

"That much is due to me," she interposed, "remember, I have not expected you."

"You have surprised me this morning more than I can say. I am proud and grateful for your preference, and the honor you have done me, but—I am honest with you—I don't love you."

"But you love no one else? Tell me that again, Edith."

"I am a very selfish and heartless sort of a girl, I am afraid," she answered. "I don't know that I am in love with any one as I ought to be as you love me. If you take me, you shall take me at my true value. I am not an angel—oh, no; the farthest in the world from it—the most selfish of the selfish."

"I like you very much; it is not hard to do it. To be your wife would be my highest honor, but still I must have time. Come to-morrow, Sir Victor, any time, and you shall have your answer. Don't say one word more until then. Now let us go back."

"He bowed and offered his arm. She took it, and in profound silence they walked back. The one topic that filled him, heart and soul, strength and mind, was forbidden—it was simply impossible for him to speak of any other."

"For Edith, she walked calmly beside him—her mind a serene blank. They reached Poywys-place—they entered the drawing-room. All were there—Trix lying on a sofa, pale and interesting, Lady Helena beside her, Charlie lounging on the recess of a sunny window. All eyes are upon the newcomers, Trix's with suspicious jealousy. If Sir Victor were in love with herself, was not his fitting place by her side in this hour instead of meandering about with Ditty? And what business had Ditty monopolizing another girl's lover?"

"I think I shall ride over to Drexel Court between this and dinner," Sir Victor said. "I promised Hampton."

"Lady Helena laughed and interrupted: "And Lady Geraldine is there—I understand. Go by all means, Victor, and give Geraldine my love. We shall expect you back to-morrow."

"The young man colored like a girl. He glanced uneasily at Edith, but Miss Darrell had taken up a photograph book of literary celebrities, and was immersed therein."

"Would she understand him, he wondered—would she know it was because he could not endure the suspense at home? How should he drag through all the long, heavy hours between this and to-morrow? And when to-morrow came, if her answer were no? He set his teeth at the thought—it could not be—it should not! She loved no one else—she must learn to love him."

"Captain Hammond and Charlie betook themselves to the billiard room. Trix, mused her suspicious eyes upon her cousin. "Where were you and Sir Victor all day, Edith?"

"I and Sir Victor have not been anywhere all day, Bessie. During the last hour we have been walking in the grounds."

"What were you talking about?" "Many things," Miss Darrell responded, "The beauty of the prospect—the comfort of English homes, and the weather, for instance. If I understood shorthand, and had been aware of your anxiety on the subject, I might have taken notes of our conversation for your benefit."

"Did you talk of me?" "I believe your name was mentioned."

"Ditty!" in a whisper, and raising herself on her elbow, "did Sir Victor say anything about me—you know what?"

"He did not say one word about being in love with you, or marrying you, if that is what you mean. Now please stop catechizing, and let me look at the pictures."

"Twilight fell—dinner hour came; with it Sir Victor. He looked pale, anxious, tired. He nosed all his aunt's enquiries about the Drexel family in the briefest possible manner. His over-looked aunt looked at him a little uneasily—he was so unlike himself—and presently drew him aside, after dinner, and spoke."

"Victor, what is the matter. Are you ill?" "No. My dear aunt, smiling, "don't fear that alarmed face—there is nothing the matter with me."

"There is something the matter with you. You are pale, you are silent, you eat nothing. Victor, what is it?" "I will tell you to-morrow," he answered. "Spare me until then. I am anxious, I admit, but not even to you can I tell why to-night. You shall know all about it to-morrow."

No glimmer of the truth dawned upon her as she left him. She wondered what it could be, but she would not press him further. For Edith she was in the mood of serene recklessness still. O to-morrow she neither cared to think, nor tried to think. The tide of her life was at its flood; whether the stream might bear her after this night, just now, she neither knew nor cared. For the present she was free, to-morrow she might be a bondswoman. Her letters would be of gold and roses; none the less though would they be fetters."

