THE HEARTHSTONE.

She must be the most selfish creature in the world if she can resist my Kathleen when plending for her poor, down-trodden, oppressed figher P

This note his grieved and disgusted daughter burnt as soon as she had perused it. No one else must be permitted to know how low he had fallen, and how utterly unsuccessful her efforts to recludin him had proved. Too heart-stricken to find relief in tears, she was sitting on the floor in front of a fireless grate, with her head resting on the cushions of a chair, when Prank and his sister entered unumpounced. and his sister entered minimounted. The servant-girl, fluding that there was but little chance of obtaining her wages, had belied herself to the contents of the larder, and departed, so that Kathleen was absolutely alone when her friends

She could no longer oppose to the entreatles of her triends the assertion that it was her duty or near the assertion that it was not day to remain here. The father for whom she had sacrificed her own happiness, had robbed and deserted her; and but for Frank's unswerving affection, she would have felt herself alone in

the world.
While Rosamond gathered together her few articles of wearing appared, Frank soothed and articles of wearing appared, Frank southed and caressedher. He owed her some reparation for the doubts he had been nouristing; and, with resistless impetuosity, he insisted that she should at once permit him to prove his regret by giving him a title to protect her from honce-forth.

Kathleen pleaded for time, and reminded him that in wedding her he wedded disgrace, but to such objection he could not be induced to listen; and Lord Gianore, who, with Norah and the Major, joined them as soon as they arrived in

, strongly advocated his ardent wishes. As your nearest male relative, dear Kath-"he said, "I may be allowed a voice in the affair. Frank's devotion certainly deserves the reward he prays for! and your father's fu-ture, as far as he deserves ald, shall be cared for Don't let his bad conduct cast a blight upon two lives—your own and your lover's. Re-collect that my cousin has positively repulsed your daughterly attentions, and put it out of

your power to do mything more for him."
Still Kathleen hesitated, but it was for Frank's
sake more than her own. She had nothing to
give him but her love; even for her trouseau
she must be indebted to the kindness of friends; and, white her heart swelled with a grateful sense of his disinterested affection, her pride revolted at the obligations forced upon her.

However, Frank would not listen to any more refusals; and Lord Glanore, in the most delicate manner, engaged Norah and Rosamond to sehatmer, engaged Marai and Masamond to se-bect an appropriate trousseau for his little kins-woman. Within a week she was quietly mar-ried at St. James's, Piccadily, to the happy Frank, starting directly after the ceremony for Ireland, whither her bridesmalds and Allie Brean accompanied her, the Viscount and his friend speedily following. By a strange and specific coloridous the tidius of James Trafriend speedily following. By a strange and startling coincidence, the tidings of James Tro-silian's death in a street row reached Lord Gla-nore just after the ceremony, but he wisely kept the secret till Kathleen recovered her health and spirits, and could bear to hear it with sorrowful

signation.
Mrs. Carroll was delighted when the party arrived. A glance showed her that all was well between Rosamond and the Viscount; and Norah, though still unusually quiet, smiled so tenderly at the Major's droll speeches, that she shrewilly suspected another wedding on the tapts

there.

Home discussion arose as to where the bride and bridegroom should take up their abode for the few days they proposed remaining in Dub-lin, before taking possession of their own house at Kilreeny. Mrs. Carroll insisted that Rosu-mend and Norah should stay with her, but her house was not large enough to accommodate them all

"Alle will go and ascertain whether our old lolgings are empty," said Frank; but Ailie with a look of curious significance, shook her head, "The very well the rooms were for a make-shift, but not for the purtiest bride of the sea-

Musther Frank; and sure there's illigant villas to be had not far away that's more fitting to ask your irlends to come and see ye in."

to ask your ments to come and see yo in."
For once the young man chated at his comparative poverty, and bit his lip while she was speaking; but quietly recovering himself, he answered good humouredly, "You forget, Allie," that we cannot afford to launch out into any ex-

"I'm not so sure of that," she said, nodding her head cagaciously. "May be Miss Kathleen gave ye more than her hand when she married ye. I've a notion that my dear old masther's will comes into effect now; and that Mr. Robinson's inveterious beiross is found at last."

one looked astonished; but Ailie, wip-

ing away a few tears, went on.

