

CINDERELLA.

"Really, it's quite a riddle, when one comes to think of it," said Mrs. Dale, putting the tips of her ringed fingers meditatively together. "Jeannette is a most charming girl, with a most taking way with her. I'm sure there can be no doubt about her marrying satisfactorily. And Marian's music is an excellent card to play. But when one comes to Phillippa—"

not in earnest," said she, "you cannot mean it?" "Yes, I do," said Philippa, shaking back the jetties of hair from her solemn black eyes, "take that money and pay Mrs. St. George, and say no more about it."

The Brig Somers. In November, 1842, occurred one of the most noted mutinies in the history of the American navy. While in mid-ocean the officers of the United States brig-of-war Somers discovered that a conspiracy existed on board the vessel to murder themselves and turn the vessel into a privateer for the purpose of piracy; but the ring-leaders were discovered and executed and the crime frustrated. The leader in the affair was Philip Spencer, son of the Hon. J. C. Spencer, the distinguished statesman of New York, then Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Tyler.

mocks, awaiting the dreadful summons to another world, the gun belated forth its thunder, the men at the three ropes dived in, and the three unfortunates shot aloft, the sudden contact with the blocks above breaking their necks, and hurrying them into the presence of the great white throne. Two of the men were hung to one of the main yards, and the third to the other. The bodies were sewn up in sailcloth, the feet weighed with shot, and the earthy remains of the reckless youths were slid on a plank through the portholes and disappeared in the depths of the ocean.

The Heart Without the Sense of Touch. There is one fact which one cannot think of without some degree of amazement and which we ought never to think of without great thankfulness. The heart has no sense of outward touch. If I could put my finger and thumb on each side of the heart of some person in this room without touching any part of his frame, he would not know when his heart was touched, unless he saw me in the very act of touching it.

SHORT BITS. "When the tide comes in"—When man and wife arrive at home. Newspaper columns have been lumbered up with Maine business. A "rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but not our "rat rows."