"She played chess with Sir Victor—his hand trembled—hers was steady. Captain Hammond asked her for a Scotch song. She went to the piano and sang, never more clearly and sweetly in her life."

"Sing, Charlie, he's my darling," said Trix maliciously; "it's one of your favorites, I know."

"Charlie was reclining on a sofa near—the lights streaming over his handsome placid face."

"Yes, sing it, Ditty," he said; "it's ages since you sang it for me now."

"And I may never sing it for you again," she answered, with a careless laugh; "one soon grows tired of these old songs."

"She sang it her eyes alight, her cheeks flushing, thrilling spirit and life in the merry words. Sir Victor stood beside her, drinking in until he was intoxicated by the spell of her subtle witchery."

"And Charlie he's my darling!" "My darling, my darling!"

Edith's contrast tones rang out. She had never looked so really beautiful, perhaps, before in her life—suppressed excitement lent her such sparkle and colour. She finished her song and arose. And presently the evening was over and it was half past eleven, they were taking their candles and strolling off to bed."

Edith Darrell did not go to bed, she put the light away on the toilet-table in the dressing-room, wrapped something around her and sat down by the window to think it out."

Should she marry Sir Victor Catheron, or should she not?"

She cared nothing for him—nothing whatever—very rarely she never would. She loved Charlie Stuart with all the power of her heart, and just at present it seemed to her she always must. That was how the problem stood."

"I she married Sir Victor, rank and wealth beyond all her dreams would be hers, a life of luxury, all the joys and delights great wealth can bring. She liked pleasure, luxury, beauty, rank. For love—well, Sir Victor

loved her, and for a woman it is always better, safer, to be loved than to love."

"That was one phase of the case. Here was the other: She might go to Charlie and say, "Look here—I care for you so much, that I will marry you, Charlie, whenever you like. He would make her his wife. Alone in darkness, her heart thrilled as she thought of it—and the interest of life would be hers for a while. For a while. They would be poor—his father would cast him off—he must, for the first time in his life, begin to work—the old story of pinching and poverty, of darning and mending, would commence over again for her, poor food, poor clothes, all the untold ugliness and misery of penury. Love is a very good and pleasant thing, but not when bought at the price of all the glory and pleasure of the world."

She turned from the life she pictured with a shudder of abhorrence. And Charlie was not of the stuff the toilers of the earth are made. She would never spoil his life for him as well as her own—not if her heart broke in giving him up. But it would not break—who breaks her heart in these days? She would say "Yes" to-morrow to Sir Victor Catheron."

"Then for a moment the thread of thought broke, and she sat looking blankly out at the soft spring night."

On the day she pledged herself to Sir Victor she must say good bye forever to Charlie—so it began again. One house must not contain them both; her word, her plight must be kept bright and unattained—Charlie must go."

She tried to think what her life would be like without him. It seemed to her, she could think of no time in which he had not belonged to her; all the years before that night in the snow were blank and void? And now, for all time, she must give him up."

She rose, feeling cold and cramped—she undressed with stiffened fingers, and went to bed. She would think no more, her head ached—she would sleep and forget."

She did sleep, deeply, dreamlessly. The sunlight was pouring into her room, flooding it with golden radiance, when she awoke. She sprang up; her heart gave one bound of recollection and rapture, Sir Victor Catheron had asked her to be his wife."

"Colors seen by candlelight. Do not look the same by day."

Last night a hair might have turned the scale and make her say "No," reckless of consequences—to-day a thousand Charlies would not have influenced her. She would be Lady Catheron."

She sang as she dressed. Not the May sunshine itself was brighter than her face. She left her room, she walked down the corridor, down the stairs, and out upon the emerald green lawn."

(To be Continued.)

