The Free Press.

Tuesday, August 6, 1878.

A Charade.

Gay deceiver out of place,
Falls into evil disgrace.
Man of tongue and pen to gold,
But self-centred and self-willed,
Taunt from his gifts and rank,
To erratic courses sank;
Troubles in this trying hour,
We'ding a blind Samson's power:
Full of schemes, yet weak to do—
Who can this be, Hiden, who?

Plotter 'gainst the old renown
Of Britannia's tottering Crown;
Vocabulary changed to "Red,"
Undermining, mad and sad,
Through the church and nation wans,
A he's paid well to maintain:
Scoop of girls so vile,
Oh and giddy Rosophile;
Shrewd chief of noisy crew—
Who can this be, reader, who?

—*Belfast News-Letter.*

JET:

OR,

HER FACE OR HER FORTUNE

"When I was your age I should have thought the same," answers Biron. "Now that I am growing old, I prefer prosaic and well-beaten paths to the possible inconvenience of novelty. You will take my arm—no? You do not find such an ascent as this too steep for you?"

"If you are growing old, as you say, it is I that should offer, you accept, the support," cries Jet, with one of her little airs of mockery. "Now be sure, sir, you do not let me walk too quick for you. Care for the old and infirm is not one of my virtues, I am afraid."

How fair she looks, turning her sparkling face over her shoulder as she speaks to him! What affluence of youth, of hope, of promise, is in her every tone and movement!

To most people enjoyment comes by fits and starts. With Jet Conyngham it is perennial. Every one of her hours is vivid, full-flavored; her high-pitched temperament intensifying common-place life as nurse intensifying common-place life as nurse intensifying common-place life as nurse