

DETECTIVE STORIES.

"You don't say so?" "Yes, it is too true, neighbor Harris, the Squire is gone. We must all come to it, but this is dreadful!"

"All right, Hy. I'll do as you wish. I have a call to make on the Widow Grey, and after that I will come to your house."

OUTWITTED. A DRAMA OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. A moon thrilled the heavy night air. The form of a woman stood out dimly against the blank beyond on the very verge of the river pier.

ner, begging her to be seated, takes to the inner sanctum. "Ladies card, sir. She's waiting for an interview."

A Jolly Old Bird. Among the rare specimens of the animal creation collected at the Zoological Garden is a rose-crested cockatoo, now in the sixtieth year of her age.

Truthfulness of Love. Love is truth! It has no licentious secrets but a lawful privacy, all intrusion on which is profane. As the bird hides her nest amongst the leaves of the thicket, not for deceit but to be true to her nature and her offspring, and would be false to herself and her author, if with foolish candor she exposed the beauty of her eggs to every prowling eye or careless tread of the passing foot, so no frankness can impart to vulgar curiosity the truth of responsive treats.