

EVERYDAY.

The dawn grows red in the East,
With pomp of purple and gold,
And curtains of trailing mist.

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

"How on earth could we love her?
She had caused such bitter disappointment."
And how could Gerald care for a
pale, strange looking little witch,
with her queer name after her French mother?

married her from pity, I suppose," I
could not help saying.
"Not a fright, surely!" Edith answered
quickly; "we see her in an un-

his seeing a physician, but he steadily
refused.
She begged then that she might send
for Mark Percival.

I heard him exclaim:
"Hurrah! it's all right."
And her answer was:
"God bless you! how good you are!"

Invading a Sanctuary.
The castle barracks at Enniskillen at
one time enjoyed the privilege, shared
by some other localities, of being a
sanctuary within the bounds of which
no one could be arrested for debt.

Vitrol and Broken Glass.
"Hit me with a little vitrol mixed
with broken glass," said a man who
might be taken for the worst man in
the west, to a bartender, and fire in a
few rattlesnake stings along with it.