

THERE'S WORK FOR ALL TO DO.

Come, boys, the world wants mending, Let none sit down and rest, And nobly do your best...

THE SPECTER LOVER.

"Marion, you could not betray me—you could not love any other man than me? Speak to me, darling. Tell me in words as true and tender as mine to you, that your heart is mine for ever, as my heart will be yours for ever and for ever."

what she said, and really felt quite heroic. Robert once more clasped her close to his heart with a vehemence that almost hurt her; but this time she did not complain, and a tearful mist dimmed her eyes when she found herself alone.

Robert was just in the crowd, and she could have believed that her imagination had played her the trick of conjuring him up there. But Robert was avenged, although, perhaps, he never knew it.

and, although no sound issued from them, she knew the words they formed—"You are mine, Marion, and you must come with me."

At present we depend for cork upon the countries bordering the Mediterranean. In these countries the actual market value of cork is ten times what it was at the beginning of the century, and it is likely to go still higher.

The Country Played Out.

"I came up on the Graham from Cincinnati. I worked my way up on deck. I left Cairo, Ill., three weeks ago Monday. The country's played out."

"With enough saved to keep them all winter, I presume?" "Naw. With enough to go on a halibut and then skip out south for the cotton field and stave timber and ditching."

The Jockeys at Saratoga.

It has been just warm enough to stir equine blood to its keenest endeavor without causing discomfort to the looker-on—a happy middle ground of temperature rarely granted the frequenter of the race course.

There are many old pipes in New York handed down from one generation to another. William H. Vanderbilt has in his possession a short pipe which his father was wont to smoke in the days when the jolly old Commodore tugged at an oar in his Jersey wherry.

The Bastinado.

Said a writer from Egypt the second time that I presented myself at the Prefecture. I was compelled to witness, much against my will, the punishment of the bastinado inflicted on three unfortunate Arabs.

The victim was then placed on one of the slabs with his chest resting on the stone, in which position he was held by two of the executioners. Two others next raised his legs until his feet were in a horizontal position, a position in which they were retained by means of a cord fastened to either end of a stick.

The Cork Trade.

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Over-Eating.

The late Gen. Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, died literally of over-eating. By the direction of Dr. Schwenninger, the daily meals of the General were divided into six portions, and the hour was fixed when to take each meal.

Historic Pipes.

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Among the Clouds.

A party visited the newly-opened observatory on Ben Nevis, and the following words of description are suggestive of similar scenes on Mount Washington: The road was found to be in passable condition to the lake; above that it was almost entirely obliterated with snow, and the ascent of the upper half of the mountain was found to be a very stiff piece of work.

Died of Joy.

Chilo, Diagoras, and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of an emotion of the ludicrous on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontifical, occupying the chair of state.

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Robert knew that she loved him, too—at least, as far as she was capable of loving him. His passion did not blind him to the lack of true depth in her affection for him. It was all the more hopeless for he loved her profoundly in spite of all the faults he knew she possessed.

For Marion passed the first night in her old home in peace and quiet, and for the first time since her marriage her dreams were undisturbed by visions of her betrayed lover.

She answered: "I love you as I can, Robert, dear—for your sake I wish I was capable of a greater love."

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