

MARGY BROWN. Margy Brown! Margy Brown! Margy Brown!

I'll stay here and be insulted by Juanita St. Symington—insulted because I went into the drawing-room!

although I really think you ought to have seen her." Doctor Redmond shrugged his broad, fine shoulders.

Curious Belles. Ancient times, the delight of the connoisseur, and the antiquary, are prized as well by the diligent historian.

the poor dork a free-man too, instead of selling him to Mr. Wheeler; but doubtless Mr. Freeman and his co-partner in the ownership of Harry had a ready argument at their tongue's end.

Art Criticism. A well-known artist has for the last four or five months been throwing his whole soul into a landscape which is now on exhibition in a Chestnut street window.

NEWS IN BRIEF. There are one hundred and twenty Chinese students in Hartford. A colored woman has been appointed postmaster at Terry, Mississippi.

Bertha's Mercy. Mrs. St. Symington's magnificent drawing-room flooded with light from glittering chandeliers, furniture of soft plush, the color of the heart of a rose; soft sounds of a fountain splashing in the conservatory, and sweet delicious perfume exhaling from aisles of rare and exotic tropical plants.

she smiled in answer to his courteous friendly way. "Teaching—and very hoarse at times with a continuous aching sensation in my throat and a tendency to cough."

Porcelain and Pottery. The manufacture of pottery was one of the earliest of the arts practiced by man. From the Lake dwellings of Switzerland and the sepulchres of Northern Europe, many of which he belonged to the stone age, rude specimens of pottery have been produced, and the potter's wheel was known to the Egyptians 2,500 years before Christ.

Independent Journalism. A Detroit youth, of fourteen, sold fifty pounds of old iron and a piece of lead pipe, a few days ago, and received enough money to carry out his long cherished idea of establishing a weekly newspaper which should represent the interests of every section of Michigan.

A Tradition of Saratoga Lake. There is an Indian superstition attached to this lake which probably has its source in its remarkable loneliness and tranquility. The Mohawks believed that its stillness was sacred to the Great Spirit, and that if a human voice uttered a sound upon its waters, the canoe of the offender would instantly sink.

The Largest Swamp in this Country. The surveying party sent out to survey the Okefenokee Swamp report that it measures one hundred and forty-two miles in circumference, and with the sinuosities, one hundred and eighty miles around.

ANCIENT AND MODERN NOVELS. There is an element in the prose fiction of the last century which places it in strong contrast with the novel of the present time. We are now inclined to regard the novelist as before all things an artist.

"Not sorry! Not sorry that I am worse than useless until I can learn another way of earning my bread! Oh, Dr. Redmond, I thought—I thought—"

"You know that I have done all that lies in human power to do, Bertha. You know it hurts me to see you take it so to heart, child, and yet I am not sorry."

Superstition about Friday. There are many who are very superstitious regarding Friday, but the following facts compiled by an exchange must convince any one that his superstition against Friday as an unlucky day, is an error.

The Case in English Schools. The London Telegraph, referring to some recent cases in the London Police Courts, says: "It would be desirable to know whether schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are to be permitted any longer to slash with canes the hands of little school children."

A Phantom Feast. Apropos of the stories of haunted houses and ghostly doings, to which the prevailing spiritualistic mania has given rise, a correspondent gives the following, vouching for its truth: There is a gentleman who visits our city once every three years, who excites a great deal of interest on account of some peculiar circumstances which attend him.

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"You will go down to dinner, to-day, dear? If you knew how much better you were looking, and how Bertha and Ora are clamoring for you."

"You thought what, Bertha! I know you never have thought what I have—what I am thinking now—what a darling little wife you are going to be for me! You will be, wont you dear?"

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