



By The Duchess.

CHAPTER I. "A letter from my father," says Mr. Monkton, blushing the letter in question across the breakfast table to his wife.

"No, no, he could not," her defence now changes into a nervous honesty. "Your father has been a baronet for centuries, my father would have only been a baronet for a few years."

"I suppose," returns he, discontentedly. "And such a letter, after eight years of ultimate silence. There! read it," says he husband, contemptuously.

"I have been married eight whole years," asked Joyce, laying her elbows on the table, and staring at her sister with an astonished gaze. "It seems like yesterday! To look at her Mother Nature to give expression to all things kind and loving."

"The young jockanooks need not be so afraid of me, spare me the misery of sending my boy to the war. What is a party of hundred dollars to you? Foreclose the mortgage to-morrow, turn us in the street, but don't influence my child to sacrifice himself on the altar of love for me."

"The woman gave him a swift and look, her lips opened as if to speak, then she turned and left the office. That night the Hon. James Fisk was suddenly called to join the great majority of the country."

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THE OPEN DOOR.

RESIDENT LINCOLN had just issued a call for more troops, and volunteers from every direction responded with the unhesitating alacrity of true patriots.

"I have only been to town and back again," she says. "What town?" "London, you know."

"No, I don't know," says Miss Kavanaugh, a little petulantly. "One would think there was only one town in the world, and that all you English people had the monopoly of it."

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ART OF APT REPLY.

Some Examples of Felicitous Expressions in Ticklish Phrases.

The art of putting things in full of courteous solicitude for his guests' enjoyment, asked: "Well, what sort of sport has Lord had?"

"How old are you, my man?" asked the examining physician of Horace, later in the day?

"Seventeen, sir," responded the boy promptly. "Um! Um!" was the suggestive exclamation.

"Then where would your reverence have me wait on you?"

"A lady of my acquaintance who is a proprietress in County Galway is in the habit of receiving her own rents."

"My lady, all I can say is that if I had my time over again, it's not a tenant farmer I'd be. I'd follow one of the learned professions."

"The proprietress gently replied that even in the learned professions, there were losses as well as gains."

SEVERALS OF THE DAY.

"How much do you want?" "A dollar." "A dollar? Can't you get along with fifty cents?"

"The same difference you now sometimes see between sisters. There is Martha, industrious, painstaking, a good manager."

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EGYPTIAN DISTIKE OF THE FRENCH.

The Frenchman in Egypt is an unpleasant person from the native point of view. French artists, wandering from place to place in search of subjects for their paintings, carry with them in addition to their artistic paraphernalia, their own peculiar notions of civilization.

The dogs of the native villages, which for protection are trained to sleep in the daytime and keep awake at night, know them, and hate them. At intervals through the night these dogs bark and howl in a desultory fashion, calling to their canine friends and relatives in other little villages a mile or two away.

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QUESTIONS OF VALUE.

He knew that she was a clever business woman, and she therefore he thought his scheme good one. But he did not realize that she was such a good judge of values.

"I have made a bet that I will marry you," he said.

"Money up!" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, pleased at the businesslike way she took hold of the proposition.

"Five hundred dollars."

"She looked him over critically."

"Too low," she said at last. "You'll have to get it raised to \$5,000 or you'll lose."

"And at that, as she afterward explained, she was giving him a bargain price. Chicago Post.

WHEN A WOMAN SPEAKS OF HER BIRD GIRL.

"She's what makes your friends' eyes so red?"

"He's the sun."

"Oh, he has been drinking in the night!"

"You're Statesman."

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SOFT DRINK.

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THE BENCH BAR.

Jim Webster was being tried for bribing a colored witness, Sam Johnson, to testify falsely, relates the Detroit Free Press.

"You say the defendant offered you \$50 to testify in his behalf?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sah."

"Now, repeat what he said, using his exact words."

"He said he would give me \$50 if I didn't speak in the third person, sah."

"He didn't speak in the third person, sah; he tuck good care dat dar was no third person round; dar was only two—us two."

"I know that, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he, sah?"

"I was de fus' pesson myself, sah."

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