

FOR HIS DEAR SAKE.

Near the Parc Monceau is a pretty little house that seems to hide in a bush of clematis the home of a pretty widow of 22—the Countess of Viry. She had as yet no constant companion a delicate little blonde, all white and woolly, to which was given as its sole nourishment a lump of sugar in the morning and a sweet biscuit at night. His name was Nito.

It was 4 o'clock. Louise was in her garden, sitting among the rose bushes like a butterfly, and stopping from time to time to breathe the perfume of a newly-blown flower.

Nito playfully pursued his mistress with bars of pleasure, at times resting with his teeth the ruffe of her blue muslin dress, and propping himself upon his paw, pulled at it with all his strength.

In the midst of their play M. Jacques de Beauchamp appeared. The white widow, perceiving him, hid herself behind a shrub. But Jacques ran to her and kissed her on the forehead.

"Ah, M. de Beauchamp," she cried, "that is not nice of you. Louise and I have agreed so well that we had planned to be married. Nevertheless each of them had a certain dislike to M. de Beauchamp, and the Countess of Viry was coquetish.

"Louise," he said, "you will drive me to despair. You say that you love me, but how can I believe it when I see you smiling at me every time I see you in society, so full of life and gaiety, and hear your ringing laughter from the other side of a certain ardent admirer, it is impossible for me to tell you the tortures and anguishes I endure."

"What can I do, dear?" replied Louise. "I am gay, it is true, but is that a crime? And why should I be glad to those who approach me only to say pleasant things?"

"You are coquette, and your laugh makes me despair, because if you laugh thus against my wish it must be only to show your teeth! You know very well how adorable you are when laughing with a fixed purpose you throw back your head and show your pretty neck."

"But what must I do to prove my love for you? It is becoming desperate lack of me, you please, but do not ask me not to laugh any more. I am only happy when I am light-hearted, and free to be so."

M. de Beauchamp assumed a solemn air. "You said to me one evening that you would make me the sacrifice of your life. I do not ask so much as that. But later, do you wish to make me the happiest man on earth?"

"Yes, at the price of pain!" "Even at the price of death?" "Well, then, make me the sacrifice of one tooth."

"What are you demanding of me? It is baronage!" "Only a tooth; the smallest one in the front. And afterwards you may laugh as much as you please, but do not ask me not to laugh any more. I am only happy when I am light-hearted, and free to be so."

The Countess ran the bell, her maid, took her orders, and she left a quarter of an hour later with a man carrying in his hand a leather case such as dentists use.

"Who is that person?" asked M. de Beauchamp. "The Countess answered: 'It is M. James, the dentist.'"

"The Countess entered her boudoir, followed by Nito, his tail between his legs, as if he understood that something serious was about to happen. Louise returned soon afterwards, and she had a small, white, as white as milk, which he carried to his lips and covered with kisses.

"Seeing this tribute of affection Louise ran away. Jacques had the tooth set in a medalion and carried it around his neck as a souvenir. "That day the little Countess became very sad. Only upon rare occasions was her face lighted up by a smile. She kept aloof from society as much as possible, but when she was forced by her friends, she appeared among her friends, they saw her keeping apart from the others or sitting in a corner with a serious air, her mouth closed like a prison door.

"Poor Countess!" said some evil-minded ones; "how you should let us every day she looks older!" And Jacques felt his love diminish little by little. He seemed to begin to understand that what he loved in her was especially her smile, her playful, her gaily—and he also became sad.

One day he went in despair to the Countess. "Louise," he said, "throwing himself at her feet, 'do you love me always, as I have sworn to love you always,' she answered: 'Will you prove to me the sincerity of your words?' 'I talk nothing else.' 'Well, then, if you love me, have the dentist put in a new tooth.' 'What folly is this?' said Louise, weeping. 'I was right when I said that you would not love me any more. That is just like you men. And you reproach me for being capricious!'

"Louise, I beg of you to forgive me. I am a jealous man, but I am not a cruel man. So you really are regretting the weakness with which I acceded to your caprices?" "I am desolate and full of remorse." "You recognize the cruelty of your requests?" "I will reproach myself for it all my life."

"Would you be happy if I had disobeyed you?" "The little Countess gave a burst of laughter, which showed all her teeth complete. "What does this mean?" asked M. de Beauchamp, holding in his fingers the medalion in which was enclosed as a souvenir the little pearl of the sacrifice. The Countess opened the mouth of the dog Nito, saying: "Here is the victim!"

Those Who Have the Right. In England, those who have the right to be presented amongst visiting card the wives and daughters of the nobility, titled and untitled, the clerical, naval and military officers, barristers and physicians. The wives and daughters of soldiers, surgeons, merchants, and others in business, have not the right, but the privilege is often conceded.

THE SPIRITS MOVED HIM. After an hour's successful resistance of strong Indian Resistance, Mrs. Mallory had come to sleep in her chair, says E. McIntosh in Harper's Magazine; her ball of yarn had fallen to the floor, where the cat was knitting cobwebs with it between the chairs.

Mrs. Mallory was snoring his old clay pipe, and trying to get last week's news into his head by means of reading aloud very slowly, and repeating the hard words. Obvious to his wife's ear, he said: "Biddy, do be mind that! Not, but he was the feline man! Listen, will you? The perspiration moved along with the perspiration, as if it were a snake, and it was a snake, a snake—kisson—kisson—where it must be its carcass. The shrews were lined with a mail-tide of people."

after getting the crutcher at this time of night. "Shure it's just Tim Ryly as can tell ye, Haven't I got the bottle under me arm, kavin' wares and lively wid me heart's throbbin'?"

