

LITTLE NINA.

BY MRS. MATTIE E. FREY.

They brought me a silver plate gleaming and bright. Theron I saw this sad sentence inscribed— "Little Nina—Four months old. And the day of the month and the year that she died."

I can see where she lies on the brow of the hill. I know I can never behold her again.

WEARING THE CROSS.

A NOVEL. BY KELLY MARSHALL. CHAPTER IX.

"Ah, Miss Grandison, you do look too beautiful to night!" exclaimed Myrrha, as, with unequivocal admiration, leaning on her face, she stood with clasped hands and eager eyes regarding Ethel, who confronted the mirror in her dressing room.

"And, O, Miss Grandison, you ought to hurry right down to the parlor and see Mrs. Markham before the guests arrive! She is superb!" Ethel did not do what any one else would probably under the circumstances have done.

"Ethel was astonished, it had been her resolution to ingratiate herself with Miss Grandison, and receive the close confidence which indiscreet young ladies generally award to those occupying her position, and then be embellished perforce to enhance her value in the already jostled eyes of Madam Markham."

"After a long pause, whose presence convinced Myrrha that Miss Grandison was resolved to commit herself by no commentaries upon her mistress's flatterings or otherwise; and concluding that a jealous fear of the superior magnificence of Mrs. Markham's toilette was the secret of her indifference, she launched forth in a new volley of adjective of positive, comparative and superlative degrees."

hands, and her bosom, and in her hair, and her ears, just a walking fortune! She has one little ring that cost three hundred dollars! It is most magnificent! And she doesn't even seem to see much store by it."

"There was a little proud comprehension upon Ethel's proud lips as she closed the morocco case in which she hoarded her little wealth of gems and precious stones, without deciding in favor of the merits of any."

"Where does he live, Myrrha?" she asked, as she again and again bowed her beautiful head to inhale the fragrance of the flowers, peerless and perfumed enough to have been culled in the Garden of Eden.

"Indeed, do, Miss Grandison, for it will be pleasant to know that you appreciate his gift. But dear me! Mr. Nantz is kind to everybody, and it is no uncommon thing to see the poor with flowers gathered from his hot-houses, it would cost the wealth a round sum to buy!"

"In fact, Miss Grandison, you ought to hurry right down to the parlor and see Mrs. Markham before the guests arrive! She is superb!" Ethel did not do what any one else would probably under the circumstances have done.

"Ethel smiled. You do, at least Myrrha, and it does credit to your heart," she said, looking at Myrrha's face with her kind, honest eyes, in whose depths the working diagonal could discover neither guile nor vanity.

"Ethel smiled. You do, at least Myrrha, and it does credit to your heart," she said, looking at Myrrha's face with her kind, honest eyes, in whose depths the working diagonal could discover neither guile nor vanity.

always successful, for he it known she was exceedingly select, and the "last sensation" whether substantive, masculine, feminine or neuter was sure to be encountered at her *salon*. Those who undertake anything in this life with a cold and phlegmatic spirit are scarcely ever able to accomplish much.

"Where are they? Good, kind Mr. Nantz!" said Ethel, a dimness gathering over her beautiful blue eyes, that for an instant blinded her to the marvel of floral loveliness that Myrrha had brought quickly from the adjoining room.

"Indeed, do, Miss Grandison, for it will be pleasant to know that you appreciate his gift. But dear me! Mr. Nantz is kind to everybody, and it is no uncommon thing to see the poor with flowers gathered from his hot-houses, it would cost the wealth a round sum to buy!"

"Indeed, do, Miss Grandison, for it will be pleasant to know that you appreciate his gift. But dear me! Mr. Nantz is kind to everybody, and it is no uncommon thing to see the poor with flowers gathered from his hot-houses, it would cost the wealth a round sum to buy!"

"Indeed, do, Miss Grandison, for it will be pleasant to know that you appreciate his gift. But dear me! Mr. Nantz is kind to everybody, and it is no uncommon thing to see the poor with flowers gathered from his hot-houses, it would cost the wealth a round sum to buy!"