THE GREAT TURKISH TRIAL.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 11.—The Constantinople correspondent of the London Times sends a picturesque account of the late trial. Around the Malin guardhouse, situated in a large open space immediately outside the Imperial park of Yildiz Kiosk, a gaily numbered of soldiers were posted at short distances from each other, and all persons not provided with a ticket of admission were prevented from approaching the building. The few who were found fortunate enough to obtain tickets found on approaching the guardhouse a large green awning, and adjoining it a considerable space enclosed by a canvas screen and covered with an awning. One side of this tent was occupied by a bench on which sat the judges, three Mussulmans and two Christians in black frock coats a la Turque and red fezzes, presided over by a gray-bearded ulem; called Sourouri Effendi, in a black robe and white turban. To the right and left of the judges sat the public prosecutor, the secretary and the subordinate judicial functionaries, and behind them stood several imperial aides-de-camp and palace servants. Below the bench, in a trench cut for the purpose, sat on cane chairs the ten prisoners (Mahmoud and Nouri Pachas) (both brothers-in-law of the Sultan), two ex-functionaries of the Palace, three officers of the Guard, two professional wrestlers and a Palace watchman. Behind each of the prisoners stood a common soldier. The side of the tent facing the bench was left open so that the spectators, seated on rows of chairs under an awning, immediately behind the prisoners, could witness the proceedings. Among the audience, comprising about one hundred and twenty people, were the Persian Ambassador and other members of the diplomatic body, several high officials in and out of office, a score of imperial aides-de-camp, a few officers of the Palace, several ulema in flowing robes and white or green turbans, and the representatives of the press to a limited number. The spectators might have been more than a hundred chairs unoccupied. When the indictment had been read, the President, in a quiet and dignified manner began to question the prisoner. The first called upon to state what he knew was Mustafa, the wrestler, a man of ordinary size and not presenting any signs of abnormal muscular development. His face was of a common type, and betrayed no symptoms of emotion as he related, in plain unvarnished terms, how he had cut open the ex-Sultan's robes with a knife given to him for the purpose by Mahmoud Damad. His description, accompanied by slight and significant gestures, was brutally graphic, and made a strong impression on the spectators, more than one of the older men in the audience giving vent to their feelings of audible exclamation. Mustafa's account was fully confirmed by Hacı Mehmed Pasha, who declared that together with the Chamberlain Fahri Bey and Djizairli he had held of Abdul-Aziz while the crime was being perpetrated. Djizairli, who had made a full confession in his preliminary examination, was then questioned and retracted what he had previously said.

On 13 June the body of a man, about 55 years of age, and 5ft. 6in. in height, was found at Aberdeen, near the Match Craig, Aberdeen. On his person were found a purse with 4s. 5d. a pair of spectacles, a knife, tobacco box, and pipe. A bottle with about three glasses of whisky in it was by his side, and a copy of a Glasgow paper, date June 13. He wore a cap and a shepherd turtan scarf. It is supposed he is from Glasgow.

A destructive fire occurred on the 13th June at C. Wade farm, Above, Aberdeenshire, whereby the standing was almost completely gutted, and farming implements consumed. Large quantities of hay and grain were also destroyed, together with property, including watches, money, and clothing belonging to servants, which were burned along with their sleeping apartments. The standing is insured in the Northern Assurance Company. Servants were severely burned trying to save his property.

For the last few days a good many of the sailors belonging to the Russian war ship Peter the Great, which is still lying at the Tail of the Bank, are to be met with strolling about Greenock in all directions. One meets them almost at every turning, and judging from appearances, they seem to enjoy themselves immensely. A number of the tars was observed on Tuesday afternoon in Well Park, contemplating with attentive, and probably melancholy, interest the two Russian guns which stand there overlooking the lower portion of the town. The Peter the Great will probably remain off Greenock for some time.

