be disappointed.
"Bat don't you find letting every one know the worst of you rather interferes with your making friends? I never feel that my best enemies are to any particular estimation."

than I reproach myself; but I should grieve to lose your friendship, for I could love you dearly if you would let me. I must say something that will give you great pain. Promise you will forgive me for the mischief I have done.
"Child, you frighten me; but don't hesitate to speak plainly; you, at least, need not fear me; and I am too happy to be harsh with anyone to-night."

"It makes things so much more pleasant, and don't think it very good of you."
A couple of days after he left Hastediffe to transact some important country business, and return at the end of a week. The business proved to be the purchase of a house. He was telling the Ensons—who had treated him very distantly since his engagement—all about it one morning when Lucy joined them.

The King of Bavaria can exert his influence on occasion. He wrote an autograph letter to Prof. Deellinger of Munich on the 86th birthday.
Those now in London who were during the war say that the excitement and opacant extras, cried something to midnight, recall to them vividly the Mad dogs recently became so numerous in some parts of Alabama that several counties were obliged to surround it was considered dangerous to have pupils abroad.