

The Corn Home from the Mill.

Twas a low brown cabin, as grown up from the ground. For the chimneys were filled with mortar, and green moss had grown around.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

CHAPTER XV.

"She had a natural wit and sincerity. A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her a dignity as nameless as the center."

"no man has any right to treat his wife as a child," Hugh never seems to want to know what Fay wishes about anything. He settles everything off-hand and expects her to be satisfied with what he has done; and she is such a dear, gentle little thing that she never objects. It is "Yes, dear Hugh," or "Certainly, if you wish it, Hugh," from morning to night.

"Well," Erle began again, but this time he uttered broken down; for how was he to describe to her what he meant by a "good" and "bad" smile? He had never found out their color at all. Would Fay understand if he told her the spring-iness and sweetness of his smile? In his opinion, made from so peculiarly sensitive to him. But, to his astonishment, Fay grasped the whole situation in a moment.

"How do you know, you little witch?" returned Erle, staring at her with an honest boyish blush on his face. "Do you know that Miss Trafford is poor; that she makes her own gown, and teaches the vicar's little girls, and that Miss Selby, of whom you speak so rudely, is nice to a countess?"

"A few days after that Fay met with a slight accident. Erle had been falling very heavily all night, and when Fay went to the window the next morning, she looked out on a white world, and not a vestige of the sea ice could be seen for the drifts that lay heaped on the little balcony." She called Hugh to look out with her. "What a pity," she said, sorrowfully; "for we had asked the Romney girls and the Huntings to come and see the snow. Erle is so fond of young ladies, and she admires Dora Spooner immensely, and now I suppose there will be no skating."

"The punch photograph is a photograph of the punch photograph of the holder. This is supposed to be a complete description of the passenger. Along the margin of the ticket is printed, in a straight column, the following words in small, black type: Male-Female. Sun-Medium-Short. Young-Middle-aged-Elderly. Hair-Black-Red-Blond-Gray. Eyes-Blue-Gray-Green-Brown-Black. Head-Moustache-Clean-Side-None. The passenger photograph on the ticket bearing his signature by punching out all the words that are not descriptive of him. If for a male, the word 'female' is cut out by the punch; if he is slim, the word 'medium' is cut out; if his eyes are light, the word 'dark' is struck out; and if he wears no beard, the word 'none' is left standing. While 'moustache' is cut out, the word 'side' is punched. Now, it is readily seen how a train agent passing hurriedly through a crowded car is likely to make errors in describing his passengers on their tickets, and so far from being a 'punch photograph' of the holder, the marginal sketch often becomes a rank caricature. Even when the punch-marks faithfully portray the features and figure of the passenger cannot always preserve her good temper on looking at the picture drawn for her. A well-developed lady of an uncertain age is in certain cases considered a complicity to be labelled in cold type as 'stout' and 'elderly.' That, however, is nothing to the treatment received by a Bostonian of the name of California, who was a 'punch photograph' being a 'female' of medium build, middle-aged, dark eyes and hair, and a side beard. This description, while containing evidences of careful free-hand retouching, is however, as bad as that of an olive-complexioned young lady who was punched as an elderly 'male,' slim and with light eyes and hair, and a side beard. This is a description of a young lady who was punched as an elderly 'male,' slim and with light eyes and hair, and a side beard. This is a description of a young lady who was punched as an elderly 'male,' slim and with light eyes and hair, and a side beard. This is a description of a young lady who was punched as an elderly 'male,' slim and with light eyes and hair, and a side beard.

Her name was Nita Domingue; she was an Italian by birth and just 17. Friendly and agreeable in her nature, she had come to America to seek the assistance of an uncle who had emigrated to try his fortunes in the States some time previously. But instead of being met at the steamer's dock by her uncle she was greeted by the sad news of his death, and found herself utterly alone in a land of strangers.