

Dog-seller: "That 'ere hainimal's the real stock, mum, end dog cheap at 25."

Young widow: "I's a awfully pretty, black and white; but in my present state of bereavement you must procure me one entirely black."

It is believed that the Chinese empress at Washington will start a wash-house if the treaty with China is not signed.

The P. I. man of a New York Herald saved himself from sunstroke through the hot weather by wearing a cabbage leaf in the seat of his pantaloons.

Lord Beaconsfield asked Lord Odo Russell what was the French for a sole. "Use any," he answered, supposing, of course, the frequent chief was fitting the phrase in elevated language, and never thinking of the humble fish.

The Chinese are good shoemakers. Being children of the sun they are familiar with solar-operations.

Put your piano down in the sub-cellar, or else close the window while you're practicing.

Said an aristocratic little miss: "I'm glad I were to die and go to heaven, should I wear my mourning black, or should I wear in the next world we shall not wear the attire of this."

"Then, ma, how would the Lord himself be dressed?"

An Indianapolis barber who abandoned his business and went into the ministry, was suddenly called upon Sunday to baptize three candidates.

That was a clever take off of some of our modern pulpits when the old Scotch lady gave when asked what sort of minister she had.

The trials of domestic servants.

It may be taken as one of the most certain facts that there is no situation in life the occupant of which enjoys an immunity from trouble.

It is not a new discovery that the tribulations of any one position, we must not forget that trials, perhaps of a different kind but quite as distressing to that one.

Who are in positions related to that one. For instance, we are always hearing of the annoyances which masters and mistresses have to put up with.

Who are in domestic service, have been driven to such work by reverses of which they would not have dreamed.

Who are in positions of dependence, the reduction to a position of dependence, the art of occupying it must be depressing.

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AT YOUR GATE

BY BARON GREY.

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which he quickly laid his book aside. He was sitting in the deep window-seat, and she went over, kneeling beside him with a singular earnestness.

"Are you well, Roger?" she said, in a low voice. He looked, I remember thinking, splendidly strong and handsome.

"Very well, dear." There was a pause, and she looked down in constrained silence.

"And do I look strong and healthy, and am I likely to live a long time, do you think?"

He smiled, framing her face gently in his hands. "Likely to live a hundred years, my love!"

"She drew back, putting her hands to her ears, and then holding them out to him.

"Why do I feel afraid?" she said, with her peculiar, sweet smile. "There is no touch of freakishness anywhere; dear yes, O Roger, I am so afraid something may come between us."

"I had never seen a touch of nervousness about her before; nor had I, I think, for he stood up with an anxious air, taking her in his arms compassionately as he might a timid child.

"My little girl," he said, in his kind, cheerful voice, "nothing that could move you is afraid of me. Come, dear, let us have some more music."

But Leonor would not play. She sat down near me, while I went over some of the sonatas. But I presently perceived she was not listening.

We reached Mrs. Thurston's house about four o'clock. It was a fine old-fashioned, red-brick mansion enlivened in trees, with cool gardens in summer-time, where even now we could hear the splashing of a fountain.

In-doors everything was oak and crimson, with touches of grey colour, and a sober, home-like warmth which made us feel as if we were in a warm, sunny room.

"Allow me to present Miss Mayo, dear Aunt Jane and Aunt Bella, over again, as Roger's oldest and best friend."

"We can encourage it, my dear. My brother was a man of excellent judgment, and I am glad you are not a stranger any longer."

"We passed a charming evening. When I was in my room, I read some of the most delicious sense of a man in my surroundings, but I almost feared, on awakening, to find myself in a little quiet room, the splendour of her beauty, her luxurious surroundings—all a dream of fairy tale and romance."

"My dear Leonor," she said, in an undertone, "we can encourage it, my dear. My brother was a man of excellent judgment, and I am glad you are not a stranger any longer."

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his; they pretty lips dropped slowly until she closed them like one falling into sleep; then, with a tremulous movement, she started up, and she looked at him with the tips of her fingers upon his hand.

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Personal.

A WEALTHY East Boston widow has eloped with her milkman.

A NYVADA miner fell into an old mine, where he lay three days, with both thighs broken. In an attempt of the kind would be only darkening counsel with words.

For the first time a sermon has been delivered in Westminster Abbey by a coloured divinity, the native Bishop of Hayti.

POPE HAD been compelled, by Tyndall to abstain from the use of the word "papal," and has been summing in the heart of the Alps.

PAUL DE CASABIANCA has renounced dualism, and is now a member of the Montague and Cavendish societies.

MISS JERRINGS-Lewis, the actress, of the Montague and Cavendish societies, was married to a San Francisco stock-broker, says that Montague.

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"Dead Beats."

To those who understand, no possible explanation could be given for the above.

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General.

BRUNNEN YORNO favourite wife, Amelia, has eloped again.

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