

Preferences and Treasures.

I'd rather drink cold water from the brook Than quaff excitement from a golden chalice...

I'd rather earn dry bread in lusty health And eat it with a sense of wholesome pleasure Than feed without the zest of appetite...

I'd rather have one true, unflinching friend Than fifty parasites to cravemy bounty...

Nature is kind if our desires are true, And strews rich blessings everywhere around us...

The Old Maid. (By Rev. James Cooke Seymour.) Who wastes the soft of ruddy youth...

Who would not cast herself away On worthless man, whatever they say?

Who wears the face of worm, yet seeks? Who searches round the sad to seek?

Who serves the Lord with earnest love? Who waits in faith for joys above?

THE ORDEAL.

Tiny Clarence sat in her pretty little parlor as a bright, tropical bird balances itself on the swaying boughs of a palm tree...

Her real name was Flora, but people called her Tiny; it was a pet name she had ever since she could remember...

"You will not give me the answer, then, which is to seal my fate?" "Not this morning, Mr. Sargent."

"I am not altogether certain that I have made up my mind, Mr. Sargent."

"I can't tell you just yet; I don't know myself. Cannot you comprehend, Mr. Sargent?"

"I have decided upon nothing at all as yet, mamma."

rather dress so as to attract no particular attention. Bridget still stared, but she made no further opposition.

"I can't understand at all, at all, so I can't," she said, shaking her fringed head...

"Never mind that, Bridget. Now lend me the veil. There, that will do."

"Come in," was the reply, and opening the door Tiny Clarence entered.

"This is it, Miss Clarence?" she said, her pale face momentarily dyed with a deep tinge of color...

"I have brought you some more sewing," said Tiny carelessly, as she sat down by the side of her saddy changed school mate.

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the establishment. We can get plenty of hands who won't tell lies. Helen Starr grew crimson and then pale...

"Helen, stop an instant. Mr. Sargent," and turning back the long black veil which had hitherto concealed her face...

"There is no mistake," she answered, calmly contemptuous. "I have been near making one that might have lasted a lifetime..."

"Mr. Sargent paid Mrs. Starr the \$4 with undignified awkwardness, and strove to detain Tiny as she turned away."

A Hospital for fish! This is the oddest thing heard of for a very long time, but it exists, and an ichthyologist, who knows all about it, sends particulars.

"I don't want to break the law," he said, as he stood in the presence of Capt. Stark-weather at Police Headquarters the other day.

"I've been a superstitious woman a' ma life; eye careful no' to spill the seat, nor walk under ladders, an' wud never sit down thirteen at a dinner-table..."

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CURRENT TOPICS.

At last a man has gone on record as generous enough to bequeath his fortune to his widow on condition that she marries again...

In accordance with custom, the Court Journal of London, in announcing the completion of Queen Victoria's 70th year, gives the ages of her royal contemporaries as follows:

It is not often society finds itself in a shower of pearls, but it happened last week at a very smart ball in London.

Before the Royal Commission on English Elementary Education, Mr. J. G. Fitch testified what he saw done by a class of children 10 years of age in a school in Brussels.

There appears to prevail among the laity a belief that the cure of cancer is seldom effected by the use of the knife, and that when it is used, the disease is quite certain to reappear.

The man took it and looked at it—it was an ordinary silver dollar. He looked sheepish and passed it back—the gold coin was in the palm of the wizard's hand.

In the St. Mary's Established Church, Dumfries, on the 11th inst., an old man of 71 and a girl 17 were married in the presence of an amused assembly.

Country Editor's Wife—How happy you seem to-night, Edward. Have you had any good luck to-day?

Country Editor—Well, I should say I had. You can have that silk dress now.

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WAYS OF A WIZARD.

Glorious Visions of Gold and Bills Melt Into Thinest Air. Herrmann, the magician, is his own best advertiser. He declares himself that if he was able to mix in with the public enough...

After the gentleman had been laughed at and had done the proper thing the wizard turned to the second gentleman and said: "My dear sir, you should light your cigar properly."

He thought surely that he was wearing the ring, when Herrmann exhibited it in the proper place on his own finger. The gentleman was dumfounded. Then Herrmann took off the ring and said: "You see I drop it in my sleeve," which he apparently did.

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