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lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

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emptying all the boxes he could find in and about the bureau. Then she 8811:

"In the shirt you just pulled off."

Mrs. Mann put on her gloves while Mr. Mann hunted up and down the room for his cuff buttons.

"Eleanor," he sonried, at last, "I believe you must know where those cuff buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady, settling her hat; "didn't you lay them down on the window sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Mann remembered, and he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with Webb's adder, and landed with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" asked the wife of his family, sweetly, leaning over the bauisters.

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw me down the other boot?" he asked.

Mrs., Mann pityingly kicked hit down to him.

"My valise?" hg, inquired, as he tugged at the boot.

"Up in your dressing-room," she answered. "Packed ?"

ro-

"I do not know; unless you packed it yourself, probably not," she replied, with her hand on the door knob; "I would want at least six months for had harely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate dawdle around the whole day of start- | when the door opened, and he shout-

"Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it!"

"You threw it on the hat-rack," she called; "good bye dear."

Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat ?" She paused and turned, after sig-

nalling the street car to stop, and cried :

"You threw it on the silver closet." And the street car engulfed her graceful form and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Mann charging up that one, and dived into one closet and down the house, rushing out of

in their season. Sample room for Com mercial Agents.

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showing how superior his devotion was to all considerations of personal advantage. But her father's dying request, in Julia's eyes was sacred. It had surprised and stunned her, it is true; for in their many conferences on not come here unarmed, in the next, I the subject, he had never gone beyond the most kindly remonstrance, and ment of the facts to which I have alhad never hinted at anything like co- luded, with imformation, besides of ercion.

Young Parson, the nephew, had not the magnanizative to forego his ungenerous advantage. He might have been content with his cousin's fortune ger, who has been instructed for that alone but his right to that depended length of time to retain it." on his offer and her rejection of an alliance which she felt in consequence quivered with mingled fear and rage, bound to accept. The brief season of and his eye gleamed like that of a grace, which she had been compelled wild beast at bay. almost passed, and a few more days would witness the condemnation of pressed p two lives to hopeless misory.

At the conclusion of my friend's narrative, in which, for reasons that may bereafter be developed, I felt a peculiar interest, I prevailed upon him to accompany me to a place of her hand, and absolutely withdrawamusement, to which I had previously ing your proposal of marriage." procured tickets.

When we reached the theater, the performances had already begun; but we succeeded in finding seats which commanded a fair view of both the stage and audience.

In a few moments George touched my elbow.

"Observe the gentleman nearly opposite, in the front row, seated next column, leaning his arm on his caue." he whispered.

Ulooked in the direction indicated, and saw a face whose striking resemblance to one I had seen before caused me to start with surprise.

"Who is it," I asked. "Etbridge Parsons," was the reply. "The one of whom you spoke ?,,

"The same," my friend answered. "Does he resemble his uucle?"

was on the point of inquiring; but ill fated ship. just then the stranger drew the glov from his right hand, and I saw that the first joint of the middle finger was wanting, a circumstance which, for sufficient reason, absorbed my attention.

"Do you know the exact date of Mr. Parson's death ?" I asked when we had gained the street at the close of the performance.

"Yes," said George ; "it was the 23d of December. His daughter received a telegram from her cousin, announcing the fact the same day. But why do you ask ?"

a Sal gall

secret the custody of which may prove Mann would feel when he started off and where she put the valise key, and dangerous!"

"I am not upprepared for threats," I replied. "In the first place, I did have prepared a full written statemy present visit to yourself. The paper will be delivered to the friend to whom it is directed; unless within

His face grew livid. His frame

"What is your purpose?" he ex-

I answered, "on one condition." "Name it."

"That-you write instantly to Julia Parsons, renouncing all pretension to

After a moment's pause he hastily penned a brief note, which he submitted to my inspection ; it was quite satisfactory.

"Be so good as to seal and address it." I said.

