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BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

Poetical.

REMEMBRANCES.

Do you remember the pleasant morn' When we stood in your green lane; And our hearts were joyous as if they ne'er Had known a care of pain?

Miscellaneous.

AUNT MARY'S BRONZE SPHINX.

CHAPTER I.

ROSE AND I. "Rose," I stammered, "I should like to say something to you—something in particular."

"Lucy—what is the matter," I said, breathlessly. "Can you bear a dreadful blow?"

CHAPTER II.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

Aunt Mary's will had been read. I sat moodily in my room, with my share of the estate on the property would come to me, there had been quite a gathering at the opening of the will.

which gazed steadily at me with its calm, unflattering eyes. "Now, sir, will you tell me that you don't know where she is?"

CHAPTER III.

THE ORACLE.

I rose early the next day, feverish and excited. Twenty times during the restless night I had resolved to visit Rose immediately in the morning, and as many times I had resolved not to do so.

look place at the British consulate—was over that Helen discovered she had married the eldest son of a baronet, and the heir to fifteen thousand a year.

"What a lot of papers!" exclaimed Lucy, peering into the cavity. "Let me see them, and I will have them out for you in ten minutes."

"Three cheers! Hurrah for the Star Spangled Banner and Aunt Mary! The Sphinx had spoken!"

"What a lot of papers!" exclaimed Lucy, peering into the cavity. "Let me see them, and I will have them out for you in ten minutes."

MYSTERIOUS PORTRAIT.

By R. G. FRANKS.

In a small but handsomely furnished sitting-room in a London hotel, a young lady was sitting in an easy chair, before a blazing fire, reading a book.

"Her Sphinx? Her—What the deuce do you mean?" "Well, her Sphinx; a very remarkable object of virtue to which she was much attached, she would never have given it to any one whom she did not esteem very highly."

"I told her all." "Rose, my dear, I said dolefully, 'we can never commiserate housekeeping with nothing but a Sphinx.'"

"I was sitting perching over some knotty accounts of the estate, some days after having received the letter from Mr. Walters, and thinking of him, too, at the time, when the door bell rang violently and a few moments afterward, without the least announcement, he rushed into my room."

THE DESERVED HUSBAND. His name it was Skiver. It was a kind of a singular name, and he was a kind of a singular man, too.

"Where?" says I. "In the hall," says he. "Why don't you show him into the parlour?" says I.

"I am," says I, "but if it's to subscribe to anything, with butter at the price it is, don't ask me. I'd like a Holy Scripture with illustrations, and I'd like the Fashion Magazine, as well as another; but I can't afford it, and that's a fact. I had a literary taste once, but it's all gone. I'm nothing but sugar and butter and conies and kindling wood inwardly, so don't show me and aggravate me by 'em; don't, I pray. Subscriptions to books for them that don't keep boarders."

At last one dreary afternoon, when Harry was sitting in the little room he called his studio, trying to devise some new scheme to replenish his slender purse, the servant opened the door, and ushered a white-haired old gentleman into the room.

"What did she go off then for?" says I. "A married woman's place is in her husband's home. Had you words?"

"I don't know," says I. "Well, she's dead—dead to these twenty years—and I killed her! I broke her heart with my harshness and cruelty," exclaimed the old man, in an excited voice.

Perceiving that her husband was engaged, she was about to retreat, when the gentleman stopped her, and after looking her full in the face for a moment, exclaimed: "Pardon me, madam—can you tell me your mother's maiden name?"

"Mr. Dillwin," says I. "You mean the one with the light whiskers?" "No," says she. "A kind of good-looking gentleman, with no whiskers at all, and pink cheeks."

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It was a kind of a singular name, and he was a kind of a singular man, too. It was not without some inward-misgivings that Harry went to his father, telling him of his marriage, which were more than realized by the result, as we have seen by the letter from Sir Philip Marston, which awaited him at his club on his return to England with his bride.

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There was another gown, and there stood Mr. Skiver! "Mrs. Entwistle, mum," says he, 'I've come to say a word.'"

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ODDS AND ENDS.

"WR is a bad picture like weak tea?" Because it is not well drawn.

"O. W. HOLMES says that crying widows marry first. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting."

"FRANKLIN says: 'If any one tells you that a workman can become richer otherwise than by labor and saving, do not listen to him—he is a poisoner.'"

"A GENTLEMAN named Dunlop remarked that he had never heard his name punned upon, and did not believe it could be done. 'There is nothing in the world more easy than' remarked a punner—'Just top off half the name and it is done.'"