

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS.

Strange how such sentiment
Clings like a fragrant scent
To these love letters, sent
In their pink covers,

with a rather high wooden paling, and in
one corner of it there stood a summer
house, with a quaintly shaped roof that
had something of a pagoda about it.

count for it. As, however, I could not
gain the slightest light on the subject,
turn the matter up and down as I might
in my brain, I came to a resolution on
two points, and then went to bed.

deed, in my absorbing anxiety and
trouble, the remembrance of it even,
hardly entered my mind.
One lovely evening in early spring,
when Lottie was much better, but not
strong enough yet to be moved, I had
been taking a long ramble into the lovely
country which surrounds Lake Como,

about \$1300 to his credit in a local bank,
and as this was not in the nature of
"personal property to be sold," and as no
provision in relation to money had been
made in the will of the court, in its discre-
tion, ordered the sum to be paid to Mrs.

ALL SORTS.
Over the ocean—The sky.
A bright beginning—Sunrise.
Always too bad—A pair of knives.

THE HOUSE IN THE MIRROR.

It was late one winter evening. The
snow was falling in thick, fast-falling
flakes, making a white curtain that was
perpetually being let down between
heaven and earth. The storm was carry-
ing on wild sport round the house,

Had I been reading lately a descrip-
tion of such a house, or had I lately seen
anywhere a picture like it? Either of
these things might possibly have left a
vivid impression on my mind which
might have accounted for the strange delu-
sion. I was not, however, able to recol-
lect, search my memory as I would, that
a book or a painting had brought such a
house and garden before my thoughts.

could not help a start and a mur-
mured expression of wonder. Mrs.
Woodland turned round quickly at the
sound.
"What is the matter?" she asked in
surprise.
"Oh, just a twinge of rheumatism in
my shoulder," I answered carelessly.

There, the first thing I beheld in the
fair English face, in a state of evident great
terror and agitation.
"What is the matter?" I asked. "I
heard your cry. I am an Englishman,
and I am here to give you any help and
service I can."

Mrs. Brown's Opinion.
What is my opinion of high-tonedness?
There is no such word in the English
language, may be, but it expresses what
I want to say, and I have as much right
to coin a word as anybody else, particu-
larly when no other word exactly meets
the case.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.
A specimen of vegetable wool is on ex-
hibition at Amsterdam. It comes from
Java. When it is freed from its leathery
covering and the seeds, through a very
simple process, it is worth between six-
teen and seventeen cents per pound.