"Deed, my dears, it has been a troublesome secret to kape; but I was sworn to be silent till Miss Kathleen married. And now everything irned out just as would when he left Misther Frank the house in Galway, close to the miserable woman that pre-tended to shelter the orphan, but made her life a burthen to her."

" Kathleon the missing heiress!" cried Frank. fluding speech at last. "How can it be? Explain yourself, Ailie."

"'Deed, sir, it don't want much explaining. he money was to be kept till the rightful The money was to be kept till the rightful heiress married, and sure that's Miss Kathleen —Mrs. Dalton, I mean, whose mother was own and only niece to Mr. Robinson; them other De. that only frees to Mr. Ambinson, them other De-lanys, Miss Ursula and her brother, being by an-other marriage, which may be accounts for the old lady's usage of the poor child that was left to

But, my good Adle, what prompted Mr. Robinson to make such an extraordinary will?" some one inquired. "Why did be not resene Kathleen from the hands of her aunt, and proclain her his heiress ?"

"For the best of reasons. First, because he didn't know but that be was well-used and happy; and second, because he'd a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Tresilian was alive, and he didn't choose that the man who had proved himself such a scamp—I beg pardon to Miss are Mother Carey's own chickens, and she sends Kathleen for being obliged to say it—should us out over all the seas, to show the good birds make ducks and drakes of his daughter's for—the way home."

"And Miss Delany-did she know of Kathleen's inheritance

mud to think the child she trod under her foot saug: would be richer than her favourite, that she strave her hardest to keep her out of Mr. Frank's The Lord forgive her for all her evil ways, the ill-tempered ould creature!" She could As yet, Kathleen had not spoken.

scarrely comprehend the delightful tidings Allies words conveyed. Could it really be that she, who had been so long neglected and oped, had it in her power to havish on those he loved, every good gift wealth can purchase. Dare she believe it, or was Aille mistaken, afte In great agitation she hastened to put the question to the old woman, who smiled reassur-

ingly, "Ye may go right away to the lawyers, Miss book; and they'll tell ye, to a farthing, how much your lands, and farms, and funded pro-

ye'vo, God bless yo for it, for over since I came purtending poverty to the cettage in Holloway ?" "Nay, Allie," Resamend interposed, with a

blush; "have you forgotten your promise to Lord Glanore?" "Sure, dear, I've not, and I'm heartily thank-ful to his lordship for his offer; but I'm thinking

that if he has you, he'll be quite content; and my heart clings to the little lady that has the blood of my old master in her veins!"

"Thanks, dear, kind old Aille, thanks," ex-claimed Frank

claimed Frank. So it was settled that Allie should remain with Kathleen and Frank; though, by-and-by, wher bonny boys and girls blessed the union of Rosa mond and her noble husband, she was as often to be found in their nursery as in the one over which she held undivided sway.

which she held undivided sway.

When the Viscount led his English Rose to
the altar, Norah gave her hand to Major Colbye. Miss Delany strongly opposed a marriago
which would separate her from the only creature for whom she felt a spark of affection. But
the Major's regiment was under orders for India, and as Norah would not be left behind, she
writer from her annt an invilling consent.

wrung from her aunt an unwilling consent.
From this time forward, Miss Delany never
quitted her farm. She refused the civilities
which Kathleen, generously compassionating the lonely woman, would have offered to her, and devoted herself to getting and saving money. North and her husband, never the most provi-dent of couples, would often have been thankful for a little pecuniary assistance from their wealfor a little pecuniary assistance from their weat-thy relative; but she never proffered any, and it was to Kathleen they owed the munificent gifts that often came across the sea. When Miss Delany died, it was found that she had amassed sufficient property to warrant Major Colbye in seiling out, and bringing his lady back to her own country. Though still the idlest of men, he contrives to be a most devoted husband, and often declares that there are but two in the world who can rival him in happiness—his old

riend. Glanore, and Frank Dalton.

To them, life is a time for work as well as onjoyment. In their different spheres, they contrive to effect much good to those about them. Charles Tresilian, Viscount Gianore, still thinks with compunction of many wasted boars in the past, and dates his resemption from the hour when his Resamond first bloomed on his view; while Frank—his conscience unruffled by such painful memories—still playfully calls his pretty Kathleen by the name under which he first learned to know her, the Lady of the Sham rocks; declaring that, to the spell lurking in the magic leaves which bound her hair, he owes all the happiness and prosperity of the life her love dignifies and blesses

with resp

THE WIND AND THE ROSE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A little red Rose bloomed all alone In a hedre by the highway side: And the Wind came by with a pitying moan, And thus to the flowerlet cried:

You are choked with dust from the sandy hedge

Now see what a friend can do!

