

RUTH BRANDON

THE AGENT'S DAUGHTER
Or, Science Against Savage Force
HIGHLY ILLUSTRATED
THIS WONDERFULLY ENTERTAINING TALE OF
LIFE ON THE FRONTIER
Among the Wild Indians of the Plains; delineates
A NEW PHASE OF WILD LIFE
In vivid portraits, in which alternating with
Terrible and Pathetic Incidents
Of Border Existence, are the most
"SIDE-SPLITTING SCENES"
—AND—
ASTOUNDING SURPRISES

The heroine, Ruth Brandon, is a beautifully drawn character, having all the soft feminine graces with some of the self-reliance engendered by the residence on the Border.

The first chapters of this story appeared in THE WEEKLY MAIL of December 6th, and will be continued in large instalments until concluded.

THE WEEKLY MAIL
WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS IN CANADA, THE UNITED STATES OR GREAT BRITAIN FOR
ONE DOLLAR
FROM NOW TO THE END OF 1884.
Address: **THE MAIL,**
TORONTO

He carried the banner, "Talk about war record," said an Arkansas orator at a public meeting. "My war record is a part of the State's history. Why, gentlemen, I carried the last Confederate flag through this town."

"Yes," replied a bystander, "for I was here at the time."

"Thank you for your fortunate recollection," gratefully exclaimed the orator. "It is pleasant to know that there still live some men who can move aside envy and testify to the courage of their fellow-brothers. As I say, gentlemen, my war record is a part of the State's history; for the gentlemen here will tell you that I carried the last Confederate flag through this town."

"That's a fact," said the man who had witnessed the performance. "He carried the last Confederate flag through this town, and he carried it so blameworthy you couldn't have told whether it was a Union jack or a smallpox warning."

Joaquin Miller Wants to Buy a House. "The wild-eyed poet of the Sierras has been in Washington looking about, and being enamored of the Pompeian red of its brick dwellings concluded to buy one. He tells the Philadelphia Press how he came to it. I picked out my house, one marked for sale, and one which I thought might be within reach of my very few thousand dollars, and went to the agent."

"Ah, that house is only about half a mile from Senator Blaine's, and we shall have to ask a pretty good sum, sir, a pretty good sum."

"Well, put it at your lowest figure and say at once how much?"

"Sixty-two thousand dollars, sir."

"It took my breath away. I went into the street and looked up a house of humbler front."

"How much for the little house with the Queen Anne gables, Pompeian complexion and Jerusalem tower?"

"Let me see. Ah, that is only a mile from Secretary Blaine's. Well, sir, I can let you have that for forty thousand; only a mile from Secretary Blaine's, sir."

In despair fled, and found at last the smallest house in all the north-west portion of Washington. In fact, I think it had been a brick chicken coop up to the time when they got up this tremendous boom in real estate here. It belonged to a negro, and of course was for sale at a bargain for the black man does not quite keep up with the progress of Washington city. This black man had had a bay window annexed to his little brick house; and, in cold truth, the big, big Pompeian red bay window was bigger than the house. I did not go to the agent this time, but spoke directly to the man and brother."

"How much do you want, uncle, for your little house here?"

"No dis-brock house, sah, wid bay window."

"Yes, uncle."

"Wal, boss, you see I've powerful close to de nex' President heah, sah, an' I'm to get a cap of money for dis. Yes, sah, nex' President over dar in a quarter of a mile."

"And who is this nex' President, uncle?"

"Jimblaine, sah."

"I did not buy that bay window with the house annexed."

A Curious Book. Perhaps the most singular curiosity in the book world is a volume that belongs to the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled "The Passion of Christ," and is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the book is cut out of lead, and being interwoven with thin copper-plate is as easily read as the best print. The labour and patience bestowed in its completion must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution in every respect is indeed admirable, and the volume is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rudolph II., of Germany, offered for it in 1640 11,000 ducats, which was probably equal to 60,000 at this day.

The Isle that's Crown'd with Shamrock.

Words by J. MORONEY. Music by FLETCHER BAKER.

France has got the Fleur-de-Lys, And England's got the Rose; Scotland for her on - sign, The Heather. Thistle shows, But Ireland's got the Shamrock, In all her valleys seen, And ev - er wears up - on her breast, The Triple leaf of Green, Then, I rish-men re - member, Where - ev - er you may roam,..... The Isle that's crown'd with Sham - rock, Is still your na - tive home. Then, I rish - men re - member, Where - ev - er you may roam,..... The Isle that's crown'd with Sham - rock, Is still your na - tive home.

On many a foreign battle plain, Where'er the Irish boy, And won the brightest laurels, At glorious Fontenoy; Go, where you will, from pole to pole, Where'er the Irish boy, You'll find he loves the dear old Isle, Which speaks in the sea. Then, Irishmen, remember, &c.

