

BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

By E. NORMAN GUNWORTH.

Twelve strikes the clock. The year has fled—
The year with all its weathers—
Its joys and sorrows—
Its longings and contentment—
Its hopes and fears—
Its joys and sorrows—
Its longings and contentment—
Its hopes and fears—

For in the year that has just fled
Some fond hopes have been brightened,
And some have faded—
Some have been brightened,
And some have faded—
Some have been brightened,
And some have faded—
Some have been brightened,
And some have faded—

Well, all the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

And the year that has just fled
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—
With its hopes and fears—
With its joys and sorrows—
With its longings and contentment—

TWO COBWEBS.

By E. NORMAN GUNWORTH.

There, I've found the place, Cobweb.
"You have, papa?"
"I have."
"With admirably planned kitchen
and flower gardens?"
"No," said I, "nothing."
"With an extensive view of the Surrey
Hills?"
"Why, anyone would think you
were a house agent, Cobweb," I said,
muttering.

"No wonder, papa, when I've been
reading so many advertisements. But
do tell me, have you really found the
place at last?"
"Oh, I am, dear, dear, dear father!"
she cried, seating herself on my knee,
and nestling her head on my shoulder.

"There, hold up your head," I said,
"and look at me. Now, tell me frankly,
did you ever see such a weak, stupid
old man in your life?"
"I like weak, stupid old men," she
said, archly, "but I never saw one
twinkling with merriment, and then to
tear at the tears that stole into them."

"Yes," I said, "because you can
triumph over them, and do what you
please with them, and make them your
slaves, like you do me. A pretty
thing I've been running this last two months
to find a place like—just as if By-
ronian square wouldn't do. I tell you
what, my lady, I'm not going to
make me comfortable down there, for
I shall be as dull as lead."

"No, you will not, my dear," she
said, laughing, and then she looked
at me, and said, "I am so glad you
are so happy, for I was very tired
of London."

"I did not answer, but sat looking
down on the smooth, peachy cheeks
of my hands, which were keeping
at the long, yellow hair that hung
down the shoulders in waves, and in
spite of myself, a sigh escaped my lips.

"This Cobweb, I thought, is a
man, whose sole thought had been
of the child I had seen grow up to
maturity, making a very good girl,
yielding to her every wish, and doing
most of her work, who now was
to be spoiled. For, with all the ac-
complishments I had lavished upon her,
Ruth had grown up to be a no-table
little housewife, who disgusted her
kitchen and making my favorite
puddings and tarts with her own hands,
and generally behaving like a subject
called an unwhipped child."

"And then I thought of my other
sorrow—the future—and pictured with
an agony I cannot describe the day
when I should have to resign my claims
to another, and be left alone—a desolate,
broken old man."

"I am naturally a very common, hard
soldier, and business-like old man, and
terribly selfish. Cobweb had been my
round my heart that in my peevish,
irritable way, I never was happy when
home from the city without she was
waiting on me—washing my pipe, mixing
up my nightgown, and then she would
be the butter-frog—just fat, he had
suggested to me that his late master
had been taken out of an evening."

"Cobweb was sitting in the bay-win-
dow, and to my utter astonishment,
he quickly drew one of the curtains,
and then half closed another, so that
the light fell strongly upon her."

"Don't think about the past, dear
father," she said softly, "as always
called me father when she was serious."
"Can't help it, child," I said, mourn-
fully; and then, seeing the tears gather
in her eyes, I tried to cheer her, and
smiled as I added, "I have the taste
as well as the past to make me sad, my
dear."

"She looked at me wonderingly, but
did not speak, and I sat there holding
her little hand to my heart as I thought
of the past, and how, ten years before,
as if business was beginning to pro-
liferate, I was left alone with the
little child, who had been so dear to
me, and who I had believed that I
would never have to live in my memories,
and then, lo! how the years had
faded away, and I was left alone with
a man, whose sole thought had been
of the child I had seen grow up to
maturity, making a very good girl,
yielding to her every wish, and doing
most of her work, who now was
to be spoiled. For, with all the ac-
complishments I had lavished upon her,
Ruth had grown up to be a no-table
little housewife, who disgusted her
kitchen and making my favorite
puddings and tarts with her own hands,
and generally behaving like a subject
called an unwhipped child."

"And then I thought of my other
sorrow—the future—and pictured with
an agony I cannot describe the day
when I should have to resign my claims
to another, and be left alone—a desolate,
broken old man."