"Indeed, do, Miss Grandison, for it will be pleasant to know that you appreciate his gift. But dear me! Mr. Nantz is kind to everybody, and it is no uncommon thing to see the poor with flowers gathered from his hot-houses, it would cost the wealth a round sum to buy!"

"Indeed, do, Miss Grandison, for it will be pleasant to know that you appreciate his gift. But dear me! Mr. Nantz is kind to everybody, and it is no uncommon thing to see the poor with flowers gathered from his hot-houses, it would cost the wealth a round sum to buy!"

world wearied brains and sick souls of the haunter of society, the devotee of the bazaar, the hollow, and the untrue! The wonderful pearls that lie hidden beneath the green sea when cleft from their shells, will never seem purer, nor fairer!

"Among the strangers who were introduced to Ethel, and who rendered particular homage to her, was an Englishman who was elegant and dashing enough to become a lion in society—and without apparently wealthy enough to satisfy the scruples of the *creme-de-la-creme*, without a thorough investigation as to his social status, and that of his British antecedents."

"Where are they? Good, kind Mr. Nantz!" said Ethel, a dimness gathering over her beautiful blue eyes, that for an instant blinded her to the marvel of floral loveliness that Myrrha had brought quickly from the adjoining room.

"Indeed, do, Miss Grandison, for it will be pleasant to know that you appreciate his gift. But dear me! Mr. Nantz is kind to everybody, and it is no uncommon thing to see the poor with flowers gathered from his hot-houses, it would cost the wealth a round sum to buy!"

"Indeed, do, Miss Grandison, for it will be pleasant to know that you appreciate his gift. But dear me! Mr. Nantz is kind to everybody, and it is no uncommon thing to see the poor with flowers gathered from his hot-houses, it would cost the wealth a round sum to buy!"

"Indeed, do, Miss Grandison, for it will be pleasant to know that you appreciate his gift. But dear me! Mr. Nantz is kind to everybody, and it is no uncommon thing to see the poor with flowers gathered from his hot-houses, it would cost the wealth a round sum to buy!"

"Indeed, do, Miss Grandison, for it will be pleasant to know that you appreciate his gift. But dear me! Mr. Nantz is kind to everybody, and it is no uncommon thing to see the poor with flowers gathered from his hot-houses, it would cost the wealth a round sum to buy!"

"Indeed, do, Miss Grandison, for it will be pleasant to know that you appreciate his gift. But dear me! Mr. Nantz is kind to everybody, and it is no uncommon thing to see the poor with flowers gathered from his hot-houses, it would cost the wealth a round sum to buy!"

"Only a little scorched," said Mr. Smith. And so the narrator went on until he had depicted the consequences in detail of the sad event. Then he paused. His audience were silent. Their sympathies had been deeply touched. Each one seemed silently pitying the poor, afflicted family. But one boy had sat unmoved through the whole story, and said nothing. And now that the narrative was finished, and a pause had come, he deliberately looked into Mr. Smith's face in a straightforward manner, and asked, "Did he hit the owl?"

The Lord's Prayer.

When the elder Booth was reading in Baltimore, a pious, urbane old gentleman of that city, hearing of his wonderful power of election, one day invited him to dinner, although always deprecating the stage and all theatrical performances. A large company set down at the table, and on returning to the drawing room, one of them asked Booth, as a special favor to them all, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He signified his willingness to gratify them, and all eyes were fixed on him. He had to realize the character, attributes and presence of the Almighty Being, he was to transform himself into a poor sinner, stumbling, benighted, needing pardon, guidance and grace."

A Feminine Weakness.

The most difficult thing for a woman to do is to get ready to go anywhere. And there is nothing a woman will resist quicker or more fiercely than an invitation to do something which she may possibly mistake for a trap. Mr. Braylog gave an instance of this. Mr. Braylog was supposed to take the train to work, and to visit some relatives in an interior town. He had suffered on previous occasions for impulsive suggestion, Mr. Braylog thought that for once, he would let these take their natural course. So he stepped his collar and ate his eggs and toast, while his maid curled and powdered and danced attendance to the looking-glass, and tied back on the back of her head.

"I am gored! I am gored!" he exclaimed in agony, just as his terror-stricken wife came to the rescue.