"Tim Ryly, shure it's a fool ye are! Why didn't ye tell me an hour ago! Come in as ye see Biddy; shure she's wearin' for a sight of ye. Biddy, me dear, here's M. Ryly and the rest, come for a bit of supper they've brought along wid 'em. Shure here they've been standin' widout and we waitin' widin' hours."

A Thrifty Freshwoman. A lady and gentleman were dining together in a little French restaurant not long since, when the attention of the former was attracted to the figures worn in the tabacchier, which was of a fair quality of linen.

Look at these figures," said she, calling the waiter's attention to the cloth. "They seem to be a company of men dining. The pattern is repeated on your side. It seemed very odd. Can you make it out?"

The gentleman pushed the plates aside and examined the pattern and was astonished not to say a little shocked, to discover that the pattern represented "Last Supper." Further investigation revealed the presence at the four ends of the cloth of the monogram, "I. H. S."

"Are you admiring my table linen?" "I am," replied the gentleman, somewhat surprised to suppose that the figures were made for a communion table, were they not?"

"Yes," replied the Frenchwoman, "but they didn't sell, and when I was furnishing this place they were offered to me cheap. I bought them, and my customers admire them very much indeed."

Correct. "Johnny, add seven apples to two apples, and what will you have?" "Colic, sir."—Harper's Bazar.

Properly Answered. Just as the door of the city clerk's office was due to be closed the other night two young ladies called and asked that they were looking for a marriage license.

"This is not the place," explained the clerk. "I thought them, and my customers admire them very much indeed." "What are you demanding of me? It is baronage!" "Only a tooth; the smallest one in the front. And afterwards you may laugh as much as you please, but do not ask me not to laugh any more. I am only happy when I am light-hearted, and free to be so."

Should Have Sworn Oath. Husband—Here's a new wrinkle; ladies' silk stockings have snakes on 'em. Wife—Yes, I know. I have just bought a pair of that kind of hose. "What with snakes on 'em?" "Yes."

Then we'll all right. I can drink as much as you. "Well, you see, if you have snakes on your stockings you can't find fault with me if I should happen to have a few in my boots."—Texas Siftings.

A Kind Host. Host: "I had to send you out in such a blustering night as this, old fellow." Guest: "It is raining pretty hard, I say, couldn't you be the glory than opening the sea?" Host: "Certainly; and—er—I guess I'll walk home with you myself—I really need the exercise."

A Curiosity. "What is it that attracts such large crowds at the dime museum this week?" "They have one of the greatest curiosities of the age." "What is it?" "A newspaper that has not yet introduced the coupon system!"—Norrington Herald.

For Smokers. The most famous cigarettes, which are going to make a stir in the tobacco trade, are filled up in sections with various brands of the weed, so that a smoker can enjoy half a dozen different sorts right off the reel.

SURPRISES OF SLIPPING. MISHAPS OF AN ORDINARY DAY ON ICE-COVERED WALKS. The Pedestrian Begins With the "Grand Bow" in the Morning, Followed With the "Double-Up" at Noon, and Winds Up at Night With the "Starlight Slide."

Man is by man Russian in the midst of misfortune. "There is an old Russian adage, but there is a deal of truth about it if it has become 'sheaf' word, and no one would doubt it after an experience of the payments of Toronto during the past week."

The glistering balls of ice that have formed at intervals in an otherwise clear sidewalk, the shining tops of coal and cellar coverings, the treacherous edges of lamp displays by hundreds of pedestrians on the principal thoroughfares of this city during the past four or five days.

These exhibitions were especially noticeable in the busiest section of town, where the tramping of the multitude had worn snow and ice into hard, glistering lumps or slippery surfaces that seemed liable to a Danish propensity of lying in wait for the unwary.

One man who has made a study of the various forms of falls from the sidewalk, and who carries on their sale the Old Tidings to mariner and landman alike, thus classifies them as follows: "There is first the 'double up,' when a man strikes the edge of an iron coal hole cover and

GRAND BOW. TURKISH DROP. ter numerous contortions sitting suddenly down upon the sidewalk their friends have to help them a deal more commendation for their skill than they felt they deserved.

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time he has struck the shining top of a barrel grating over a cellar window, and it brings his head down between his knees with a suddenness that threatens to loosen his teeth.

"The gentleman in a light overcoat and a high hat, steps lightly upon a ball of ice, and in an instant he makes the ground bow." His hands touch the sidewalk and his feet are in the air, giving him the appearance of one who is about to execute a hand-spring.

"Following these you have the 'Turkish drop,' during which he sits down like a gentleman on astronomy in the most graceful manner. He may know nothing of tailoring, but he looks for all the world like a knight of the shere now from west to east. The 'catapult canon' is a result of the man stepping hastily upon the rounded

edge of an ice-covered curb, which, like the worm when trod upon, turns and sends him shooting into space.

"Of course his feet go from under him when he is but halfway down, and after his hat has rolled into the gutter his head hits the big, hard, ice-covered planks a rebounding whack that gives him more points on astronomy in the second than he could read up in a year."

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Brook, Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Weakness of Extremities and fainting, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles, Scrofula, Nervous Stridings and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhea, Delicate and Scrofulous Children, and many other complaints cured by this wonderful.

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