"I am naturally a very common, hard
soldier, and business-like old man, and
terribly selfish. Cobweb had been my
round my heart that in my peevish,
irritable way, I never was happy when
home from the city without she was
waiting on me—washing my pipe, mixing
up my nightgown, and then she would
be the butter-frog—just fat, he had
suggested to me that his late master
had been taken out of an evening."

"Cobweb was sitting in the bay-win-
dow, and to my utter astonishment,
he quickly drew one of the curtains,
and then half closed another, so that
the light fell strongly upon her."

"Don't think about the past, dear
father," she said softly, "as always
called me father when she was serious."
"Can't help it, child," I said, mourn-
fully; and then, seeing the tears gather
in her eyes, I tried to cheer her, and
smiled as I added, "I have the taste
as well as the past to make me sad, my
dear."

"She looked at me wonderingly, but
did not speak, and I sat there holding
her little hand to my heart as I thought
of the past, and how, ten years before,
as if business was beginning to pro-
liferate, I was left alone with the
little child, who had been so dear to
me, and who I had believed that I
would never have to live in my memories,
and then, lo! how the years had
faded away, and I was left alone with
a man, whose sole thought had been
of the child I had seen grow up to
maturity, making a very good girl,
yielding to her every wish, and doing
most of her work, who now was
to be spoiled. For, with all the ac-
complishments I had lavished upon her,
Ruth had grown up to be a no-table
little housewife, who disgusted her
kitchen and making my favorite
puddings and tarts with her own hands,
and generally behaving like a subject
called an unwhipped child."

"And then I thought of my other
sorrow—the future—and pictured with
an agony I cannot describe the day
when I should have to resign my claims
to another, and be left alone—a desolate,
broken old man."

"I am naturally a very common, hard
soldier, and business-like old man, and
terribly selfish. Cobweb had been my
round my heart that in my peevish,
irritable way, I never was happy when
home from the city without she was
waiting on me—washing my pipe, mixing
up my nightgown, and then she would
be the butter-frog—just fat, he had
suggested to me that his late master
had been taken out of an evening."

"Cobweb was sitting in the bay-win-
dow, and to my utter astonishment,
he quickly drew one of the curtains,
and then half closed another, so that
the light fell strongly upon her."

"Don't think about the past, dear
father," she said softly, "as always
called me father when she was serious."
"Can't help it, child," I said, mourn-
fully; and then, seeing the tears gather
in her eyes, I tried to cheer her, and
smiled as I added, "I have the taste
as well as the past to make me sad, my
dear."

"She looked at me wonderingly, but
did not speak, and I sat there holding
her little hand to my heart as I thought
of the past, and how, ten years before,
as if business was beginning to pro-
liferate, I was left alone with the
little child, who had been so dear to
me, and who I had believed that I
would never have to live in my memories,
and then, lo! how the years had
faded away, and I was left alone with
a man, whose sole thought had been
of the child I had seen grow up to
maturity, making a very good girl,
yielding to her every wish, and doing
most of her work, who now was
to be spoiled. For, with all the ac-
complishments I had lavished upon her,
Ruth had grown up to be a no-table
little housewife, who disgusted her
kitchen and making my favorite
puddings and tarts with her own hands,
and generally behaving like a subject
called an unwhipped child."

"And then I thought of my other
sorrow—the future—and pictured with
an agony I cannot describe the day
when I should have to resign my claims
to another, and be left alone—a desolate,
broken old man."

"I am naturally a very common, hard
soldier, and business-like old man, and
terribly selfish. Cobweb had been my
round my heart that in my peevish,
irritable way, I never was happy when
home from the city without she was
waiting on me—washing my pipe, mixing
up my nightgown, and then she would
be the butter-frog—just fat, he had
suggested to me that his late master
had been taken out of an evening."

"Cobweb was sitting in the bay-win-
dow, and to my utter astonishment,
he quickly drew one of the curtains,
and then half closed another, so that
the light fell strongly upon her."

"Don't think about the past, dear
father," she said softly, "as always
called me father when she was serious."
"Can't help it, child," I said, mourn-
fully; and then, seeing the tears gather
in her eyes, I tried to cheer her, and
smiled as I added, "I have the taste
as well as the past to make me sad, my
dear."