"I am gored! I am gored!" he exclaimed in agony, just as his terror-stricken wife came to the rescue.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

INDIAN meal—Baked dog. THE kitchen game—poker. FIRES that don't bite—stage flies. ALL about a woman—a hoop skirt. THAT singular man? is a bachelor. NAMELESS deed—An unsigned will. BEANS of the field—drunken rasper. BACK wages—what it costs a woman to dress. A LIGHT figure—a woman with a taper-waist. The lady with "a single purpose" is an old maid. How long does a widow mourn? For a second. ANTS that thrive in all seasons—Clar voy-ants. HOUSES are reasonable. They are afflicted with a bit. IT is not undertakers who carry the beer exclusively. WHAT does it take to make a pair of boots? Two boots. A SMALL thing to keep—the right side of some people. THE artist who "took a lady" returned her the same day. A LESSON that is always packing up—A rug gatherer. THIS thought of ingratitude in artist cutting his pen. CHARLES's last word for obstinate stupidity is "Jackassery." THE school of a lady's household—the parlor and a table. HOW to get a woman's sweep—Make a clean sweep of him. WHAT flower would furnish a drawing-room host? Rose would. SIX transit—The transportation of a pauper patient to the hospital. SOME of the English Congress-men—Love to steal while away. ANS lower will wants to die, but she prefers to be smothered with kisses. ATTENTION! Living in a dense city, thousands of our ladies have their laws. WHOES the lightning? Is a milk dish, can it be called a dish in the pan? DO not traffic with an accountant, for when hoisting, he is taking like an adder. A CHURCH fair at N. W. Orleans advertised—the coolest champagne punch. A WOMAN as black as the ace of spades says she was "born to blush unseen. WHEN a woman declares that his trousers are out, it is etiquette to blow it out. A DEAF man would be forwarded by rail—a young lady wrapped up in herself. IF you are so unfortunate as to be taken in, don't carry it to the absurd and do as you please. WHY is a woman out show like ancient Greece? Because it once had a Solon. THE future is a sealed book, and how woefully it is needed, that we can read but a few of its pages. A YOUNG lady in the rural districts likes Mr. Chum's picture about as well as she does. TO cure dizziness—Tell a man you want to pay him money. IT is beautiful to do all hollow. WHY is a lawyer like a sawyer? Because whichever way he moves, down must come the dust. INTERESTING to itinerant circus companies—you can make your tents waterproof by pitching them. THOUGH men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell them which way they must drive. CARES and brimstone make the best matches, as the clergyman said when he married a gamewater to a brew. OMAHA is now practicing what they call the vacuum cure. They make a vacuum in the ground for a fellow. A NEW JERSEY paper is printing a moving tale, entitled "Jasper, or, the Cross-eyed Carpenter of Kilamazo." OF garments it may be said that man or woman wants but little now, and that not long. That's the short of it. THE most blushed girl ever heard of was one who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep. A CRATE of strawberries having fallen upon a man at the market, yesterday a report was started that he had been buried. WHAT is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? One stops the nose, and the other knows the stops. WHEN a young man in Greece joins the brigands his friends regretfully announce the fact by saying "he has gone into politics." A PRISONER was examined in court and contradicted himself. "Why do you lie so?" asked the judge. "Haven't you a lawyer?" IT is said that Vinnie Ream is on her last, but preparatory to leaving for home. We hope she will come out as right and reform. DID you ever know a young lady be weak to stand up during palm time in church, who couldn't dance all night without being tired? WELL, my young gentleman, and how would you like your hair cut? "Oh, like papa's, please, with a little round hole at the top." AN illiterate correspondent, who is given to sporting, wants to know when the "Anglo-Saxon race," so much talked about, is to come off. A YOUNG man in Ohio recently opened a clothing store, and was sent to jail for it. Reason—the clothing store belonged to another man. IT may be said of too many of our public men that they are last in war, last in peace, but first in the pockets of their countrymen. RUSTLER in commenting on the present style of female attire says "It must be a very poor sort that requires so much top dressing." THE subject of a colored gentleman's lecture at the Fifteenth Amendment celebration at Indianapolis was "The set to set in our midst."