

"Ned, here is my father's will, with mine attached; take it to her, tell this story, tell her I loved her, and don't let the guilt lay too heavy on him. For her sake, tell her I forgave him—tell—tell—her—to think of me as a brother, and that dying for my country," here he raised himself up with a soldier's pride, "I am compensated, in part, for parting from her."

As he ceased speaking his wound bled afresh; he gasped, kissed a picture attached to a crucifix, his head dropped on my breast, and Captain Douveraux was dead. — *Sigismund, in Catholic Home.*

His Uncle Is Sick.

A girl might as well be up and down about such things as to suffer herself to be imposed on and have the feeling gnawing at her heart from one year's end to another. The other evening when a certain young man in this city dropped himself down in the parlor alongside of the girl he hopes to marry some day or other, she began:

"Harry, New Year's is almost here."

"Yes."

"Three years ago you presented me with a pair of ear-rings. They were from the dollar store."

"Y-e-s."

"Two years ago you presented me with a pair of \$50 bracelets. They were rolled-plate and only cost \$6."

"Um."

"Last year you placed in my hand a diamond ring. The ring is washed and the stone is from Lake George, and they retail at about \$3 per bushel. Harry."

"Yes, dear."

"Are you thinking of making me a present this year?"

"Of course."

"Then do not seek to cheat and deceive me. Do not throw away your money in trifles and baubles, but buy something that I can show to the world without fear of criticism. Here is an advertisement in the paper of a lady's saddle pony and saddle for only \$300!"

Yesterday morning Harry left for Denver to nurse a sick uncle through a case of bilious fever, and he won't be back until after the holidays. Still, it was a wise policy on the part of the girl. That very day he had figured with a jeweler on buying an \$8 silver watch and having it gold-plated and marked: "18K—\$150—Harry to Susie —1888"

A Funny Present.

One Christmas Grandma Melville sent something from the farm to be hung on the Christmas tree for Ava.

It was alive, so it couldn't really be hung, you know. It was snow-white, but it wasn't a rabbit with his winter coat on. It had feathers and a pair of bright eyes, but it wasn't one of Grandma Melville's doves—not a bit of it.

Papa made a little cage for it by nailing slats across a box; and then he put it behind the Christmas-tree.

They unloaded the Christmas-tree in the afternoon, because there were lots of little cousins who must get home before dark; but when the blinds were shut tight, and the lamps lighted, it was a good deal like night-time.

All of a sudden, breaking right through the talk and laughter, came a sharp little "Cut—cut—cut—cut—da—cut! Cut—cut—ker—da—cut—da—cut—da—cut!"

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" cried Ava.

"What do you guess?" asked papa, laughing.

"It sounds like a hen-biddy," said Ava, "but maybe it's a turkle."

Then every body laughed; and papa pulled the little cage out from behind the tree.

"It is a hen-biddy!" cried Ava.

Sure enough. There was a snow-white little hen.

And as true as you live the snow-white little hen had laid a snow-white little egg.

"Oh, oh!" cried Ava. Her's gave me a present all herself; and her name's Snowball."

And almost every day all winter, Snowball gave Ava an egg for her breakfast next morning.

The sentence of expulsion is the highest known to our laws; it falls with severity upon the subject of it. It renders him from the date of the sentence Masonically dead. Between him and the whole fraternity there is a great and impassable gulf. Great care should be taken to see that the offence is proportionate to the punishment—to mete out our judgments tempered with mercy, yet squared by the unerring principle of justice.