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There is a land of every land, the pride, beloved by Heaven over all the world.

Where brighter suns dispense their light.

And brighter moons enfold the night.

There is a spot on earth supremely blessed.

A dearest, a spot more than all the rest.

They mean, England's tyrant past male.

His sword and scepter, his country and pride.

While in his softened looks longingly

The eye, the arm, the husband, father, friend.

His woman's sighs; the mother, daughter, wife.

Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of life.

In the clear Heaven of her graceful life.

An angel-guard of love and gladness flung

Around her knees domestic duties hung.

And these pleasures gambled at her feet.

"Where shall that land, that spot of earth

Art thou a man? A patriot?—No, no!

Oh, thou art a friend, however, thy spot

That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

On Greenland's rocks, or rude Kamtschatka's plains.

In the Siberian double dome, where the wild hunter takes his lonely way.

Travels through Laponian snows his savage prey.

Or, wrestling with the light of radiant snow.

Where found the pole, the eternal snows.

Plunges down his laws the stricken white in vain.

Plunging down his law through the melting rain.

His wastes of ice, lover in his eye.

That all the heavy vales beneath the sky.

And down for them Casar's palace dome.

His cavern shelter and his cottage home.

—James Montgomery.

AMT SARAH'S BABY'S COPPER

Uncle Tom was rich and old, and lived on a great farm on a high hill.

But Uncle Tom was an old man, and when he looked at his lovely niece, and when she looked at him, she would cry.

"Why, Mr. Sterling," she said with a tremulous little smile, "how do you happen to be away out west?"

"He took the hand held out to him and held it while he explained.

"I came here to stay, Miss Cranford. Father has asked me to take charge of the western branch of our business.

"I happened to be in the city, and he asked me to look after it for him.

"I thought I would like to see you, and he thought I would like to see you.

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ROMANTIC SIDE OF INVENTION.

Three remarkable instances are known in which the Yankee boy's genius of whitening led to valuable inventions.

According to a writer in the Stationary Engineer and Machinist, the elder Gurney, who was apprenticed as a lad to a Scotch ship-builder, is said to have amused himself in whitening the hulls of vessels.

Occasionally he would fit one of these, made, sold, and rigged complete.

Tired of familiar types, he would experiment with new ships, and one of these it was that attracted the attention of his master, because it would not maintain its upright position in the water.

Experiments were made to balance it, in order to give it the proper trim.

The clipper-like shape and graceful long lines of the model produced great speed. Such is said to be the origin of the standard model of the Gurney and later ocean greyhounds.

Robert Livingston Stevens had grown to man's estate when he sailed from New York to Liverpool, eighty years ago.

But he had not outgrown his love for whitening. In those days the passage took two months and Stevens passed many an hour, Jack-knife in one hand and a piece of wood in the other, brooding over a problem that had worried him—how to run a railway without steam engines for a track.

He wanted to get an iron rail that would hold, and would take the place of the thin strips fastened to the chairs of the roadbed. Just before he reached England his whitening revealed the solution of his problem, and that solution took the form of a rail with a broad base that could be applied direct to a solid wooden support.

That rail is still in use on all railways of the world.—The Presbyterian.

HE WROTE BOOKS.

An English novelist tells an experience of a literary friend who went to the country in order to take a house on a farm.

He saw the farmer and conducted the preliminary negotiations with perfect tact, and to both sides.

Presently he asked, "Would you like some references?" "No, no," said the farmer gaily, "You are a gentleman. I can see straight-forwardness written across your face. Don't bother with the references, I expect you will get back to your business in the city."

The friend mentioned that he had no business in the city.

"Oh, then," said the farmer, "I suppose you have business outside the city." "No," he replied, "I am an author."

"What?" he asked, "Would you like some references?" "No, no," said the farmer gaily, "You are a gentleman. I can see straight-forwardness written across your face. Don't bother with the references, I expect you will get back to your business in the city."

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A SWEET LITTLE GIRL.

She stole into my bedroom in the early morning light.

So sweetly that I scarcely knew she there.

A tiny, white-robed figure

With a face like sunshine bright—

"The little girl with golden-colored hair."

She smiled with the visions

That flung me through the night.

"I smiled never," she said,

"With no such lovely baby finger

Has put them all to flight—

"The little girl with golden-colored hair."

Then I hear a little giggle,

And then before my sight

Stands the little witch with feet

For feet all building over—

With dimples of delight—

"My little girl with golden-colored hair."

As I raise my head to greet her,

I'm sure nothing can be sweeter

Than this little maid of mine—

And I know her when you meet her,

She's no sweet you'll like to get her—

"The little girl with golden-colored hair."

NO CAUSE FOR WORRY.

There was a motherly-looking old lady sitting in the hall of her husband's railway station, when a man with a handbag slung down beside her and began to read a newspaper.

She eyed him pretty sharply for a few minutes and then inquired:

"Any great news in the papers today?"

"Nothing very extraordinary," he replied.

"See anything in there from Hicksville?"

"Not yet."

"I'm from Hicksville or pretty near there. Bin down here visiting my sister. Haven't bin here for two weeks, but two weeks, but it was a year. Only got a letter from Joseph, and about all he said in that was that he had his car back in hand to inform me that he was well, and hoped these few lines would find me the same—which they did. I'm a little worried. Don't find any item there about a house or barn burnt up near Hicksville?"

"No, ma'am."

"Joseph was broken in a colt when I came away. Don't see anything about a farmer getting his neck broke or being kicked to death?"

"Nothing of the sort, ma'am."

"Anything about one falling down a well or off a haystack?"

"No, ma'am."

"Joseph is awful reckless, but maybe he's got through all right. Anything about a mad dog biting anybody, or a gun butting and blowing a hole or off white like was shootin' a rabbit?"

"Nothing whatever. I think you'll get home to find everything all right."

"I hope so, but two weeks is a long time to be away, and I'm naturally given to worry now and then. I expect the pigs have got out of the pen two or three times, and I expect the colts have broken out again, and Joseph has left the collar door open every night, but if it's no worse I shall be a thankful woman."—Chicago Journal.

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