



Poetry.

THE VISIT. The sweetest woman ever I met... The twilight of the day, And twilight of the year...

Miscellaneous.

In tale of history your beggar is ever the just antidote to your king. The poets and romancers writers (as dear Margaret Newcastle would call them)...

MRS. GRAY'S SPARE ROOM.

"Are you sure this is the place?" asked Charles Ventnor, giving a look of surprise at the handsome business-stopped, "never knew there was a boarding-house in this block."

Old Times and Moderns.

In the good old days, when the old guilds were in full swing, quality was as much thought of as cheapness is now, and was to be had rather than to be had.

Decent of Song Writers.

The man who writes "Hail, Sweet Home," never had a home—Erasmus. Of course not. All his folks at home say he didn't.

Youths' Column.

LITTLE RAINBOWS.—Was that a dream I had, or was it somebody's voice, that seemed to me like the raindrops talking. Now, perhaps my little friends can tell.

Varieties.

For what part is a man bound for during courtship? Bound to Havre. Aim high, but not so high as to be able to hit anything.

The Perils of Practical Jokers.

A respectable person, says the Pall Mall Gazette, was arrested the other day in Paris on the charge of picking a pocket under circumstances which must have been very singular.

Character.

From the cradle to the grave the character of an individual, like his body, is undergoing constant changes. It grows, it develops, it matures.

Where it all comes from.

A writer on "hair" says: "Though the day for the best bargains has gone, it is still not uncommon to obtain a magnificent chapeau à la Bretonne."