

When I handed Miller this letter on my return and watched him read it, I could see the tears coming to his eyes.

"This," said he with emotion, "is your work and I bless you for it. I will go back, for New York is too big for me. But does Mr. Black," and here he hesitated, "know of the distress in which you found me?"

"No," replied I, "and more than that he never will know."

Miller went back, as he said he would, and was soon occupying his

old cottage again. Although he misses his little boy there is another infant voice heard at their hearth, and there is not a happier family in the whole province. I have been up to see him once or twice and I never forget to take a little present for Annie, of whom I was the first discoverer. From Mr. Black's talk I think that Miller will be taken into partnership at no distant day, so that on the whole, may be said to have got on the smiling side of fortune.

ANSWERED.

THE SQUIRE'S PRETTY DAUGHTER (examining the village school): "Now, children, can you tell me what a miracle is?"

The children looked at one another, but remained silent.

"Can no one answer this question?" the new curate asked, who was standing behind the squire's daughter.

A little girl was suddenly struck with a brilliant idea. She held up her hands excitedly.

"Well, Nellie?" the squire's daughter asked, smiling approval.

"Please, miss," the small child replied breathlessly, "mother says 'twill be a miracle if you don't marry the new curate."

JUST WHAT SHE WANTED.

BELLA: "This shade of ribbon can not be matched."

NELLIE: "No? Then give it to me, dear."

BELLA: "Why?"

NELLIE: "I need the exercise."

HE HAD HIM THERE.

BOBBY: "Father!"

FATHER: "What is it, my boy?"

BOBBY: "Which one of the twins do you think looks most alike?"

IMPOSSIBLE.

DOCTOR: "Well, Mrs. O'Brien, I hope your husband has taken his medicine regularly, eh?"

Mrs. O'Brien: "Sure, then, doctor, I've been sorely puzzled. The label says, 'one pill to be taken three times a day,' and for the life of me don't see how it can be taken more than once!"

CAKE WAS SUFFICIENT.

WIFE: "John, is there any poison in the house?"

HUSBAND: "Yes; but why do you ask?"

WIFE: "I want to sprinkle some on this piece of angel cake and put it where the mice would get it. Wouldn't that kill them?"

HUSBAND: "Sure; but in isn't necessary to waste the poison."