Sheriff Gobbie, at Dumbarton, has issued judgment in an action brought by the Duke of Argyll against one of the tenants at Clynder for the removal of three wooden buildings which the Duke alleges are not in accordance with the feu-charter, and are injurious to the amenity of his estate in the district. In defence, it was pleaded that such erections were to be found broadcast over the Duke's property. The defender also offered to remove one or two of the erections to other sites. The Sheriff has decided substantially in favor of the feuar, allowing the principal erection to remain.

On 20th June the dead body of a woman, well advanced in years, named Tunnock, wife of a labourer residing at the village of Whitflets, near Ayr, was found on the Ayr and Manohline Railway, about two miles from Ayr. The woman left her house at an early hour in the morning, and appears to have laid herself down in front of the first Caledonian train from Edinburgh to Ayr, as she was found shortly afterwards with her head severed from the body. Her son, a young man, was found killed on the railway not far from the same spot one morning about a year ago. This preterit upon her mind, and she had frequently been heard to say that she would meet with her death in a similar way.

Now that the corn and root crops are well above ground, farmers have some chance of considering what prospects they have before them. The cereals have come away well where sown on a good soil and in a dry bed; but where the soil was cold and heavy the braird was anything but promising, and some of the winter-sown wheat came away so irregularly that in many instances it had to be re-sown or ploughed up. Now, however, there has been some rain-showers and sunshine, having the effect of freshening the shoots, and everything looks well. Turnips are healthier than they have been, and the fly which on many farms was expected to devour the youthful herbage, has all but completely disappeared. Potatoes are looking healthy, and if the weather continues favourable a good return is anticipated. Stock still continues at fair prices, though in many instances farmers have the worst of the bargain in selling. Horses, if of good quality, sell well, but other sorts are very dull and almost a drug in the market. Sheep and lambs are bringing remunerative rates, and are in good condition.

Acting upon instructions which have been received from the Lord-Advocate, the Procurator-Fiscal, Mr. Melville Macdonald, is presently engaged in the examination of witnesses

SCOTCH NEWS.

A brood of pure white rooks is at present to be seen in the district of Markinch.

Mr. James Neilson has been appointed Medical Inspector of Factories for the Blairgowrie district.

Dr. W. Simpson, Dover, has been elected medical officer for the city of Aberdeen. The salary is £300 per annum.

Mr. Hamilton Russell, who acted for many years as Sheriff-Substitute of Caithness, died on Saturday at an advanced age.

At a meeting of the Edinburgh Trades' Council on 19th June it was agreed that the annual holidays this season should be the 28th, 29th, and 30th July.

Mr. Hope-Johnson has granted to all tenants on the Axnandale estate permission to kill hares and rabbits, in accordance with the Ground Game Act, as from 26th May.

A movement is likely soon to be made public, the object of which is to group together several of the villages and districts lying to the west of the city of Edinburgh into a burgh under the Lindsay Act.

Mr. Stuart McKenzie the representative of perhaps the oldest Ross-shire family, the Mackenzies of Kintail, died on 18th June at Addiecombe, near London, the residence of his sister, Louise, Lady Ashburnton.

The Annandale Peerage Case was again before the House of Lords in Committee of Privileges on 26th June. The claim of Mr. Edward Johnston was rejected, and that of Sir Frederick Johnston will be proceeded with next month.

Edinburgh.—The old time gun in the Castle has been removed to make room for a new piece of ordnance of improved construction. The new gun has two touch-holes, and is fired by two fuses which are pulled simultaneously, thus obviating all risk of the gun missing fire.

The returns of attendance at the Edinburgh Board schools for the five weeks ended 3rd of June show that 15,255 children have been enrolled since the schools opened last September; that the average number on roll during the five weeks of 1880 were 11,232 and 8973 respectively; the latter giving a percentage present of 79.08.

The early Shetland herring fishing has made a good start, the boats that have been at sea having taken ranging from 15 to 40 cranes. The fish are reported to be very numerous on the west side of the islands. Boats are arriving daily from the Moray Firth, Orkney, and the East Coast. Sixty tons of white fish—cod and ling—have been landed for the week, exclusive of halibut and skate.

