THE Churchyard Betrothal
OR,
COALS OF FIRE.

By Mrs. GEORGE SHELDON (Bertha Allen),
Author of "Norah, the Irish Charity Scholar."
Amber, the Adopted;
OR,
SCHEMING TO WIN
By Mrs. Harriet Lewis.

House of Secrets." "The False Hero," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE FALSE FOUND.

Ralph left his work, in the blacksmith shop, to have a
little chat with Amber, about some plans for the night.

"Amber, you know that I have a little money to spare,
and I wish to give you a present for the night. I have
been thinking, and I think you might like it. Would you
like it, Amber?"

"Oh, yes, Ralph," answered Amber, "I would love
it very much."

"Good," said Ralph, "I will give it to you tonight."

CHAPTER IX.
THE WEDDING.

The wedding was arranged for the night. Ralph
was especially anxious that Amber should have a special
suit made, and he paid for it. He was also anxious that
she should have some jewelry, and he paid for it.

"Amber," he said, "I want you to be beautiful tonight.
I want you to be the most beautiful girl in the room."

"I will be beautiful, Ralph," answered Amber, "I will
be the most beautiful girl in the room."

CHAPTER X.
THE REVELATION.

The wedding was a success, and Amber was the most
beautiful girl in the room. Ralph was proud of her, and he
was happy. He had given her everything she wanted.

"Amber," he said, "I love you, and I want you to be my
wife."

"I love you, Ralph," answered Amber, "I want to be
your wife."

"Amber," he said, "I will give you everything you want.
I will make you happy."

"I will be happy, Ralph," answered Amber, "I will be
the happiest woman in the world."

CHAPTER XI.
THE DISCOVERY.

Ralph and Amber were married, and they lived happily
ever after. They had many children, and they were all
beautiful. Ralph was a good husband, and Amber was a
good wife.

THE END.

SECRET SORROW;
OR,
THE ROVER'S BRIDE.

By H. M. C.,

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY.

CHAPTER I.
THE FATHER'S DREAM.

Mr. Brown was a wealthy man, and he had a daughter,
Amelia. He loved his daughter very much, and he
wanted her to have everything she wanted.

"Amelia," he said, "I want you to be the happiest
woman in the world."

"I will be happy, Father," answered Amelia, "I will
be the happiest woman in the world."

CHAPTER II.
THE WEDDING.

Amelia was married, and she was the most beautiful
woman in the room. Her father was proud of her, and he
was happy.

"Amelia," he said, "I love you, and I want you to be
my wife."

"I love you, Father," answered Amelia, "I want to be
your wife."

"Amelia," he said, "I will give you everything you want.
I will make you happy."

"I will be happy, Father," answered Amelia, "I will be
the happiest woman in the world."

CHAPTER III.
THE REVELATION.

Amelia and her father were married, and they lived
happily ever after. They had many children, and they
were all beautiful. Mr. Brown was a good father, and
Amelia was a good daughter.

THE END.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY.
THE NEW YORK WEEKLY.

THE Bully of the Village;

TOM TEMPLE'S CAREER.

BY EDGAR ALGER, Jr.

"I'll go," said Tom, as he entered the house.

As he reached the door, he heard a laugh and a shout from the next room, where he knew his little sister was at play. He walked into the room, and the laugh and shout ceased.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister.

"Nothing," he replied, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister again.

"Nothing," he replied again, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the third time.

"Nothing," he replied for the third time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the fourth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the fourth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the fifth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the fifth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the sixth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the sixth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the seventh time.

"Nothing," he replied for the seventh time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the eighth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the eighth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the ninth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the ninth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the tenth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the tenth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the eleventh time.

"Nothing," he replied for the eleventh time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the twelfth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the twelfth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the thirteenth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the thirteenth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the fourteenth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the fourteenth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the fifteenth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the fifteenth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the sixteenth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the sixteenth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the seventeenth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the seventeenth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the eighteenth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the eighteenth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the nineteenth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the nineteenth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the twentieth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the twentieth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the twenty-first time.

"Nothing," he replied for the twenty-first time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the twenty-second time.

"Nothing," he replied for the twenty-second time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the twenty-third time.

"Nothing," he replied for the twenty-third time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the twenty-fourth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the twenty-fourth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the twenty-fifth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the twenty-fifth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the twenty-sixth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the twenty-sixth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the twenty-seventh time.

