

"LITTLE BROWN HANDS."

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shell—
Fairly brinks that have drifted to land.

BROW SNOOKS GOT OUT OF IT.

"If you will take my advice," said Mr. Wilding, making a last noble but futile effort to balance the ivory paper-knife on the top of his finger, "you won't go to the Brownrig's ball."

to Snooks the most affected deponent saveth not.
When, however, her betrothed had found what he had done, and remembered his former words, and all the awfulness of parental wrath, his heart failed him.

able forever; you have broken my heart.
"Dear me, how shocking!" said Miss Lily, frantically. "Let us hope that time will mend it. I'm not very sure that you did not speak the truth at first. I really believe it is kind of refusing you. And now, Mr. Snooks, if I were you I should go and say good night to mamma, because you have been having a good deal of papa's champagne and it is trying to the constitution."

the cherry colored bow, but her eyelids have borrowed largely of its tint.
"Don't be a goose, Katie," said the youngest Miss Brownrig, kindly but scornfully; "you don't suppose any of us would marry him now after the way he has behaved. Do have some little pride."

A novel and dangerous mode of committing secret murder by poisoning was disclosed recently in the posthumous papers of a deceased physician in Paris, who, in addition to more than common eminence in his profession, had obtained high repute as a toxicological expert.

Foremost among the Hindoo temples in Benares, India, is what is known among Europeans as the Golden Temple, where Bishesharnath or Siva, the presiding deity of Benares is worshipped. The building itself proved to be an inferior one, crowned with a gilded roof that seems out of place among its mean surroundings.