I will pierce a hole in the tangled hedge,
And let the breeze come through!"

"Nay, let me be—I am well enough!" Said the Rose in deep dismay; But the Wind is always rude and rough, And of course he had his way. And the breeze blow soft on it.e little red Rose; lint now she was sore afraid. For the naughty boys—her ancient foes— Came through where the gap was made.

"I see," said the Wind, when he came again, And looked at the trembling flower, "You are out of place; it is very plain You are meant for a lady's bower!"

"Nay, let me be," said the shuddering Rose;
"No sorrow I ever had known,
Till you canno here to break my repose;
Now please to let me alone."

But the will of the Wind is as strong as death, And little he recked her cries: He plucked her up with his mighty breath, And away to the town he flies.

Oh, all too rough was the windy ride For a rose so weak and small : And soon herleaves on every side Began to scatter and fall.

· Now, what is this?'' said the wondering Wind, As the Rose in fragments fell; This pultry stem is all I find— I am sure I meant it well?''

"It means just this—that a moddling friend," Said the dying stalk, " is sure To mar the matter the since to mend, And kill where he meant to cure."

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M. A.

CHAPTERVL

But the Gairfowl had grown so old and stupid that when Tom asked her the way to Shiny Wall, she could not tell him, and be had to walt until there came a flock of petrels, who are Mother Carey's own chickens; and Tom thought them much prettier than Lady Gairfowl, and so perhaps they were; for Mother Carcy had had a great deal of fresh experience between the time that she invented the Gairfowl and the time that she invented then. They ditted along like a flock of black swallows, and hopped and skip. ped from wave to wave, litting up their little feet behind them so daintily, and whistling to each otherso tenderly, that Tom fell in love with them at once, and called them to know the way

"Shiny Wall? Do you want Shiny Wall? Then come with us, and we will show you. We are Mother Carey's own chickens, and she sends

Tom was delighted, and swam off to them after he had made his bow to the Gairfowl. Bu "Sure, she did; and wasn't it because she was : herself bolt upright, and wept tears of oil as she

With a fal-lal-la-lady."

And now Tom was all agog to start for Shiny And how from was an agog to start or samp, wall; but the petrels said no. They must go first to Allfowleness, and wall there for the great gathering of all the sea-birds, before they start, for their summer breeding-places far away in the Northern isles; and there they would be sure to flud some birds which were going to status Wall; but, schere Allfowleness was, he shiny Wall: but where Alfowleness was, he must promise never to tell, lest men should go there and shoot the birds, and stuff them, and

much your lands, and farms, and funded property is worth. Masther Frank, yell still find wated there many days; and as he waited, he

a corner by your hearthstone for old Aille, as saw a very curious sight. On the rabbit burrows | middle of them and wink at the fairles; and I on the shore there gathered hundreds and hun-dreds of headiecrows, such as you see in Cam-bridgeshire. And they made such a noise, that Tom came on shore and went up to see what was the matter.

And there he found them holding their great caucus, which they hold every year in the North; and all their stump-orators were speechilying; and for a tribune, the speaker stood on a old sheep's skull.

out sneeps skut.

And they cawed and cawed, and boasted of all the clever things they had done; how many lambs' eyes they had picked out, and how many dead bullocks they had enten, and how many young grouse they had swallowed whole, and how many grouse-eggs that had flown away with stuck on the point of their bills, which is the boodiecrow's particularly elever feat, of which

he is as proud as a gipsy is of doing the hokuny-baro; and what that is, I won't tell you. And after a while the birds began to gather at Allfowisness, in thousands and tens of thousands, blackening all the air; swans and brant geese, harlequins and eiders, harelds and garganeys, smows and goosanders, divers and loons, grebes and dovekles, attles and razorbills, gainets and petrels, skines and terns, with gulls beyond all naming or numbering; and they publied and washed and splashed and combed and brushed themselves on the sand, till the shore was white with feathers; and they quacked and clucked and gabbled and chattered and screamed and whooped as they talked over matters with their friends, and settled where they were to go and breed that summer, till you might have heard them ten miles off; and lucky it was for them that there was no one to hear them but the old keeper, who lived all alone upon the Ness, in a turf but thatched with heather and fringed round with great stones slung across the roof by bent ropes, lest the winter gales should blow the but right away. But he never minded the birds nor hurt them, because they were not in season (in-deed, he minded but two things in the whole world, and those were, his libble and his grouse; for he was as good an old Scotchman as ever kult stockings on a winter's night; only, when all the birds were going, he toddled out, and took off his cap to them, and wished them a merry journey and a safe return; and then ga-thered up all the feathers which they had left, and cleaned them to sell down south, and make

feather-beds for stuffy people to lie on.

