

LOVING, BUT UNLOVED.

Out from his palace home
He came to his cottage door;
Few were his looks and words,
But they linger for evermore.
The smile of his sad blue eyes
Was tender as smile could be;
Yet I was nothing to him,
Though he was the world to me!

THE ELOPEMENT.

"Your aunt Charlton and cousin Jennie will be here on the next train, Russell," said Mr. Wilder to his nephew. "You had better get the pony chaise, and bring them from the—"

his, that were so intently regarding her.
The sudden starting of the coach, which sprang from the lady's parcels from the seat to the floor, gave Russell an opportunity of speaking, as he returned them, of which he was not slow to take advantage.

ing wish was accomplished in the marriage of the two, thus made happy in spite of themselves.

The National Game.
Who should I meet but Sam Skingame, made up like a regular swell, full suit of black, stove-pipe hat, patent leather boots, and all.

The Lipping Officer.
A good story has been told of a lipping officer having been victimized by a brother officer, who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves.

Hadn't Jined 'em Yet?
A rather verdant young man, whose features exhibited every symptom of being slightly tinged with the emerald, lately entered a jewelry store in New York, and gazing earnestly into the show-case, remarked:

All Sorts.
Some one says that the lion and lamb may lie down together in this world, but when the lion gets up it will be hard work to find the lamb.

Too Good Company for Me.—One evening last summer a lady who belongs to the editorial staff of one of the leading dailies of New York, had been detained by office duties until rather a late hour.

The Last King of Ireland.
Roderic O'Connor, of the ancient line of Connaught, was the last king who sat on the throne of Celtic Ireland. His character and exploits are painted with no flattering hand by the monkish writers, who longed for his destruction, or later historians, who have written in the interest of the Roman church.