"Nothing," he replied for the twenty-seventh time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the twenty-eighth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the twenty-eighth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the twenty-ninth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the twenty-ninth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the thirtieth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the thirtieth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the thirty-first time.

"Nothing," he replied for the thirty-first time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the thirty-second time.

"Nothing," he replied for the thirty-second time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the thirty-third time.

"Nothing," he replied for the thirty-third time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the thirty-fourth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the thirty-fourth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the thirty-fifth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the thirty-fifth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the thirty-sixth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the thirty-sixth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the thirty-seventh time.

"Nothing," he replied for the thirty-seventh time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the thirty-eighth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the thirty-eighth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the thirty-ninth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the thirty-ninth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the fortieth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the fortieth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the forty-first time.

"Nothing," he replied for the forty-first time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the forty-second time.

"Nothing," he replied for the forty-second time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the forty-third time.

"Nothing," he replied for the forty-third time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the forty-fourth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the forty-fourth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the forty-fifth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the forty-fifth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the forty-sixth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the forty-sixth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the forty-seventh time.

"Nothing," he replied for the forty-seventh time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the forty-eighth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the forty-eighth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the forty-ninth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the forty-ninth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the fiftieth time.

"Nothing," he replied for the fiftieth time, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the fiftieth time again.

"Nothing," he replied for the fiftieth time again, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the fiftieth time once more.

"Nothing," he replied for the fiftieth time once more, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the fiftieth time yet again.

"Nothing," he replied for the fiftieth time yet again, "I was just thinking about something.

"What is it, Tom?" said his sister for the fiftieth time at last.

"Nothing," he replied for the fiftieth time at last, "I was just thinking about something."
MAD LOVE.
By Bertha M. Clay.

CHAPTER XXXV.
THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

"\"NO ONE EVER GETS WHERE HE WANTS TO GO,\" said Mary, as she sat on the veranda of the old house, and looked out over the picturesque village, with its quaint old houses and cobble-street.

"\"I know that,\" answered John, who sat beside her, and who was gazing intently at the village, as if he were trying to discover something in it.

"\"And then,\" continued Mary, with a smile, "\"there's a saying, \"One man's meat is another man's poison.\""

"\"That's true,\" answered John, "\"but I don't see how it applies to our case."

"\"I mean," said Mary, "\"that some things are useful to one man, and not to another."

"\"I understand," answered John, "\"but I don't see how it applies to our case."

"\"I mean," said Mary, "\"that some things are useful to one man, and not to another."

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"\"I mean," said Mary, "\"that some things are useful to one man, and not to another."

"\"I understand," answered John, "\"but I don't see how it applies to our case."

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Augustine of Hippo.
HOW
NED GRADY FOUND HIS MOTHER.

Ned Grady was standing on the bank of the American River, at the lower end of Sacramento, looking after the steamer up the river. Behind him, a crowd of people was standing with the same purpose. In the crowd there was a little man, a stranger to the party, who had been standing for some time without speaking. He now approached Grady, and in a low voice, said: "Ned Grady, is this your mother?"

"Yes," replied the young man. "She is my mother, and I am her only son."

"Then," said the man, "you are the only man in the world who can help me."

"What do you want?" asked Grady.

"I want you to take me to my home," said the man. "I have been a stranger here for many years, and I want to see my mother before it is too late."

"Is this your home?" asked Grady, pointing to the city.

"Yes," said the man, "this is my home. I have lived here for many years, and I am a citizen of the city."

"What is your name?" asked Grady.

"My name is John Smith," said the man. "I was born here, and I have lived here ever since I can remember."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Grady.

"Yes," said the man, "I want you to give me some money. I have been out of work for many years, and I have no place to live."

"How much do you want?" asked Grady.

"Ten dollars," said the man. "I have been a hard-working man, and I have saved some money, but I am now too old to work."

"I will give you ten dollars," said Grady. "I hope it will do you some good."

"Thank you," said the man, "you are a good man."

"You are welcome," said Grady. "I hope you will find a place to live."

The stranger thanked Grady again, and went away. Grady stood on the bank for some time, watching the steamer up the river. Then he turned and went home, where he found his mother waiting for him. He told her everything that had happened, and she was greatly surprised and pleased to see him again. She said she had been looking for him for many years, and she was glad to see him finally. They talked for a long time, and Grady told her everything that had happened to him since he had left her. She was very proud of him, and she said she was glad to have him back. They spent the rest of the day together, and then Grady went home to find his own place to live. He had been a hard-working man, and he was glad to have found someone who would help him.