Then the petrels asked this bird and that whether they would take Tom to Shiny Wall: but one set was going to Sutherland, and one to Norway, and one to the Spitzbergen, and one to celand, and one to Greenland; but none would section, and one to errenand; our none would go to Shiny Wall. So the good-natured petrels said that they would show him part of the way themselves, but they were only going as far as Jan Mayen's land, and after that he must shift

And then all the birds rose up, and streamed away in long black lines, north, and north-east, and north-west, across the bright blue summer sky, and their cry was like ten thousand packs of hounds, and ten thousand peals of bells. Only the puttins stayed behind, and killed the young rabbits, and laid their eggs in the rabbit-burrows

rations, and that their eggs in the rabbit-burrows; which was rough practice, certainly: but a man must see to his own family.

And, as Tom and the petrels went north-eastward, it began to blow right hard; for the old gentleman in the gray great-coat, who looks after the big copper boiler, in the gulf of Mexico, had got behind-hund with his work; so Method had got behind-hand with his work; so Mother Carey had sent an electric message to him for more steam; and how the steam was coming, as much in an hour as ought to have come in a week, putting and roaring and swishing and swirling, till you could not see where the sky ended and the sea began. But Tom and the petrels never cared, for the gale was right abart, and away they went over crests of the billows, as merry as so many fly

And now they came to the edge of the pack. and beyond it they could see Shiny Wall looming, through mist, and snow, and storm. But the pack rolled horribly upon the swell, and the ice giants fought and roared, and leapt upon each other's backs, and ground each other to powder, so that Tom was afraid to vonture among them, lest he should be ground to powder too. And he was the more afraid, when he saw lying among was the more afraid, when he saw lying among the tee pack the wrocks of many agallant ship; some with masts and yards all standing, some alas, for them! They were all true English hearts; and they came to their end like good-knights-errant, in searching for the white gute that never was opened yet.

But the good mollys took Tom and his dog up, and flew with them safe over the pack and the roaring ice giants, and set them down at the foot

" And where is the gate ?" asked Tom.

"There is no gate," said the mollys.
"Nogate?" cried Tom aghast.

"None; never a crack of one, and that's the occasion to make several times to impertinent abole of the secret, as better fellows, lad, than people.

There was once, for instance, a fairy who was What am I to do, then ?"

"Dive under the floe, to be sure, if you have

" I've not come so far to turn now," said Tom; ing straight off to the North Pole, to heast to so here goes for a header." Mother Carey how she could make butter-" so here goes for a header."

So Tom dived under the great white gate which never was opened yet, and went on in black darkness, at the bottom of the sen, for seven days and seven nights. And yet he was not a bit frightened. Why should be be? He was a brave English lad, whose business is to go out and see all the world,

And at last he saw the light, and clear clear water overhead; and up he came a thousand fathoms, along clouds of sea-moths, which fluitered round his head. There were moths with pink heads and wings and omi bodies that flap-ped about slowly; moths with brown wings that flapped about quickly; yellow shrumps that hopped and skipped most quickly of all; and rellies of all the colours in the world that neither hopped nor skipped, but only dawdled and yawned, and would not get out of his way. The dog snapped at them till his jaws were tired; but Tom burdly minded them at all, be was so eager to get to the top of the water, and see the pool where the good whales go.

And a very large pool It was, intles and miles across, though the nir was so clear that the i're chils on the opposite side looked as if they were close at hand. All round it the ice cliffs ro in walls and spires and battlements, caves and bridges, and stories and galleries, in which the ico-fairies live, and drive away the storms and clouds, that Mother Carey's pool may lie calm go wrong; but, if you look behind you; and clouds, that Mother Carey's pool may lie from year's end to year's end. And the sun acted policeman, and walked round outside acted every day, peeping just over the top of the ice wall, to see that all went right; and now and put them into stupid museums, instead of leavers, wall, to see that all went right; and now and more stheir address in myold puckets. Carey's water gurden, where they ought to be, bitloo of frowerks, to amuse the ice-factors. For So where Alliawisness is nobody must know; he would make himself into four or ave suns at once, or print the sky with ring and crosses and

dare say they were very much amused; for any-thing's fun in the country.