Throughout the world the intellect, Of Irishmen is shown, It rivals that of other lands, It shines with bright renown; Then let us all this night, Proclaim our love for Erin's soil, Our love for Erin we'll retain, Till time shall be no more. Then, Irishmen, remember, &c.

ONLY A ROSE.

A Small Thing that May Cause a Husband to Regret that he was Married, do you?"

"Has it occurred to you?" said Mr. Sabon, addressing his wife, "that we have been married twelve years to-day?"

"I don't seem to mind it," she replied, "until you spoke, but I suppose it is true. The time seems very long though, and when I look back it appears a wonder that I have lived through it all."

"Why, my dear," rejoined Mr. Sabon, turning with an air of annoyance, "you do not regret that we were married, do you?"

"Oh, no, for it is a woman's province to get married, and the sooner the duty is performed, the sooner she has been the life for which she was designed."

"I suppose then that love did not enter very largely into the arrangement?"

"I did at first."

"But the woman always discovers her mistake, I suppose?"

"Yes, more or less."

"Let me see, when you speak so. All along I have cherished the idea that you married me out of regard."

"And you have given me very little upon which to base a hope that you were actuated by the same high motive."

"Oh, now here. You are just trying to get me to quarrel with me. What have I done?"

"That's what I want to know. What have you done?"

"Confound it, haven't I made you a living?"

"A sort of one, but I haven't lived any better since we were married."

"Haven't I helped you in all your troubles?"

"Not at all."

"Didn't I get up the other night and hold a lamp over the paragon over the lamp chimney?"

"Just once."

"Well, I'll declare. A man's kindness is never appreciated. Give me a spoon and I'll hold it over the lamp till it melts."

"No use to talk that way. You know you don't mind it."

"Didn't I bring you a whole armful of goods last night, and didn't you go out the other day and buy a whole cart load of stuff?"

"I don't seem to mind it," she replied, "until you spoke, but I suppose it is true. The time seems very long though, and when I look back it appears a wonder that I have lived through it all."

"He plucked a rose that hung over a fence. A very common rose, but he carried it tenderly."

"When he entered the room his wife sat rocking one of the children. He spoke softly and she looked up. He handed her the rose and the light, once so charming, came back into her eyes. She put the child on the bed and tenderly approached her husband."

"You do think of me, don't you?" she said.

"I always think of you."

"Let me see the flower in a vase."

"The yard was full of beautiful flowers, and she could have gathered a basketful, but in all the grand floral array there was not one so full of sentiment as this common rose that grew in a wild place and hung over the fence. It is the little remembrance that a woman prizes and a true woman's soul is not made up of love for fine dresses and gorgeous display."

"Have you got quail on toast," asked a seedy-looking party as he entered a Market street restaurant the other day. "Have you got an egg on silver," asked the proprietor. And the conference adjourned sine die.

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Toronto, Canada.

FOR CHAIR.

A wife is a blessing; hence a dumb wife is an unrepentable one.

What fruit does a newly-married couple reap? A green pair.

Don't colour meerschmanns for a living. It is simply dyeing by inches.

Speaking botanically, the rooster is the crow-ness of the backyard.

Don't buy a coach to please your wife. Better make her a little sulky.

A young lady is not like a tree—you cannot estimate her age by counting her rings.

Man is very much like an egg—keep him in hot water and he is bound to become hardened.

The reason men succeed who mind their own business is because there is so little competition.

A boy that was kept after school for bad orthography excused himself to his parents by saying that he was spell-bound.

The oldest song in existence is said to be "We won't go home till morning." It evidently belongs to very early times.

When one patent medicine will cure so many diseases, it is not understood why druggists keep so many kinds of medicine.

A health journal says:—"Too thick underclothing causes unnatural redness in the face and nose." We never heard it called that name before.

"When a man knows to me for advice," says Josh Billings, "I find out what kind of advice he wants, and I give it to him; this satisfies him that he and I are two smart men."

There are few things so irritating in this life as to wait half an hour for your adversary at checkers, then have him look up, as if just aroused from a nap, and stupidly inquire: "Whose move is it?"

FOR CHAIR.

El Mohdi, the False Prophet, was originally a ship-carpenter at Senigalia, on the Nile. He had only a rudimentary education, and after a time became a public reader of the Koran. He had or pretended to have the same visions as Mohammed, but did not openly proclaim himself as the Prophet until France and England agreed to help Egypt put down the slave-trade in the Soudan, when he rose in revolt and called upon the faithful to follow him. He headed a slave-catchers' rebellion, which he has since transformed into something like a holy war. In July, 1881, he was defeated, and retired into the interior of the Soudan, but in June, 1882, he appeared again and massacred 6,000 Egyptians under Yussuf Pasha. In January last he captured El Obeid by siege after losing 10,000 men in his attempt to storm it. In May last he was defeated in an advance upon Khartoum, and fell back into Kordofan, whence General Hicks marched against him a short time since, with what terrible results need not be told.

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