James Imlack, brakeman on the Strathpey Railway, was killed on 13th June at Carroth station, Egin. He was coupling waggons when he was squeezed between the buffers or drawbars. He came out between them and remarked to the guard, "I am done for." He died in a few minutes. He was 40 years old. He had been 20 years in the service of the railway company, and leaves a widow and young family.

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at Perth in regard to certain alleged irregularities in the claiming department. The subject was brought under the notice of the Lord-Advocate by a petition largely signed by the inhabitants. The petition stated that the party who had acted as inspector of cleansing for the past two years was first suspended, then dismissed, and his resignation accepted on the ground that irregularities in regard to his pay lists had been made out against him. The irregularities alleged consisted of the insertion in his pay list of the names of scavengers who were not in employment of the town and drawing their wages out of the public funds. The petition further stated that the police Commissioners declined to give the public any definite information on the subject, and it was alleged that they were condoning the offence said to have been committed in order to conceal the looseness of their management of the money raised by taxation. The affair has caused much talk in the town.—Glasgow Herald.

AN EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY BY THREE SCOTCH GIRLS. There were brought before Bailie Murdoch, in Dumfries Police Court on 20th June, three children (sisters), the eldest 14 years, the second 9 years, and the youngest an infant of one year and nine months, under the following extraordinary circumstances:—On Sunday evening they were met near Noblehill, a mile from Dumfries, and their weary and worn-out appearance attracted attention, and the Rev. J. Cooper, Townhead U. P. Church, took them to his house, gave them food, and got them provided for the night. The statement of the eldest girl was that their names were Maggie, Annie, and Sarah Alice Kavanagh. That their father had been a shoemaker at Manchester, but had gone to Glasgow to work in a shoe factory in Benfield Street. Their mother deserted them. Young as they were, they resolved, as their only hope of finding their father, to go to Glasgow, and for this purpose they left Manchester on Thursday, 9th instant, in order to walk to Glasgow, the elder carrying the youngest child. They made application at the police offices in the towns which they passed for lodgings, and generally got their breakfast also, which was the most of their food as they never begged. On their way a gentleman paid the railway fare from Lancaster to Preston, the only part of the way which they did not walk, and it does not appear that any of the officials on their journey had made any inquiries in order to assist them in discovering their father until they reached Dumfries. Mr. Malcolm, superintendent of police, being informed of the case, brought the children as already stated before Bailie Murdoch, and suggested that the children should be sent to the poorhouse for a week in order to allow of him making inquiries after their father; and the Magistrate gave an order for their admission. The eldest is slim and small for her age, but is very sharp and intelligent, and the second is a bright, good-looking child. They have travelled for 11 days, and were hoping to reach Glasgow next week.

Mr. Thomas White, M.P., having visited Cardwell for the purpose of putting the "comother" on his constituents, we expressed our surprise that our esteemed contemporary, the Cardwell Sentinel, had neither furnished the public with a report of his speeches nor pointed out to him that the treatment received by the Catholics of Montreal at the hands of his brother and his associate editor, was not likely to elevate either of them in the esteem of the Catholics of Ontario. The Sentinel's reply to our first complaint is that Mr. White said nothing of sufficient importance or novelty to justify publication. We are quite willing to accept this explanation. Mr. White is a blunt but stereotyped speaker, whose well worn periods have often done duty in and out of the House, but we should nevertheless have been glad to have had a report of what he had to say to his constituents. It is just possible that he may have stumbled upon some idea that would bear discussion, or have offered to the Catholic electors some assurance that henceforth his publishing house would not be made the rallying point of the bigotry and exclusiveness of Montreal Toryism. But his Cardwell organ assures us that he said nothing of public interest, and we accept the statement at its face value.