And there the good whales lay, the happy sleepy

beasts, upon the still oily sea. They were all right whales, you must know, and funers, and razor-backs, and bottle-noses, and spotted seamleons with long tvory horas. But the sperm whales are such raging, ramping, rearing, rumbustions fellows, that, if Mother Carey led them in, there would be no more beare in Pageografia. in, there would be no more peace in Peacepool, So she packs them away is a great point by themselves at the South Pole, two hundred and slxty-three miles south-south-east of Mount Posts. Erebus, the great volcano in the ice; and there

they balt each other with their ugly uoses, day and night from year's end to year's end.

But here there were only good quiet beasts, lying about like the black bulls of sloops, and blowing every now and then jets of white steam, or sending round with their lung mouths open, for the searments to swin, above their their lung. or the sea-moths to swim down their throats. There were no treshers there to thresh their poor old backs or sword-fish to stab their sto-machs, or saw-fish to rip them up, or ico-starks machs, or saw-fish to rip them up, or ico-sharks to bite lumps out of their sides, or whaters to harpoon and lance them. They were quite safe and happy there; and all they had to do was to waitquietly in Peacepool, till mother Cares to waitquietly in Peacepool, till mother Cares when we will some he will cool down, and possibly gut astament, and repent. But oppose tempore to tempor; poic on the fuel; oraw others into the scrape, and but one for them to make them out of old heasts.

Tom swam up to the nearest whale, and asked the way to Mothey Carey.

There sho sits in the middle," said the

whale. Tom looked; but he could see nothing in the

middle of the pool, but one peaked iceberg ; and he said so,

"That's Mother Carey," said the whale, " as
you will find when you get to her. There she
sits making old heasts into new all the year

round. " How does she do that ?"

"How noes sie no mar?"
"That's her concern, not mine," said the old
whale; and yawned so wide (for he was very
large) that there swam into his mouth 943 sea large) that there swam into his mouth 943 seatmoths, 13,846 jelly-lish no bigger than pins?
heads, a string of salpea nine yeak long, and forty-three little ice-crabs, who gave each other a parting place all round, tucked their legs under their stomachs, and determined to die decently, like Julius Clesar,

"I suppose," said Tom, "she cuts up a great whale like you into a whole shoal of porpoless?"

At which the old whole shoal of porpoless?"
At which the old whole laughed so violently that be coughed up all the creatures; who swam away again years thankful at hectore escaped.

away again very thankful at having escaped out of that terrible whalebone net of his, from which bourne no traveller retuns; and Tom

want nontine no trayener reams; and 10m went on to the ice-berg, wondering.

And, when he came near it, it took the form of the grandest old lady he had ever seem—a white marble haly, sitting on a white marble throne. And from the foot of the throne there

ping, precing, fitting, stitching, cobbling, basting, filing, planing, hummering, turning, polishing, moulding, measuring, chiselling, clipping, and so forth, as men do when they go to work to

make anything.

But, instead of that, she sat quite still with her chin upon her hand, looking down into the sen with two great grand blue eyes, as blue as the sen itself. Her butr was as white as the snow— for she was very very old—in fact, as old as any-thing which you are likely to come across, except the difference between right and wrong

And, when she saw Tom, she looked at him wery kindly.

"What do you want, my litte man? It is supported by hore,"

long since I have seen a water-baby here." Tom told her his errand, and asked the way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere.

"You ought to know yourself, for you have been there already."

" Have I, me'am ? I'm sare i forget all about t."

"Then look at me." And, as Tom booked her into her great blue eyes, he recollected the way perfectly. "Now, was not that strange?

"Thank you, mu'um," said Tom. "Then I won't trouble your ladyship any more; I hear you are very busy,"
"I um never more busy than I am now," she

said, without stirring a finger.
"I hoard, ma'ann, that you were always making now beasts out of old."

ing now beasts out of old,"

"So people fancy. But I am not going to trouble myself to make things, mylittle dear. I sit here and make them make themselves,"

"You are a ciever fatry, Indeed," thought

Tom. And he was quite right.

