

CHIQUITA.

BY F. BRITTY HARTS.

Beautiful Sir, you may say so. That isn't he much in the county. Is that, old gal? Chiquita, my darling, my foot of the neck, stir—stir's velvet! Whoa! Steady—oh, will you, you vixen! Whoa! I say, Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman look at her paces.

WEARING THE CROSS.

A NOVEL.

BY SELBY MARSHALL.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a gloomy day, weird, wet and wild. The wind shrieked dimly, and the bare trees wrung the rain from their skeleton fingers. And over the drenched and dreary earth the sky hung dark and lowering as the last degree of dread.

she asked: "Has Miss Grandison breakfasted yet, Myrrha?" "Two hours ago, madam," replied the servant, respectfully. "Is she at home?" "I think not, madam. Immediately after she breakfasted, I saw her going out bonneted and cloaked, as if for a walk."

True, it requires strength and courage for a woman in society to admit that she is *plasse*, for the age is progressive, and *plasse* women are ignored. But even acceding the fact that a woman may be fair at fifty—she knows full well nature at last will unfasten the zone, and wrest the sceptre of comeliness from her reluctant grasp.

sion than at first appeared. A noble unlearned seemed to have stirred to its uttermost depths the mighty well-spring of her nature. She evidently held in check all her genuine, impulsive feeling, and gave to her outward life only that cool composure that is requisite in all serious issues.

your health by venturing out in such intemperate weather? Mrs. Markham was voluble. Ethel, in deep embarrassment, resumed her seat, and the large, melancholy blue eyes of Colonel Corbeille glanced from one lady to the other with an expression that was in itself an earnest inquiry.

All Sorts of Paragraphs. PLAIN people—the Indians. A THRILLING tale—the rattlesnake's. A SCAPORACE—A man late at dinner.