| Wo know wot Twana atstaterectes, |  |  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | Walked over quucesy to herp plaed with |  |  | Tamen dear will you primy mo ap |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | twinkie, in th ts seemingy most |
|  |  |  |  |  | sin |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | ".Good-byc, Mis. Mirot, 11 it must bo |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | But Marie had wrenched her handfrom his and was gone, a dark, hurry- |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | "Marioly, Sfanoy Worth had como out of tho |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | this parazon.II was Wetzol hereandWetzoltione"Whati, Marios grasped Sydney's |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | horse, and looking down' at her whiteface in amazement, "What is thematter?',"Wetzel was his name?-and he |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| drsinger |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | ${ }_{\text {a }}^{\text {a }}$ |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | (e) | "What-was-the-man," she said, in a low, breathless volce. She un- clasped her hands from Sydney's arm, | $\begin{aligned} & \text { The actors are Sumner Hollander, aged } \\ & 13 \text { years, of Somerville, the son of a } \\ & \text { prominent b,usiness main of, that city, } \end{aligned}$ |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | furies," she said, trying to speaklightly; "but they have come with me.I think I really did not know where $I$ | stared quite wlldy as he asked the question. "(Oh, the hero of my romancel". said |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { both be satistied?". Or is there a } \\ & \text { sotter or more delicate lilt in any Scotch } \end{aligned}$ |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | the younger boy that of the son, with the apple. The pistol they thought |  |
|  |  | quistis |  |  | Ste |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | there should be something in it," justas his cousin flred. The movementsaved the little fellow instant deatio, for |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | found ty yot., | borne to look on his face, even, muchless love him, if I had known what I know now?" | steadily worsdespatred of. |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | lights of Ireiand of the real order of rapid wit, as distinguished from the sayings of Sir Boyle Rocie, of "bird" |
|  |  |  |  | Dickens' Mother, |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | took you home. I know.'"But Marie did not smile."How contemptible I aml'" she said | She was a comely little wornan, withhandsome, bright eyes, and a genial, | dullness of law many bright sayings.Nor let us forget the countless anec- |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  ordinary sense of |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Usineme | astonishing. Her perception wasquick, and she unconsciously noted.everything that came under her ou- |  |
|  |  |  | sicm moing pratso, it sems,", s.ata |  | swallow circled round the Court, and Curran at once said, "Mr. Sheriff, take |
|  |  |  | Sydney, calmly. "Quite right; all the same, I can't hear my wife abused. And look here, Marle, I'm glad you did | quick, and she unconsciously noted everything that came under her ov- servation. In describing ridiculous oceurrences her tone, and gesture would. |  |
|  |  | glad you , have, at last, some pity to give me., | And look here, Marle, I'm glad you did make such an nwfully foolish inistake, because if you hadn't you nuver would |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | thousand pardons, my Lord. I |
|  |  |  | The Verry Essence of the Worla. "iren wia pratse thee when thou |  |  |
|  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { or pass away in a few months or } \\ & \text { years." } \\ & \text { "And do you love me this minute. } \\ & \text { now } \rightarrow \text { as you did then?" } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | ion and sccial life, as they generallyexist, are all animated, with thjs same | $\begin{aligned} & \text { leave her and earn thelr own living, } \\ & \text { but they all honored and loved her as } \\ & \text { she deserved. } \\ & \text { On the Soventh Fioor. } \end{aligned}$ |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | A well known P'arisian portrait |  |
|  |  |  | ness to secure a forfime for themselves; people build a chaci ${ }^{\prime}$ ar a mission to |  | chalk the size of my body on his own,and let every ball going outside of thatline count for nothing." This was as |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { here. Only ten rancs. Studio on } \\ & \text { third floor." On reaching the third } \\ & \text { floor a placaid, "Ten franc* portraits; } \\ & \text { the studio has been removed to the fifth } \end{aligned}$ | liteness if he would permit him io siton the neighboring milestone at the |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { selves in the right; they play a game to } \\ & \text { show ther skill; they furnish a house to } \\ & \text { secure thear cotnfort; they pray to God } \\ & \text { to ease thei, conseience; and, from Girst } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | seeker was greeted with "Ten franc portaits; the studio has, owing to re- building of the premises, been tempor- |  |
|  |  |  |  | arily remo: ed to the seventh thoor."The customer did not mind sufferingmore aftor he had reached that perlod |  |
|  |  |  | chant with the shopkeeper. nor the shopkeeper with the dressmaker nor |  | Vablea Mistory or thio readale. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | how impossible it seems that joy or |  |  |  |
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