The Sentinel is of the opinion that Mr. White, M.P., is in no way responsible for the conduct or utterances of his associate editor. It very justly points out that if a man commits robbery or murder, it would be most unjust and ungenerous to hold his brother responsible for the deed of shame. But we have not accused Mr. Richard White of robbery or murder. We have accused him of hostility to every thing Catholic, and of insulting the Irish Catholics of Montreal by excluding their representative men from positions of honor upon an important public occasion. We have also held Mr. Thomas White to a share of responsibility in the promise, not so much as he is Mr. Richard White's brother as because he is the latter's silent business partner and editorial superior, which materially alters the case. As we said some weeks since, Richard is merely the henchman of Thomas, and a hint from the latter would quickly induce the former to conceal, if he cannot eliminate, the bigotry which so largely enters into his composition. The editor of the Sentinel need only consult the Montreal Post, or any newspaper, Montreal Irish Catholic, to learn that he is a bigot, and an insolent bigot to boot.

Our esteemed contemporary seeks to evade the true issue by demanding that Mr. Edward Blake shall receive at our hands "a scolding" for the faults of his brother. The cases are not parallel. At the time Mr. Samuel Blake committed against good taste and tolerance the sins of which we accused him, he was not in political life, nor associated in business with his brother Edward, and that the application does not lie. Furthermore, if he of the Sentinel will turn to our files he will find that, even under such circumstances, we have more than once pointed out to the Liberal leader the propriety of counseling his brother to wage a more civil tongue, and the danger of permitting one of his near relatives to cast contempt upon any class in the community. If the Sentinel should do us much by Mr. Thomas White, it would merit the thanks of that gentleman, and of the party to which he belongs.—Irish Canadian.

REDUCTION OF CABLE RATES. LONDON, July 15.—The Anglo-American Telegraph Company, the Direct United States Cable Company and the Compagnie Francaise du Telegraphie de Paris a New York give notice that on and after August 1st the rate for the transmission of telegrams between New York and the United Kingdom and France will be reduced to twenty-five cents per word.

Those intolerably painful and constantly harassing thiblers called piles, which trouble so many people, are soon healed by Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil—the great external remedy for physical suffering and means of relieving pain. A very small quantity achieves results of the most gratifying kind.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A match safe—One put up where the small boy can't get at it.

"What vocalist can lay claim to having been listened to by an ear of corn?"

No star ever rose and set without influence somewhere. It is the same with a hen.

The noses of some meerschaum smokers colour a great deal sooner than their plipes.

Why is nature like a baby?—Because there is most always a squall when its face is washed.

Can it be truly said that the man who has to dig one hundred feet into the ground gets a long wall.

Why is a baby like wheat?—Because it is cradled, then threshed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

"There's no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at the hotjotto; and he heartily added—"I'm glad there isn't."

A contemporary, misspelling the word "Kissagoin," says—"Lord and Lady Normanby are going to Kissagoin."

"The worm will turn." Just so; but the Italian organ-grinders are not aware of it, or they would impress him into their service.

Nature never makes "a perfect fool." She simply starts him, with an abundant supply of raw material, and then leaves him to finish the job himself.

"The electrical franchise," exclaimed an old lady. "The electrical franchise! Not for me, if you please. My nerves never could stand its shocks!"

A Mississippi man puts it thus:—"At the earnest solicitation of those to whom I owe money I have consented to become a candidate for County Treasurer."

"Know what good society is? I reckon I do!" cried Mr. Griff. "Why, I've been put out of more than 20 as well affairs as ever were gotten up in this city."

"I presume you understand my business," said a Conus-taker to an acrobat. "I merely wish to know your occupation." "Oh, yes? I tumble," replied the acrobat.

The difference between the preacher, the builder, and the architect of a church is simply this: One is the actor, the other is the erector, and the third is the director.

"Remember who you are talking to, sir," said an indignant parent to a fractious boy; "I am your father." "Well who's to blame for that?" said the young impertinence. "Taint me."