"She looked at me wonderingly, but
did not speak, and I sat there holding
her little hand to my heart as I thought
of the past, and how, ten years before,
as if business was beginning to pro-
liferate, I was left alone with the
little child, who had been so dear to
me, and who I had believed that I
would never have to live in my memories,
and then, lo! how the years had
faded away, and I was left alone with
a man, whose sole thought had been
of the child I had seen grow up to
maturity, making a very good girl,
yielding to her every wish, and doing
most of her work, who now was
to be spoiled. For, with all the ac-
complishments I had lavished upon her,
Ruth had grown up to be a no-table
little housewife, who disgusted her
kitchen and making my favorite
puddings and tarts with her own hands,
and generally behaving like a subject
called an unwhipped child."

"And then I thought of my other
sorrow—the future—and pictured with
an agony I cannot describe the day
when I should have to resign my claims
to another, and be left alone—a desolate,
broken old man."

"I am naturally a very common, hard
soldier, and business-like old man, and
terribly selfish. Cobweb had been my
round my heart that in my peevish,
irritable way, I never was happy when
home from the city without she was
waiting on me—washing my pipe, mixing
up my nightgown, and then she would
be the butter-frog—just fat, he had
suggested to me that his late master
had been taken out of an evening."

"Cobweb was sitting in the bay-win-
dow, and to my utter astonishment,
he quickly drew one of the curtains,
and then half closed another, so that
the light fell strongly upon her."

"Don't think about the past, dear
father," she said softly, "as always
called me father when she was serious."
"Can't help it, child," I said, mourn-
fully; and then, seeing the tears gather
in her eyes, I tried to cheer her, and
smiled as I added, "I have the taste
as well as the past to make me sad, my
dear."

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

By E. NORMAN GUNWORTH.

That scoundrel would not wait, but
ran on without me, and when I got there,
panting and hot, I found my darling's
heart was mended with all of that
long-lost love. Oh, my God, has it come
back to town. Oh, my God, has it come
back to town?

"He sank back half fainting, but
started as I roared out, 'Go away!' for
Cobweb was coming into the room."
"Thank you," he said, taking my
hand as he went, "I had done. 'It
was so kind of you.'"

"My dear fellow," I said, "this is
terrible," and I mopped my
forehead. "There, all at once—back again!"
"I ran out to find Cobweb in the hall,"
he cried, with tears in his eyes. "What
a kind surprise! But anything wrong?"
"Yes," I said, "I am here. 'Here,
the sherry—hiscuit. Stop away a bit.'"

"I ran back with them, and made him
take some wine, and, thus revived, he
stared at me."
"What are you going to do?" I said,
staring.

"I'm going back to town, sir," he
said quietly, but with his lower lip trem-
bling. "I am not fit to undertake the
job. I thank you, but it is too late. I
am not well."

"I looked at him as a business man,
and in that brief glance, as in a revela-
tion, I saw the struggles of a poor,
proud man of genius, who could not bat-
tle with the world. I saw the man who
had sold, bit by bit, everything he
owned, in his struggle for daily bread."

"Well," said my old friend, laughing,
"I don't know, only that it would give
a poor artist I know a job; and, poor
devil, he wants it badly enough."

"Bah! I'm handsome enough with-
out being painted," he said, gruffly.
Then, as he thought flashed through my
mind—for I saw again the picture in the
wood, with Cobweb leaning on the
branch—"Stop a minute. Can he paint
well?"

"Gloriously."
"And is terribly hard up?"
"Horribly, poor fellow."
"That you are a gentleman and a man
of honor. Tom Eldon is never deceived."

"Don't know. He's poor and proud,
and the world has dealt very hard with
him. It isn't so smooth with everyone,
Jack, as it is with you."

"True, Tom, my fellow," I said,
"true, 'Well, look here; I'll give him a
job. Would he come down and stay at
my place?'"

"Oh, yes, if you treat him well, but
as I tell you, he's poor and proud, and
quite a gentleman."

"Well, I'm not," I said, testily. "I'll
give him enough to eat, and a good bed
sleep on, and he'll have to be content
with me dropping my 'I's, but," I
added, slapping my pocket, "I can pay
him like a gentleman."

"Get out, you purse-proud old hun-
dred," he said, laughing, and he
clapped me on the shoulder. "But
there, I'm obliged to you. He's a gen-
tleman and a man of honor."

"That was the artist's whole soul was
in his work."
"No," he said, dryly, "No fear of
that. But you'll make a good picture."

"Steady! Steady! Do you think I'm
going to be painted?"
"Why, what are you going to do,
then?" he said, in an astonished way.

"Let him paint little Cobweb," I
said, archly, "and then he'll have to
be content with me dropping my 'I's, but,"
I added, slapping my pocket, "I can pay
him like a gentleman."

