

WIT AND HUMOUR.

A FURRY SKED--Horse-radish. A LEADERS' ARTICLE--A locomotive. QUEEN OF SPADES--A gardener's wife.

INTERVIEWING reporters should wear pines. FRENCH POLITICIAN--flowing to circumlocution. WHEN IS A CLUCK ON THE STAIRS DANGEROUS? When it runs down.

Why should artists take small-pox? Because it's sketching. Gnom musicians execute their music; the pedones murder it. ENQUIRE--If you pay a visit, it is not necessary to take a receipt.

The cheapest, longest, and swiftest conveyance--A train of thought. A QUESTION for spiritualists--Are low spirits less than medium spirits?

Why is a winter-ly like a winter?--Because both come to the surface to blow. It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

A POLICEMAN, fond of reading, told a friend that for amusement when off duty, he often "looked up" a book. As old lady thinks the Bonds must be a family of strong religious matters, because she hears of many of them being converted.

CONCERNED for married men--Why is a wife like a newspaper? Because every man should have one without borrowing his neighbor's. CHARLES was once asked by one of his brother judges, to read him something ridiculous in his wig?

A LITTLE girl, noticing the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth exclaimed, "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toothed teeth like you."

An advertisement in an old number of the Vernon Vindicator, published years ago, says: "Wanted--a man who fears the Lord and weighs two hundred pounds."

A NEW PAPER of Orange--The French papers announce the marriage of the daughter of the late Emperor Soudanoo to a Greek Lordship by name, who lives on the road between Paris and Vienna.

MISS P--Just from the interior, was looking for a situation in New York, and she saw an advertisement in which an admirable opportunity was offered to one who was willing to undertake light house-keeping.

W. S. B. 102. DIAMOND PUZZLE--Australia. G. P. M. C. M. C. T. P. A. U. S. T. R. A. L. I. A. S. E. A. 103. PUZZLE--Post, Pot, Top, Spot, Stup. 104. RANSUM--Frizit.

carefully-arranged collar. A duck made his last stage of existence unpleasantly obvious to those who were not going to eat him--his vulgar savouriness refined just a little by the perfume of a cherry-tart.

This Sunday-afternoon tea-time was wont to be the very quietest hour in all the course of life at Brierwood--uncle James dozing over his newspaper; aunt Hannah dispensing the tea-cups, with an open Bible before her; the two young men crunching lettuce audibly, like rabbits, and consuming great wedges of bread-and-butter, afraid to talk much, lest they should be accused of profaneness and Sabbath-breaking.

No to Grace Redmayne the little bustle attendant upon the stranger's dinner, even poor Sarah's scared face, and aunt Hannah's snappishness, were not unpleasant. This confusion was something out of the beaten track; she forgot that it was an affliction to have a lodger.

"I saw him this afternoon, coming home from church. He spoke to me, and walked with me, a little, and he was very pleasant." Mrs. James looked thoughtful, not to say displeased. She had Mr. Wort's warranty for the lodger's steadiness; nor was Mr. Walgrave in the first flush of youth, or distinguished by that debonaire manner with which women are apt to associate the idea of danger.

"How far did he walk with you, pray?" Mrs. James inquired severely. Grace blushed. It was the most foolish thing in the world, of course, since she had not the slightest cause for blushing; but to be taxed so sternly about such a trifle brought the hot blood into the fair young face.

"I don't know how your father would like your taking up with strangers," said aunt Hannah. "I don't know how my father would like your taking lodgers," answered Grace. And Mrs. James quailed for a moment with a guilty sense that, in her economic arrangement, she had taken a step which Richard Redmayne--as proud a man as ever trod the Kentish soil--would have considered an outrage upon his name.

"Come, come!" exclaimed uncle James, "you two women are always squabbling. Where's the harm, if the lass gave a civil answer when the gentleman spoke to her? You wouldn't have her run away from him as if he was a dragon going to eat her. I like a girl that can speak up bold and frank."

"Ah!" sighed the matron, "I suppose you know best; but you don't go to afternoon church next Sunday?" The object of this discussion came sauntering up to the open window presently, sociably disposed, and began a friendly conversation with James Redmayne about the aspect of the country, and such homely matters as might be supposed to interest the agricultural mind.

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lands; but I have to preserve a strict regimen." "You're in one of them blessed rifle-courses, I suppose," said Mr. James, to his niece's shame. "I beg your pardon, no; I mean to say that I am allowed to take nothing stronger than sherry and soda-water."

"That's what I call cat-lap," remarked the farmer; and again Grace blushed. That Tunbridge Wells education of hers had made her sensitive about these trifles. Mr. Wallgrave took his seat among them, and lighted his cigar.

"I am very glad to make myself at home in your pleasant family circle," he said; "for, in spite of all that has been said about solitude in the midst of a crowd, and that kind of thing, I think a man who finds himself amongst green fields best knows the value of his fellow-man's society."