"When I have a really good dinner," said Pope; "poor fellow! this only takes place about six nights a week—"I like to sit opposite a mirror. Then I seem to enjoy myself twice over."

Pashness is a good thing for a man to have but when he has got so much of it that he can fish all day over the side of a boat, without any taut on his hook, laziness is what's the matter with him.

A wife having lost her husband, was inconsolable for his death. "Leave me to my grief," she cried, sobbing; "you know the extreme sensibility of my nerves; a mere nothing upsets them."

"It may be," soliloquized an afflicted old lady, "that my troubles are all blessings in disguise, as my friends are all the time telling me, but I do wish they'd just throw off the disguise once in a while."

A bold man the other day put his hand in at the door of a cheese factory. "Has anything remarkable a cure here?" he asked. And then the girls creamed, and the men came out and drove him away.

It being proved at a recent trial that a man's name was really high, when he pretended that it was low, "I see," said the judge, "The old proverb is verified in this man, who, being allowed an inch has taken an ell."

The Daubrey News Man's new feature is entitled "England Through a Back Window." For the sake of the profession, says the Norwich Bulletin, we trust it will explain whether he was there after cold victuals or merely to kiss the cook.

An old master, whose dying hour is near, calls a confessor, who urges him, in order to ease his conscience, to restore a part of his fortune to his old patrons. "Impossible!" said the wearer; "everyone of them has died in the poorhouse."

It is related of Sydney Smith that he once looked upon a small picture of an eminent artist in company with an enthusiastic connoisseur. "Immense breadth of light and shade, sir, in this picture," said the artist. "Yes," said the wit, "greatly to the critic's disgust, "about half an inch."

When an old acquaintance comes your way do not rebuff him. Do not shy the dictionary, the hot jacket, or the (empty) pewter pot at his head. No; supply him with words of kindly counsel, and send him on to the most charitable man of your acquaintance.

A cigar contains acetic, formic, pyruvic, valeric and propionic acids, prussic acid, crotonic, carbonic acid, ammonia, sulphureted hydrogen, virodin, picoline, and rubadme, and a boy, just after having smoked the first one, will think there's some more and worse things in it besides.

A little girl, when her father's table was honoured with an esteemed friend, began talking very earnestly at the first pause in the conversation. Her father checked her rather sharply, saying, "Why is it that you talk so much?" "Cause I've dot something to say," was the innocent reply.

"Sir," said one lawyer to another in an actionous discussion—"I would have you understand that I do not share your high opinion of yourself, in which the other blandly responded: "Thank you. Delighted to hear you say so. If you did share my opinion of myself I would lessen it."

If she's got to talk slang a Boston girl will relin and beautify it. The proper enper becomes the appropriate gyration; bang up is front hair elevated; tumbling to the racket is falling to the audible disturbance; and a square deal is a quadrilateral distribution. Oh, refinement is a great thing. Oh, you waager your existence that it is.

A short time since two young ladies near Cumberwell were accosted by a gypsy woman, who told them that for a shilling each she would show them their husbands' faces in a pail of water, being brought, they exclaimed: "We only see our own faces!" "Well," said the old woman, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

"Well, Charley, what are you reading?" said a father to his son last Sunday. "Oh, I'm reading 'Daniel in the Lions' Den.'"

Father goes over and picks up the book and finds it is a dime novel called "Pete Jones in Africa."

"Why," says he, "this is a dime novel." "No, pa, that's only the 'revised' of 'Daniel in the Lions' Den.'"—Puck.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Guiteau reads the Bible fervently in prison. President Garfield is not out of danger. France has a nest of hotbeds round her ears.

Roscoe Cookling once upon a time stubbed Guiteau, but the latter forgives him.

Neither Gould nor Vanderbilt has given anything towards the Presidential fund.

Forty people were killed last year on Swiss railroads, and all by their own imprudence.

The London Tablet says that the income of Troquois' owner is estimated at \$5,000 a