"Get out, you purse-proud old hun-
dred," he said, laughing, and he
clapped me on the shoulder. "But
there, I'm obliged to you. He's a gen-
tleman and a man of honor."

"That was the artist's whole soul was
in his work."
"No," he said, dryly, "No fear of
that. But you'll make a good picture."

"Steady! Steady! Do you think I'm
going to be painted?"
"Why, what are you going to do,
then?" he said, in an astonished way.

"Let him paint little Cobweb," I
said, archly, "and then he'll have to
be content with me dropping my 'I's, but,"
I added, slapping my pocket, "I can pay
him like a gentleman."

"Get out, you purse-proud old hun-
dred," he said, laughing, and he
clapped me on the shoulder. "But
there, I'm obliged to you. He's a gen-
tleman and a man of honor."

"That was the artist's whole soul was
in his work."
"No," he said, dryly, "No fear of
that. But you'll make a good picture."

"Steady! Steady! Do you think I'm
going to be painted?"
"Why, what are you going to do,
then?" he said, in an astonished way.

"Let him paint little Cobweb," I
said, archly, "and then he'll have to
be content with me dropping my 'I's, but,"
I added, slapping my pocket, "I can pay
him like a gentleman."

"Get out, you purse-proud old hun-
dred," he said, laughing, and he
clapped me on the shoulder. "But
there, I'm obliged to you. He's a gen-
tleman and a man of honor."

"That was the artist's whole soul was
in his work."
"No," he said, dryly, "No fear of
that. But you'll make a good picture."

"Steady! Steady! Do you think I'm
going to be painted?"
"Why, what are you going to do,
then?" he said, in an astonished way.

"Let him paint little Cobweb," I
said, archly, "and then he'll have to
be content with me dropping my 'I's, but,"
I added, slapping my pocket, "I can pay
him like a gentleman."

"Get out, you purse-proud old hun-
dred," he said, laughing, and he
clapped me on the shoulder. "But
there, I'm obliged to you. He's a gen-
tleman and a man of honor."

"That was the artist's whole soul was
in his work."
"No," he said, dryly, "No fear of
that. But you'll make a good picture."

THE TUBERS OF JERUSALEM.

By E. NORMAN GUNWORTH.

The tubers of Jerusalem artichoke
are much improved after taking up in
being laid for a time on unslacked lime.
—English Gardener.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New
York, that is said to be haunted by a
ghost who has been seen by many
persons. It is said that the ghost
has been seen by many persons, and
that it has been seen by many persons.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New
York, that is said to be haunted by a
ghost who has been seen by many
persons. It is said that the ghost
has been seen by many persons, and
that it has been seen by many persons.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New
York, that is said to be haunted by a
ghost who has been seen by many
persons. It is said that the ghost
has been seen by many persons, and
that it has been seen by many persons.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New
York, that is said to be haunted by a
ghost who has been seen by many
persons. It is said that the ghost
has been seen by many persons, and
that it has been seen by many persons.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New
York, that is said to be haunted by a
ghost who has been seen by many
persons. It is said that the ghost
has been seen by many persons, and
that it has been seen by many persons.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New
York, that is said to be haunted by a
ghost who has been seen by many
persons. It is said that the ghost
has been seen by many persons, and
that it has been seen by many persons.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New
York, that is said to be haunted by a
ghost who has been seen by many
persons. It is said that the ghost
has been seen by many persons, and
that it has been seen by many persons.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New
York, that is said to be haunted by a
ghost who has been seen by many
persons. It is said that the ghost
has been seen by many persons, and
that it has been seen by many persons.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New
York, that is said to be haunted by a
ghost who has been seen by many
persons. It is said that the ghost
has been seen by many persons, and
that it has been seen by many persons.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New
York, that is said to be haunted by a
ghost who has been seen by many
persons. It is said that the ghost
has been seen by many persons, and
that it has been seen by many persons.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New
York, that is said to be haunted by a
ghost who has been seen by many
persons. It is said that the ghost
has been seen by many persons, and
that it has been seen by many persons.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New
York, that is said to be haunted by a
ghost who has been seen by many
persons. It is said that the ghost
has been seen by many persons, and
that it has been seen by many persons.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New
York, that is said to be haunted by a
ghost who has been seen by many
persons. It is said that the ghost
has been seen by many persons, and
that it has been seen by many persons.

There is another haunted house on
New Jersey Avenue, in the city of New