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Select Poetry.

Bill Briggs.

You bet you, now, Parson I knowed, An' I tellyn you of Heaven has throwed him It's a playin' it mightly low.

It was all very well, you astandin' Excousin him there by the bier; But I noticed your frequent astandin' His memory one on the car.

You said that he died preparent' An' blubberin' over his sins. That's your way of 'miserentment' Us outa for to tickle the ins.

It's all hypocritical drivin'; Bill was a feller to trim; An' he didn't work on a servet— No'n sinner, turn' for him.

All the truin' he done was as fero, An' that he done far an' squar' the best in the world. They never tire of him; For as long as you are in the makin' Remark which is too dam free.

There'll be plenty of parsons partakin' In every church a-come; Who are goin' to funerals makin' Remark which is too dam free.

Bill Briggs wasn't nobody's lair; He could bust all the boys just the same; An' he didn't no hell fire To round them up into his game.

His plan was to give 'em a show, sir; That's nothin' to brag 'bout, sir; Nor nothin' to brag 'bout, sir, Nor nothin' to brag 'bout, sir.

Well, William is dead, an' I'll tell you Jest let it be as you will; But I've got a loose twenty to tell you You'd work as an honest one. Bill.

Select Serial.

Rector's Daughter.

A Tale of Tears.

By Francis Hodson Burnett. Author of Little Lord Fauntleroy, Editha's Burglar, That Lass o' Lorensie, Through One Administration, &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

The rector of Combe-Ashley raised his eyes from the manuscript which he had been poring all the morning, and turned his face to the door with a half-wondered air...

He had a childish awe of these stately Strathpays, and a childish desire to appear great in their eyes.

"What is her name?" he asked. "Prudence, I believe," replied her ladyship, gravely, "and really can't permit you to go and talk nonsense to her."

He laughed again; but colored a little. "What is her name?" he asked. "Prudence, I believe," replied her ladyship, gravely, "and really can't permit you to go and talk nonsense to her."

But on Sunday at church, she saw him. The time being by raising her head, she saw a young man, with a pair of eyes, and the big golden mustache...

Just now innocent brown-eyed Prue was wondering if she should, at last, have the first opportunity of seeing her father's daughter. Perhaps he would come to the rectory, and she would be obliged to meet him; for long before leaving the rectory she had heard that her father and mother were things of the past...

He had a childish awe of these stately Strathpays, and a childish desire to appear great in their eyes. All in the meantime, Lord Strathpays had placed a resolution to send his daughter to the Combe, with a curiously curious child, as sweet as honey...

He advanced to meet her, holding his hat as if he were engaged in a faint smile, which, however, he hid as he bowed to her.

"I am Strathpays," he said. "I think you know each other a little already, Miss Renfrew; and you must be pleased to meet me at a station near to my home. It is a peculiarity of my nature that I am very anxious to be in your company, and it was one of the peculiarities of my nature that I was very anxious to be in your company."

"What is her name?" he asked. "Prudence, I believe," replied her ladyship, gravely, "and really can't permit you to go and talk nonsense to her."

She was looking at him, and he was looking at her. He had a childish awe of these stately Strathpays, and a childish desire to appear great in their eyes.

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CHAPTER II. Prue was kneeling upon the bench, amidst a little dusky-brown dress, her neglected work-basket stood upon the table, her soft, disengaged hair fell loosely around her half-childish figure, and with the ribbon which tied it, she was wearing a sober grey of Marjory's, at whose dignified and somewhat stern-looking face she was looking...

A Brave Act Rewarded. In the autumn of 1874 Thomas Kell of Worsop, England, who had been a soldier, went to Stockton-on-Tees in his regimentals to have his photograph taken.

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