He did so. "I will see that it is delivered," I remarked, taking it up and bowing myself out.

When I met George Dixon that evening, his old college look had come back. He had great news to tell me. The next thing was to take me to see Julia; and it is needless to tell what a happy evening we three spent together, and what a happy marriage followed not long after.

Elbridge Parsons, I have just learned, emigrated for Australia, on board the London, and went down in that

If a mechanic or clerk saves only 27 cents per day, from the time he is twenty-one until he is threescore and pins where they would do the most ten, the aggregate, with interest, will amount to \$2,900 ; and a daily saving of 271 reachempthe important sum of \$29,000. A sixpence saved daily will provide a fund of \$7,000-sufficient to purchase a good farm.

"Mrs. Spinks," observed a hearder to his landlady, "the equal adjustment of this establishment could be more safely secured if there was less hair in the hash and more in the mat-

Fit subjects for prison discipline-

the time to think how sheap Mrs. alone. He stopped on his way up-stairs to pull off his heavy boots to shirts, and that there wasn't a linen save time. For the same reasons he collar in the house. And when he pulled off his coat as he ran through went away at last, he left the kitchen the dining room and hung it on a cor- door, the side door and the front door. aer of the silver closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed front gate wide open. And the loungthrough the hall and tossed it on a ers around the depot were somewhat hook in the hat rack, and by the time amused, just as the train was he had reached his own room he was out of sight down in the yards. ready to plunge into his clean clothes. a flushed, perspiring man, with He pulled out a bureau drawer and hat on sideways, his vest but began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor," he shricked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau drawer," ca'mly replied Mrs. Mann, who was standing efore a glass calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place. "Well, by thunder, they ain't !" shouted Mr. Mann, a little annoyed. "I've emptied everything out of the drawer, and there iso't a thing in it I ever saw before."

Mrs. Mann stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and after satisfying heiself that the crimp would do, and would stay where she she educated a promising young d had put it, replied :

"These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking into your own she assembled her co-laborers to he drawer."

"I don't see," testily observed Mr. Mann, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had keep silence in the churches." nothing else to do all the morning."

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, set- educating young men. tling herself into an additional article of raiment with awful deliberation, "nobody put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

Mr. Mann plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted in malicious triumph. "No buttons on the neck !" "Because," said Mrs. Mann, sweetly, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she buttened her dressand put eleven

on wrong side out." When Mr. Mann slid out of the shirt he began to sweat. He dropped

on, and while it was over his head he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through he saw Mrs. Manu coaxing the ends and bows of that, from a careful estimate, her neoktic.

cried.

room and presently came back with men, and forget all about] her gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Mann 361.

all the down stair windows and the and necktie flying, and his grip sace flapping open and shut like a dement ed shutter on a March night, and door key in his hand, dash wildly across the platform and halt in th middle of the track, glaring in deject ed, impotent, wrathful mortificatio at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the read platform of the last car.-Burlington Hawkeye,

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton (an exchange) has a new grievand With the help of some other ladies vinity student for the ministry, 1 provided him upon his ordination with a new suit of clothes. Joyfull his first sermon, when she was star led and disgusted to hear him nounce as his text: "Let the wor Stanton has abondoned the busines

At Watertown, New York, other evening, a young gentleman that city called on a beautiful accomplished lady acquaintance spent two very agreeable hours. A 10 o'clock, the old folks having I ed, he concluded it was time als leave his charmer. The young accompanied him to the door, him good-night, and then passe stairs to her chamber. Some mil later she had occasion to visit the ing room, when entering, hor good, "because you have got the shirt horrors ! she was utterly confo to see the young gentleman sh recently hidden good night, sitt one corner with the servant g the shirt three times before he got it his lap. She gets less pay at the place, but she has more privile

Sundry old ladies in Detroit erage number of Detroit girls "Where's my shirt studs?" he out each year after autumn les 400; the number who get any

Mrs. Mann went out into another is 39; the number who discove