"The sun went down behind a screen of lime and sycamore, and all the western sky changed from gold to crimson and from crimson to purple, while Mr. Wallgrave sat smoking and talking under the old cedar; Grace seated a little way off, on the other side of her cousin Charles's ponderous figure. Little by little the conversation drifted away from agriculture, and also from James Redmayne, who could not keep a very tight hold upon any discourse soaring above crops and markets, or humble local politics.

"It was aunt Hannah's invariable practice to indulge herself with a nap on Sunday evening. On every other evening than Sunday she was brisk and active, vigilant and wakeful to the last, although on every other day she got through three times the amount of work. But the Sunday work, the church-going, and the best-bonnet wearing, the Bible-reading, and the general state and ceremony of the day, conduced to slumber, and it was as much as aunt Hannah could do to keep her eyes open for half an hour after tea.

Mr. Walgrave compared this evening with many other Sunday evenings which he had spent of late years, since he had begun to be a successful man--a man of some mark in his particular line: Sunday evenings with friends who were 'at home' on that evening; Sunday evenings in the spacious drawing-rooms of Acropolis-square, enlivened by Bach and Handel; Sunday evenings in faster company at Richmond or Greenwich, with the same dinners, the same wines, the same kind of talk for ever and ever.

He thought of Grace Redmayne a good deal, as he smoked that last meditative cigar--first, because she was really the only person worth thinking about at Brierwood; and secondly, because he had been surprised to find so bright a creature in such a place. He thought of her, and compared her with other women he had known, not at all to the advantage of those others. And later in the night he had strange dreams, in which Grace Redmayne's image appeared amidst the wildest confusion of places and circumstances--a sweet young face, blushing, a bright young head crowned with hedge-row flowers.

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London, and leaving Miss Macintyre in charge at Shandon. Now the poor lady objected strongly to being left alone at the Castle, and she said so. At other times she would have bowed submissively to her niece's will, but now the spirit of rebellion was strong within her, so she kicked hard against the pricks.

"You surely do not mean, Mary, to leave me all alone in this big place?" "You will not be alone. There are the servants. And besides, remember that you will be mistress of the house, and they will all be at your service. I am sure you ought to be very grateful to me for thinking so much of your comfort. But that is always the way, the more you do for people the less they are satisfied."

"I am not ungrateful," replied the older lady, for a moment evening an inclination to fall back into her old humility; "but I could not remain here with your father. It is horrible, even now when the house is full, to hear him shrieking and shouting, but what would it be in an empty house?"

"Then what may your plans be," asked Lady Coleraine, with the slightest touch of irony in her tone, "since you do not intend remaining at Shandon?" "I thought--I hoped--that you would take me with you."

"To London! Why, you must be mad, aunt, to think of such a thing. What on earth would you do in London?" "Take me with you, Mary. For pity's sake do not leave me here to die of terror!"

"Impossible, my dear aunt, I don't know what on earth can have put this wild scheme into your head. It is sheer madness in you to entertain such an idea."

"The blow was a cruel one, well-aimed, and it told, but the result was very different from what Lady Mary had expected. Miss Macintyre became excessively pale. For a moment she was silent, nursing herself for the supreme effort.

"Then you mean to say," she said at last, and a gleam of malice shot from her eyes as she spoke, "you mean to say that you maliciously give me, your relation, leave to choose between dying of terror at Shandon and dying of starvation on the streets. Thank you, my dear niece, I am extremely obliged to you for this expression of your kindness. It is only what I expected from you who have always shown yourself so dutiful, so considerate, so forbearing, with your poor, dependent relation."

As she raised her head, maliciously flitting out her words, she remained irresistibly to a serpent preparing to strike.

"But I have already made up my mind, and I shall take the liberty of ignoring your permission in my future actions. I begged you to take me with you, and you replied with an insulting refusal. But I have borne long enough with your refusals and your insults, Lady Mary Coleraine, and I warn you that I will bear with them no longer. Be careful in the future how you treat me; be careful how you speak to me, for I am a dangerous woman. You have tried my patience long enough, God knows. Hitherto I have been at your beck and bidding, worse treated than your servants. I, I repeat, have been obliged to put up with insolence from you that no paid servant in your father's house would have borne with one instant. But now my turn has come. You say that I shall not go to London with you. I say that I will."

She stopped for a moment to gain breath; then she continued: "You want to know what I want to do in London, what business I have. I intend leading an easy life in my old age. I intend compensating for my youth, spent in poverty, and for later days spent in misery with you. I intend doing as you do, going where you go. In a word, I intend being your companion, your equal, and what it suits me, your mistress!"

While Miss Macintyre was thus giving full vent to her long-repressed indignation and rancour, Lady Mary seated in quiet enjoyment, listening with a feeling of conscious guilt to her niece's tirade of abuse. When the good lady had finished, she asked, in a voice far more subdued than was her wont: "I don't understand you, aunt. What do you mean?"