That is a grand trick of good old Mother Carey's, and a grand answer, which she has had

occasion to make several times to impertment been, they'd have had killed by now every right 'so elever that she found out how to make butterflies. I don't mean sham ones; no : but real live ones, which would fly, and cat, and lay eggs, and do everything that they ought; and stie was so proud of her skill that she went fly.

oys; "we knew you were one of the right sort. So good-bye."

"Why don't you come too?" asked Tom. But the mollys only walled sadly, "We can't go yet, we can't go yet," and flew away over the pack.

So The The Transfer of the right sort.

Hies.

But Mother Carey hughed.

"Knew, silly child," she said, "that any one can make things, if they win take time and trouble enough; but it is not every one who, like me, can make things make themselves." like me, can make things make themselves."

But people do not yet believe that Mother Carey is as clever as all that comes to; and they will not till they, too, go the lourney to the

Other-end-of-Nowhere,
"And, now, my pretty little man," said Mother Carey, "you are sure you know the way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere?"

Tom thought: and behold, he had forgotten it. "That is because you took your eyes off me,"

Tom looked at her ugain, and recollected (and then looked away, and forgot in an instant. "But what am I to do, ma'am ? For I can't

keep looking at you when I am samewhere else, 15

« You must do without me, as most people when the standard and albety-nine boodered and albety-nine i thousandths of their lives; and look at the dog

behind you, you must 50 the whole way back-ward." " Buckward !" eried Tom. "Then I shall not

watch carefully whatever you have passed, and especially keep your eye on the dog, who goes by instinct, and therefore can't go wrong, then you will know what is coming next as plainly as you saw it in a looking-glass." Tom was very much astonished; but he

obeyed her, for he had learnt always to believe weat the faires told him.

(To be continued.)

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

SENTIMENTS of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity.

A NORGE heart, like the sun, shows its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

Sormstry is tike a window curtain; it pleases as an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light. The grand essentials to happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for. The difficulty in life, is the same as the difficulty in groundary to know when to make the exception to

Herey the child who is suffered to be, and content o be, what God mount it to be - a child while childhood lasts.

It is no advantage to have a lively mind if we are not just. The perfection of the pendulum is not to go fast, but to be regular.

Gire y efforts from great motives is the best defini-tion of a happy life. The ensiest labor is a burden to him who has no motives for performing it.

Do not talk about yourself or your family to the ex-clusion of other topics. What if you are elever, and a lattle more so than other poople, it may not be that other folks will taink so, whatever they ought to do.

Theorem the week we go down into the valleys of care and sorrow. Our Salbaths should be hills of light and loy in Golfs presence, and so, as time rolls by, we shall go from mountain top to mountain top, till at last we catch the slory of the gate, and enter in, to no more out for over

the to go no more out for ayer.

Got has written on the flowers that sweeten the air; on the breeze that rocks the flower; upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert; upon every penelled shell that sleeps in the cavern of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers mithons of creatures which two in ats light, upon all his works he has written, "None liveth for himself."

he has written, "None liveth for himself."

MANY a time a cheerful home and smiling face does more to make good men and women than all the learning and cloquence that can be used. It has been smid that the sweetest words in our language are "Mother, Home, and Heaven," and one might almost say the word home included them all; for who can think of home without remembering the gentle mother who smetified it by her presence? And is not home the dearest name for heaven? We think of that better land as a home where brightness will never fado.

never fade.

A Lear form from the free by a rugged gale, and home away to some desert spot to perish. Who misses it from its fellows? Who is sad that it is gone? Thus it is with homan file. There are dear friends, perhaps, who are strucken with grief when a loved one is taken and for many days the grave is watered with tears and anguish. But by and by the crystal fount is drawn day, the last drop mozes out, the stern gate of forgetfoliess folds back upon the exhausted springs, and time, the blessed healer of sorrow, walks over the sequence without waking a single cello by his footsteps.

single echo by his footsteps.

Love at Fuser Smart. A Fvor.e.—A woman was walking, and a man tooked at her and followed her. The woman said. "Why do you follow me." he answered. "Heenase I have fallen in love with me? My sister is much handsoner. She is coming after me; go and make love to her." The man torned back and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he went again to the other woman, and said. "Why did you tell me a story?" "The woman answered," Neither did you speak the truth; for if you are in love with me, why dad you go after another woman?"

