

THE MOWING.

The clock has struck six. And the morning is fair. While the dew is on the grass and a song in the air...

MOLLY BAWN.

Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining, All I'm waiting here for you—Old Song. What! Can you believe it possible a little uneducated country girl...



VOL XXII. RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1879. WHOLE NO. 1,094—NO. 8.

might end in death. Last night, as I sat by his bedside, I thought, were I to forget—what then? "Ay, what then? Of what are you thinking?"...

"Very. It is a castle, not a house." "There's a deal of servants in it." "Yes." Absently. "Leastways as far as I can judge with looking through the corners of my eyes as I came along the passages..."

mother's marriage. You don't mind my speaking to you? It was more than good of you to come here at all, considering the circumstances—I don't believe I could have been so forgiving...

day; that is, of course, if one spends it with a congenial companion. "Are you a congenial companion?" "I don't know," smiling. "If you will let me, I can at least try to be..."

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN. Henry James, Jr., has a story called "The Diary of a Man of Fifty," in the July Harper. It has been limited to a story in that month itself...

Jeffrey, writing to Napier, said of the late Mr. W. B. Bryant, the American poet, a review in the Boston Herald, "I do not think I have done nothing with Bryant. He is a Felicia Hemans in brooches..."

CHAPTER XI.

You stood before me like a dream. A dream remembered it thought. —COLERIDGE. It is five o'clock in the afternoon, and Herst is the richer by one more inmate...

With careful fingers she unfastens and pulls down all her lovely hair until it falls in rippling masses to her waist. As carefully, as if she were making a toilet, she fastens the artistic knot at the back of her head...

"Dear grandpa, you have forgotten. Yesterday I told you the hour we expected her. But no doubt, with so many important matters upon your mind, with a glance at the list of names, you forgot the name..."

"I should not stare so," she says, severely, with an adorable attempt at a frown. "And you need not look at me all at once, you know, because as I am going to stay here a whole month, you will have plenty of time to do it by degrees, without fatiguing yourself..."

MAKING LUMBER FROM STRAW. We read in the Outlook (Wis.) Northwesterner: "A gentleman of Wausau, Ill., recently exhibited some samples of lumber that have attracted much attention among the lumbermen..."

Jeffrey, writing to Napier, said of the late Mr. W. B. Bryant, the American poet, a review in the Boston Herald, "I do not think I have done nothing with Bryant. He is a Felicia Hemans in brooches..."