"You don't understand me?" returned Miss Macintyre slowly, and keenly eyeing her niece's countenance. "Then I will tell you. I wish you to understand that from the night when you made me, against my will, your accomplice in a vile crime, everything between us must be equal. I am involved in the danger, and I intend being included in the pleasure. Have you ever thought what would be the consequences were your crime discovered? But you have. And you try to draw the thought in a cloud of pleasure and gaiety. And do you imagine that I never think, and that I do not want to get rid of that thought, as well as you? Of course I do, and for that reason I will go to London with you. You will go to court; I will be presented to you. You will go out to society; I will accompany you. You will go to the opera; I will go with you. Now do you understand?"

suspicious a part, come to her husband's ears. So she at once yielded to discretion. "My dear aunt," she said, "instinctively I had suspected that you had set your mind so much upon accompanying us to London, I should certainly have offered an opposition. However, as it is, we shall be only too happy to have your company. I am only sorry that I should have irritated you to such an extent that you should be driven to employ threats against me. But for that, I trust you will pardon me. At the same time, I cannot help thinking that you have been a little unjust to me, if you have been unhappy in our house, why did you not let me know? I am sure my only desire has been to make you as comfortable as I could. But let bygones be bygones, will you not, aunt?" and crossing the room Lady Mary, with a show of tenderness, raised her dear relation, whom an hour ago she would have driven into the streets for the merest little peculiarity.

On arriving in London, Lord and Lady Coleraine took up their quarters at Clarges's, the family mansion at Kensington being at present under the hands of the painters and plasterers, undergoing a thorough renovation.

Lady Coleraine had looked forward with eager anticipation to this visit to London, but once the first novelty had worn off she found that life in London was not all that she had pictured to herself. Town was just emptying, the weather was villainous, Lord Coleraine was seldom at home, and her ladyship was finally obliged to acknowledge to herself that she was bored to death.

But one day an event occurred which disagreeably relieved the monotony of her daily life. Miss was lying upon a sofa, dreamily listening to Miss Macintyre who was reading aloud the last instalment of a novel, when a footman knocked at the door and announced that a young man was below who wished to see her ladyship.

Her ladyship expressed her surprise, and sent the man down again to ask the visitor's name. The footman returned and said the young man had given his name as Ryan.

"Ryan!" she exclaimed with trembling lips. "Ryan! what can he want here?" She had a very good suspicion of what he wanted.

"Tell him," she continued, turning to the footman, "that I refuse to see him, and it will be useless for him to make any further attempt to see me."

The man bowed and was leaving the room, when she stopped him. "She saw her danger and knew that she must submit."

"On second thoughts I will see him. Show him up, please."

"It must be one of that wretch Ryan's sons," "I suppose so," said Miss Macintyre with a shiver. "But what can he want? Suppose he knows the story of that beach business. Good gracious! what will become of us?"

"Do not be so foolish, aunt. How could he know anything--unless," she added hastily, "his father had been good enough to tell him, but that is hardly likely. In any case, please try your courage, it is of no use making a fuss until you know what is the matter, and in ten minutes we shall know the worst."

"The United States census bureau has prepared the following table, which shows the value of farm products in each State, exclusive of live stock, for the year ending June 1, 1870. It is the first table of the kind ever compiled with any degree of accuracy: Alabama \$95,322,810 Virginia \$51,071,840 Arkansas 40,671,120 Michigan 81,768,023 California 49,545,024 Minnesota 71,128,449 Connecticut 24,482,150 Mississippi 73,137,050 Delaware 8,471,067 Missouri 103,435,730 Florida 8,400,476 Nebraska 8,091,782 Georgia 28,782,232 Nevada 1,875,877 Illinois 210,869,585 N. Hamp-hire 22,475,747 Indiana 122,014,204 New Jersey 42,735,194 Iowa 114,386,414 New York 233,526,453 Kansas 27,020,151 North Carolina 37,345,940 Kentucky 87,477,371 Ohio 128,204,170 Louisiana 51,707,524 Oregon 17,123,700 Maine 34,470,041 Pennsylvania 182,090,027 Maryland 35,444,227 Rhode Island 4,701,043 Massachusetts 44,422,517 S. Carolina 43,649,402 Tennessee 40,187,170 Wisconsin 78,027,092 Vermont 34,617,027 Dist. Columbia 5,019,517

The people who live on the banks of the Mississippi are getting anxious upon the subject of a flood, which is likely to take place in the Spring, when the heavy snows of the mountains and hills to the west shall melt and come down in torrents. The last great inundation in that region occurred in 1814.

FAMILY FEUDS:

A SEQUEL TO WILL HE TELL?

Translated and Adapted from the French of Emile Gaborian.

CHAPTER XIII. THE TABLES TURNED.

One day, a week before the departure of Lord and Lady Coleraine for town, a scene took place between her ladyship and Miss Macintyre; which resulted in a very material alteration of the relations between the slighted, buffed, and generally ill-treated poor relation and her haughty niece.

Ever since the night of poor Annie Mosley's murder, Miss Macintyre had understood that she had a hold upon her niece, and had determined to profit thereby. She had already put out one or two feelers, to ascertain exactly her position with her rich relation, and as these little attempts at feeling the ground had had all the wished-for results, she had made up her mind, and was only awaiting a favourable opportunity to strike the grand coup.

The desired opportunity offered itself when one day Lady Coleraine graciously announced her intention of starting the following week for

London, and leaving Miss Macintyre in charge at Shandon.

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