WIT AND HUMOUR.

SLANG .- The witless man's wit.

A LETTLE Boy defines snoring as letting off sleep. A Parnonable Weakness Pardoning a garrotter. Factbartyelly Speaking -Using the damblangeage. Morro-Foit Grocens. --Honest tea is the best po-

liey.

WOAT State is high in the middle and round at both ends? O-hi-o.

Those who visit the 'aunts of dissipation often wind-up at their uncle's.

Or course you have seen a rope walk, but did you ever see a magic lantern slide? The servants in the bathing establishment of Rams-gate are spoken of as sousemaids.

To Travelacus. -The best adhesive label you car put on loggage is to stick to it yourself.

Morra. An instrument to some people of rendering ideas audible; and of rendering victuals invisi-

HUMBLATING FOR HUMANITY.—The greatest mar-binds a match in a little bit of wood tipped with brim-

Wife is an heir-apparent to a throne like an un-orella in dry weather?—Because he is ready for the next reign. I Canair her softly by the arm-my gentle blue-eye Kate. She squented: "Let 20, you careless feel; you hart my vaccinate."

FAROMARICE INTERLIGENCE. Ladies will dress their heads this season with anybody's hair but their own. Mouths are to be worn slightly ajar.

SHOCKING lineTALITY.—All over the country the clocks are constantly striking the hours; and, what is worse, the public cry out if they stop.

LECKY.—A little girl, busy in making a pair of worsted slippers for her father, said to a companion near her, "You are very lucky, you are; your paps has got only one leg." Tarround will probably become a ladylike accom-

dishment, owing, no down, to the reventions in the Tichhorne case, Judy knows a lady who can not only crochet beautifully, but she can tat too. Nor IIIs FAULT. - Waiter (to conk): "George, gen in No. 3 says as his potatoes nin't good -- says as they've all got black eyes in 'em." George (real name Patrick): "Bedad, thin, it's no fault of mine. Sure the spulpcens have been feightin' after I put 'em in the pot!"

'em in the pot!'

A LEGISLATOR in Missouri estimates the dog crop of the United States at 21,000,000, Each pup, he says easts \$8 a year, making a total of \$195,000,000, which would hay L311,000,000 cocktails. Of these 105,000 go and annually and bite 10,000 people, furnishing about 50,000 items to the local reporters.

"What is meant by hearing false witness?" wa, one of the questions at a late examination of the Windsor Infant School. A little girl replied, "It is when nobody does nothing, and somebody goes and tells of it."—" Quite right." said the examiner, and a general litter, in which he could not help loining.

a general litter, in which he could not help joining.
The police in Japan are very vigilant. If you haven the property is anything stolen they run after the thief and bring him back for identification. If the stolen property is found on him, they chop off his head on your door step. By paying a sum equal to about II conts of our money you can do your own killing and keep the body.

A Jenas in lows attempted to settle the disputed owner-hip of a calf. Solomon-fashion, by dopositing the animal midway between the residences of the contesting parties, and noting the direction it took. The calf, who was not posted in the Soriptures, cockad his rail and bounded over the lenes, and was in the next township before the counsel had time to the next township before the counsel had time to move the arrest of Judgment.

instead; for he knows the way well enough, and instead; for he knows the way well enough, and instead; for he knows the way well enough, and will not forget it. Besides, you may meet some very queer-tempered people, who will not het you must made a Character from hor Last Place—"—Mistress; a Character from hor Last Place—"—"Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—"—" Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—"—" Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — "Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — Mistr

A Young gentleman entered the Adams Express office not long ago, and desired to send a package of letters to a young hely. The clork, wishing to know the risk, inquired what they were worth. The gentleman hesitated a moment, and then, with melanteman hesitated a moment, and then, with melanteman hesitated it is with they were worth about four hundred thousand dollars."

hundred thousand dollars."

A munomass exchange says a fancy farmer of Scott county, Ky., has built a \$2,000 hog pen, which is painted and grained, furnished with hot and cold water, warmed with stann and lighted with gas. The troughs are of mahogony, inlaid with ivery, and furnished with Pholan enditions. Whenever a hog is led out to execution chloroform is administered."
This must be the same farmer who reported to the revenue assessor: "Myfarming operations have found in the filless of the same farmer who reported to the revenue assessor: "Myfarming operations have found in the have eaten up my eartle."