



### THE LITTLE FUNERAL.

(SCENE—The Cemetery of Quebec Cabinets. Enter Tallion, bearing the remains of his one-day-old ministry; Starnes as chief mourner.)

Ladébathe—I HAVE PREPARED THE GRAVE, M. TALLION, IN THE PLOT SET APART FOR MINISTRIES THAT HAVE DIED WITHOUT BAPTISM.

### SHE COULDNA LOE HIM MAIR.

"I CANNA loe thee mair, Robin,"  
Said Jennie o' the dale;  
An' Robin's heart gaed thoompy, thoomp,  
An' Robin's face grew pale.

"Losh, Jennie! that ye canna mean,"  
Spak Robin wi' africht;  
"What maks sic glintings o' your een—  
Sic blushing cheeks sae bricht?"

"Mon, Robin! can ye no see through  
The words I spak sae fair?  
I'm loeing thee sae muckle noo  
I canna loe thee mair."

W. H. T.

### APRIL HOPES.

#### CHAPTER I.

(From Harper's for February.)

"AND are you going to be an artist? she asked of Mavinger.

"Not if it can be prevented," he answered, laughing again.

"But his laugh is very pleasant," reflected Mrs. Pasmer.  
"Does Alice like it so much?" she repeated aloud. "If it can be prevented?"

"They think I might spoil a great lawyer in the attempt."

"Oh, I see. And are you going to be a lawyer? But to be a great *painter*! and America has so few of them."

#### CHAPTER II.

(Inadvertently omitted by Mr. Howells.)

Elbridge Mavinger, as he drew near the little party again, heard his son's light *persiflage*; and a quick expression came on his countenance and was gone before one could have noticed it. "Thank heaven," he had thought in his heart, "that my only son—for whom alone I live, and for whose sake only I value my wealth—has resigned himself to fulfilling the wish of my life. He will be a great lawyer, and I shall die happy, with the assurance that he will, in the end, get a considerable part of all that I leave him."

He knew what a lawyer among lawyers would be able to do with his will; and now he trembled with no misgivings for his son's future welfare.

W. J. H.

THE season of headaches—otherwise that of public balls—is in order again.