

ing between us before my father's decease. Since that time my feelings have entirely changed towards you, and I am led to doubt whether they were ever of such a character as to justify matrimony. I may add that I have plighted my faith to another, and the marriage will take place at an early day. You will see, therefore, that I am obliged to answer you in the negative. Nevertheless, courtesy requires me to thank you for the preference you have indicated.

ISABEL GORDON.

P. S.—My brother is already in an excellent place."

"Confounded fool!" muttered Gerald Rhodes, discomfited, when he read this note. "So she is otherwise provided for, and there's no chance for me to get possession of the land in this way. I must resort to something different."

It was not long before he devised another plan. It was this. He would propose to buy the land, which he could undoubtedly do for a small sum, as Mrs. Gordon could not be acquainted with its value. Thus he would get it without the incumbrance of a wife. It would not be prudent, however, for him to transact the business in person, since they would be likely to suspect him of some design in the affair, especially when they remembered his renewed proposal. He accordingly placed the matter in the hands of a lawyer, with these instructions:

"You are to offer one thousand dollars in the first place. If not accepted, gradually increase your offer. I authorize you to go as high as ten thousand, and will place the money in your hands. If they agree, draw up the papers at once."

The next day Mrs. Gordon received a call from Erasmus Quill, attorney-at-law.

"I am informed, madam," he said, "that you have a lot of western land in your possession."

"My husband had such a lot, and I retain it."

"Would you like to sell?"

"If I could get a fair price," she answered.

"I am authorized by a client to offer you a thousand dollars for it," said the lawyer.

Mrs. Gordon had little acquaintance with business, but she had shrewdness enough to perceive that if a thousand dollars was the first offer for the land, it must be worth a great deal more. She accordingly declined the proposition.

"I will give you two thousand," said Mr. Quill.

This confirmed her first thought.

"Mr. Quill," she said, "will you oblige me by mentioning the utmost that your client authorized you to offer. Otherwise our conference closes."

"Ten thousand dollars," said the lawyer, with some hesitation.

"I will sell for that sum," said Mrs. Gordon.

"Then we will draw up the papers at once," said Mr. Quill.

In fifteen minutes the sale was effected and the money paid.

With the deed in his pocket, Gerald Rhodes again went out to Chicago, when, what was his dismay to find that he had been misinformed—that the Gordon lot was situated five miles from the city and was not worth five hundred dollars. In his cupidity he had overreached himself, and Mrs. Gordon was the gainer.

This piece of good fortune enabled Isabel to marry at once. Fortune smiled upon her husband till even, in a pecuniary view, Isabel had done quite as well as if she had married Gerald Rhodes.

Paddy and the Bees.

The scene is on the lawn of the O'Donoghue's castle in Kerry. The tenants have assembled to meet the worthy English Baronet who had purchased the property, and who with his agent standing in the parlor window watched eagerly for some result of the many "improvements" which at great cost he had endeavored to introduce to the wild and untutored peasants of the district. The agent presents the tenants to the worthy innovator, who inquires into the condition, of the grumbling, dissatisfied recipients of his favors. At length on a tenant presenting himself whom the agent fails to recognize, the baronet turns to the figure before him, which, with head and face swollen out of all proportion, and showing distorted features, and fiery eyes through the folds of a cotton handkerchief, awaits his address in sullen silence. "Who are you, my good man? What has happened to you?" "Faix and it's well ye may ax; me own mother wouldn't know me this blessed mornin'; 'tis all your own doin' entirely." "My doing," replied the astonished baronet, "what can I have to do with the state you are in, my good man?" "Yes, it is your doin'," answered the enraged proprietor of the swollen head; "'tis all your doin', and well you may be proud of it; 'twas them blessed bees yo' gev me. We brought the baetes into the house last night, an' where did we put them but in the pig's corner. Well, after Katey and the children and myself was awhile in bed, the pig goes rooting about the house, and he wasn't aisy till he hooked his nose into the hive, and spilt the bees out about the fire; and thin when I got out of bid to let out the pig that was a roarin' through the house, the bees stitted down on me, an' began stingin me, an' I jumped into bid agin, wid the whole of them after me, into Katey and the childer; an' then, what wid the bees a buzzing an' a stingin' us under the clothes, out we all jumped agin, an' the sorra such a night was ever spent in Ireland as we spint last night. What wid Katey an' the childer a roarin' an' a ballin', an' the pig tarin' up an' down like mad, an' Katey wid the besom, an' meself wid the fryinpan, flattenin' the bees agin the wall till mornin', begor its ashamed of yourself you ought to be."—"O'Donoghue," by Charles Lever.

Curran's Ingenuity.

A farmer, attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for payment. But the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what he meant, and was quite sure no such sum had been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"Have patience, my friend," said the counsel, "speak to the landlord civilly tell him you have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend and come to me."

He did so, and then returned to his legal friend.

"And now I can't see how I am going to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred back