

LOVE'S LINK.

A sad procession sought the church at noon of day. A weeping girl along the winding summer way Followed the slow-borne bier where mute her lover lay.

AS A CONSEQUENCE.

MARY A. SAWYER. Deacon Albany sat at the tea-table. It was a warm night, the east wind that had tempered the day's heat having died away, and his coat, worn because of the presence of a guest, made him uncomfortable.

Sarah made no reply. She crumbled a bit of bread into fine fragments, whilst Meg, in whose ears still lingered the words "my child," watched her absently. Suddenly Sarah spoke. "Don't you want me to make you a few day's visit?" she asked.

over him and kissed him. "Why, you are quite feverish," she said. "I must make you some lemonade before I go. What a chill you must have taken." Again the deacon felt a convincing shiver. He lifted his head and looked at his niece.

She went out of the room, returning in a moment or two. Her face was grave, and the deacon, tossing restlessly, noticed it immediately. "Where is he? Why don't he come in? Tell him to hurry." "Tell him—tell him—"

THE JOKER'S BUDGET. JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Can Cure Anything--A Sad Case--Time and Money--Gumple's Good Advice, Etc., Etc.

A DIVISION OF LABOR. Old Soak--I've got a terrible load on my mind. Cynicus--Giving your stomach a rest, eh?--[Truth.]