

KATIE'S ANSWER.

Ooh! me Katie's a rogue, it is true,
But her eyes, like the skies, are so blue,

Thin she blushed a more illigant red,
An' she said without raisin' her head,

Thin she blushed a more illigant red,
An' she said without raisin' her head,

An' 'er eyes lookin' dazy,
An' 'er stailin' a taste,

Thin she blushed a more illigant red,
An' she said without raisin' her head,

DIAMOND AND AMETHYST.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Marcella's birthday was approaching
and I desired to give her a present.
I grieved me think that I could not afford
a costly one. I should have rejoiced
to be able to offer Marcella diamonds,

Of course, Marcella would never
know where I bought it, and poverty
drives us to strange deeds.
I bought the ring, took it home,
polished it up with an old nail brush

I had barely time enough to do this
and express the ring in season to reach
my darling by the dawn of the anniversary
of the day on which she first

"Give me your ring," he said, "and
I'll fit it to you." And I gave it to
him, and he went away.
When he came back he had two boxes in his
hand, and handed one of them to me,

"Dear CHARLES: Your magnificent
present took my breath away.
Have you come into a fortune? I am utterly
amazed. The name on the box told
me at once that it was something very

When she entered the room, smiling
and holding out her hands to me, I
forgot everything but her beauty, at first,
but when we were seated together

engagement ring which I had given
her, above it a ring in which shone the
most magnificent diamond I had ever

"Your diamond!" I repeated in a
bewildered way.
"I suppose it is an heirloom or something
of that sort," said Marcella; "I

"Oh! she came home with you," I
repeated, like a parrot.
"Now, don't look like that," said
Marcella. "Auntie is very worldly, I

"Marcella," I began, "I think I must
appear somewhat confused—I have
something on my mind. I must tell
you a very mortifying story."

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Parkin?"
said one of those peculiar voices that
have won for American women the
reputation of a want of mellowness

"I have no doubt they were melancholy
enough at that moment.
'I know a gentleman, quite an artist
amateur, but could be professional.

"There's been a person here inquiring
for you," said Briggs, the individual
who noted down our sins of tardiness
and the consequent 'deductions.'

"I put two silver dollars into his
hand and in an instant they clinked
together in his pocket.
Doughty called that evening, and

"Why haven't you written? Did
auntie offend you? The worst of it is
my trunks are packed for Europe.

We shall be away three months at
least. I can't change my mind now.
A thought startles me—perhaps your
heart is changed; perhaps you love me

What had I done? Fear of losing
my treasure overcame all other
thoughts. I caught my hat and rushed
to her dwelling place.

"Oh, my Mr. Parkin! Is it you?
The family thought you must be dead!"
said the girl who opened the door for

"I've been looking for you for days
about that ring," said he.
"Thank God it is Parkin!" said he.
"Doughty!" said I, but added no

He dragged me by the elbow; he
rapped at the glass door. Within I
could see the counters all covered in
ghostly fashion by great cloths, a marble

"I've found Mr. Parkin, sir. He will,
I know, do me justice, sir."
Mr. Glitter looked at him coldly.
"Is that case all will be well," he

"I carried it off myself," said I.
"And what pray, was the price of the
substitute? The—the—"

"I saw Doughty brush away a tear,
and as I took my leave, I heard him
say to Glitter:
'Thank you, sir.'"

"With Ely's Cream Balm a child
could be treated without pain and with
perfect safety. It cures catarrh, hay

Swallowed by a Whale.

Jonah's Classic Experience Finds a
Modern Day Parallel—A Sailor's
Sojourn in a Spouter's Belly.

The whaling vessel, Star of the East,
a veracious correspondent of the
veracious St. Louis Globe Democrat writes
from New London, Conn., has just

Last February the Star of the East
was in the vicinity of the Falkland
islands searching for whales, which
were very scarce. One morning the

The second boat waited for him, and
when but a short distance away from
it he arose to the surface. As soon as
his back showed above the surface of

The whale was dead and in a few
hours the great body was lying by the
ship's side and the men were busy with
axes and spades cutting through the

During his brief sojourn in the
whale's belly Bartley's skin, where it
was exposed to the action of the gastric
juices, underwent a striking change.

Bartley affirms that he would prob-
ably have lived inside his house of flesh
until he starved, for he lost his senses

He knew that there was no hope of
escape from his strange prison. Death
stared him in the face, and he tried to

The skin on the face and hands of

Rabbits and Thistles.

The Immense Damage Caused by Two
Pests Taken to Australia.

A friend writes me from Australia
that the rabbit pest is in no way dimin-
ished, notwithstanding the efforts of

The whaling captains who sail from
this port say that they never knew a
parallel case to this before. They say
that it frequently occurs that men are

It was in one of the rooms of
this convent that he met the Domini-
can monks in debate, and it was
here also that he conferred with Alonzo

Do you think your trials hard ones?
You may have a friend who appears to
have trials and afflictions almost at
every turn.

Says a correspondent: "The
craze for young clergymen has gone so
far that it has had an effect on the age

A singular scene may be witness-
ed any Sunday at the corner of Hous-
ton street and the Bowery, in New York

I am dizzy, dizzy, dizzy.
And I want to go to bed,
And I've no appetite to eat,
And I'm sick, sick, sick.

Uniformity of color, weight and size
are valuable conditions in a lot of hogs
offered in the market; other things being

Put Me In My Little Bed.

I am dizzy, dizzy, dizzy.
And I want to go to bed,
And I've no appetite to eat,
And I'm sick, sick, sick.

In other words, I am suffering from a
bilious attack, but Dr. Pierce's Pleasant

Chapter 1: Weak tired, no appetite.
Chapter 2: Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Chapter 3: Strong, cheerful, hungry.