

SHARING.

Is thy crust of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another.

THE OUTCAST.

Lilian Fernie sat in her luxurious little boudoir, one sunny afternoon, lost in gloomy meditation.

"They questioned me. All I could tell them was that my name was Joseph Brown, and that I was nine years old; that my parents (both working people) had recently died and left me to the care of my mother's sister; that my aunt had a large family of her own to work for, and not liking the additional incubus, sent me out to beg for my living. They took my address, and promised that I should see them on the morrow.

In honor of your return, and that I was among the guests?" She half raised her head; a faint glow showed itself on her face.

I began it twenty-six years ago—from the gutter." "There is no need," she sobbed. "Do not leave me comfortless! I have wealth—build up your fortune with it."

Queerest Town in England. The most curious town in England is Northwich. There is not a straight street, nor, in fact, a straight house, in the place; every part of it has the appearance of having recently suffered from the visitation of an earthquake.

FLASHES OF FUN. "I can't see why you object to young softly. I'm sure he is constant." "Worse than that. He is perpetual."

Cures of scrofula, eczema, boils, sores, eruptions, etc., prove the claims made for Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best of blood purifying medicines.