THE MERCURY.

G. E. KELLER, Editor.

CARLISLE, KY.

ON THE CREST OF THE HILL.

The breeze was sweet and the breeze was still
On that far brown hill,
Where the sunset lingered long and late,
Like a smile of fate.

Many and many a time we stood
Oh, the evils were good
We two alone, on that lonely height
In the fading light.

Like shadowy ghosts the sails swept down
Past the quiet town,
And over the dim, white harbor bar
Shone the first pure star.

Oh, sweet! * * * And I watched its splendor grow
Through the sunset glow,
With sometimes—not often—the bliss divine
Of your hand in mine.

And still the breeze blows over the hill,
And the faint star still
Shines through the dusk, and the boats go by
'Neath the darkening sky.

But the star and the wind and the dim, sweet sea
Are no more for me,
And no more for me is the hand I pressed
On the hill's brown crest.

—Madeline S. Bridges, in Leslie's Weekly.

OLIVE

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

Lucy, with her proud, impatient nature, had wondered sometimes at Olive's sisterly feeling for the Challock girls. There was no one in the village who had not been surprised at the second marriage of Olive's mother, the widow Winfield. Why a woman with her natural refinement should have taken rough Tom Challock was a mystery indeed; and yet such mysteries are found everywhere. Tom was a widower with two daughters of his own, and the girls seemed to take more kindly to Olive than he did. For in his coarse way he let her see that he did not want her under his roof, and she secretly longed to find a shelter elsewhere. By and by, perhaps ...

[illegible]

pointed; I thought you would say I was the most fortunate girl in the world!"

Lucy bent forward and kissed her.

"Olive," she said gently, "I shall like him better when he thinks more of you and less of that great idol—success. I see that he is clever, dear—very clever in his own way; and so determined that he is almost sure to win the things that he is seeking. Only I could wish that he had eyes to see the treasures that he passes by while he runs the race. I wish that he would sometimes give a thought to those things that are not won by mighty effort, but given freely—given by a Father's bounty and love. Surely life need not be all striving, Olive."

"Oh no," murmured Olive with a sigh. "I feel that it takes a very little to make me perfectly contented. But men are different, I suppose; they want far more than we do, and they must struggle till they get it. For my part, Lucy, I should love to live in a cottage with Michael, and be just myself. But he wants me to be more than myself. I daresay he is right; to him I must seem a very ignorant uninformed creature."

"You are not ignorant, considering that you are a village girl," Lucy answered. "The old vicar, who helped Michael so much, must have been your friend also. It surprised me, when I first came here, to find a girl who was a reader and a thinker. Take courage, my child; you are not so far behind Michael in the race as you suppose. And if—if our plan is really carried out—you will learn a great deal with your uncle Wake."

[illegible]

that Peggy or her father might say. Mrs. Challock lived on the whole peaceably enough with her husband, but although she would not quarrel, she quietly resented his unkind speeches about Olive. How differently he had talked when he came courting the pretty widow! She was a weak woman, and she knew that her second marriage was a mistake, but she would not let the whole village know her secret.

"Oh, Olive, what have you there?" asked Jane, suddenly catching sight of the figure in the doorway.

[illegible]

KENTUCKY STATE NEWS.

A post office ... at Howard, ... F. Sumner appointed postmaster.

[illegible]

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

[illegible]

BLACKENED CORPSES.

[illegible]

VANDERBILT'S BRAINS.

[illegible]

THE HURLEY BANK ROBBERY.

[illegible]

PUTTING DOWN GLUCOSE.

[illegible]

A CONCOCTION OF MIRTH.

[illegible]

A GENERAL COLLECTION.

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WOMEN AND CATS.

[illegible]

The January Wide Awake.

[illegible]

THE MARKETS.

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