

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

BY MARY A. DEVER.

In the lonely hour of twilight,
When all besides is still,
How oft come old, sad memories,

THE DOOMSTER'S FIRST-BORN.
A LEGEND FROM ANTWERP.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER IV.—THE EXECUTION.

The execution of Hendrik the
Mariner was fixed for six in the
evening. Long before the ap-
pointed hour crowds of people,

In the crowd, close to the
scaffold, stood Lina, her heart
beating quickly and anxiously,

It was late, and the shades of
evening fell upon the earth, be-
fore the executioner's varlets com-
pleted the necessary arrangements

And now the varlets would
have removed the prisoner from
the cart to the scaffold; but he pre-
tended he had not finished his

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At sight of the naked flesh into
which he was to cut, Gerard
started as if from a heavy sleep,

At the chill touch of the blade,
the criminal's whole frame
quivered with agony; but the next

At this appeal the fury of the
mob burst forth with uncontrollable
vehemence.

And stones flew about Ger-
ard's head, but in no great num-
bers, since, fortunately for him,

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And seeing that Lina obeyed
his directions and led away Gerard,

base torturer. Throw his carcase
to the ravens!
And he hurled stones at the
scaffold, heaped a charge on the

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ter, and found her weeping and
praying beside the body of her
lover, whom she believed dead.

The old headsman, who lay
broad awake upon his bed of
sickness, weeping bitterly, and de-
ploring the death of his unhappy

My son, my son! he cried,
you know not half your good
fortune. Not only have you mir-
aculously escaped a cruel death,

Although unable to speak or hear
the poor lad tried to make himself
useful in a thousand ways, doing

The young man—for he is no
more a boy—having entered on his
twenty-first year, had retained his

His voice grew weak with
emotion, and died away in inartic-
ulate benediction: Gerard hung

SOURCES OF PERFUME.—Fair
readers may be interested to learn
where, for the most part, the flow-
ers grow, the sweet perfume of

One great perfumery distillery at
Cannes uses yearly about 140,000
lb. of orange blossoms, 20,000 lb.

When Joseph came out of the
church, the sun was high in the
horizon; he ran to the police office,

A TRUE STORY.

Joseph Wells is a young Cana-
dian, about twenty-one years old.
Joseph's parents came to New Or-
leans a few years ago, and both died

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church, the sun was high in the
horizon; he ran to the police office,

and when speech was restored, his
first impulse was to thank God, the
next to thank his benefactors. Of-
ficer Marcotte—and why should we

Let every one draw his own in-
ference—one thing we can vouch for,
the story of young Wells is true,

A MISSION FOR WOMEN.

How many we know, who are suffering
from ill-health, merely from having
done a particular to do, 'Go and

The Power of Money.—In this
happy land of ours, which is becom-
ing every year more and more

Two Sexes.—There is nearly al-
ways something of nature's own gen-
tleness in all young women (except

FOLLY OF CARD PLAYING.—What
can be more barren in its results than
card playing? The mere card shuffler

It is good to sit in friendly in-
tercourse and pour out that social
cheer which so vivifies the weary

The Marquis of Bute.—On the
present marquis attaining his major-
ity he will be one of the most opu-
lent noblemen in the British peerage,

WHEN IS A MAN'S BLOOD UP?
Ah! it is the pale passions that
are the fiercest—it is the violence

THE 'UPPER-TEN' AT LUCKNOW.
There was in the room a lady who
had been besieged in the Residency

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