THE SIGN DIVINE.

"Who knocks?" the waiting angel said ; What sign is thine ! "In holy war my blood was shed, From battle's heat my soul has sped ; That sign is mine

"I cannot bid the gate unfold For sign like thine." "To holy works I gave my gold -Gave all-the sum was manifold ; That sign is mine."

"Thy works are grand ; but thou hast not The sign Divine." "O angel: I have safely brought The record of the deeds I wrought ;

That sign is mine." "Not that ! Not that ! Thou must yet bring

erfect hero.

last.

orize.

expressed our surpr se.

and insidious siege to his heart.

did not purchase the fair saleswo uan.

I could count up a dozen cases in which

he was nearly secured, and then, at the

last moment, he managed to e - ape the

landing net: always, I must own, in ;

perfectly decorous manner. And now to think that Lady Olivia Plantagen of

such a doubly-distilled asur-

Lady Olivia should marry money.

and in the full prime of her stately and

many degrees less cerulean than hers.

settlements, so there was a little pre-

extremely frigid proposal. Lady Olivia

bent her stately head and accepted the

now, and the marriage was fixed for the

sat in state in the Dartford drawing

room in Eatonsquare. Sometimes he

matter of supreme indifference to her

side of the fireplace.

liminary hovering, and then came

himself was starchy and stiff

rather marmoreal beauty, when

He

bloo I

spot the girl."

A sign Divine. "O angel, angel! tell the King "That for him I gave everything ; That sign is mine.

"Thy life was pure ; but give thy Lord His sign divine." "O angel, angel: fell the Lord That all my life I taught His word ; That sign is mine.

"He knoweth all: but thou must make "O angel: 1 did gladly take Great burdens on me for His sake ;

That sign is mine "O waiting soul! thou hast not brought The sign Divine." "Sweet angel, for the Lord I fought,

Yet at His gate I have not got His sign Divine."



**O spirit dear! I cannot see The sign Divine That lifts the heavy gate for thee." O angel! see my agony For sign Divine."

"O happy soul! the gate awings wide, The sign is thine : In woe thine arms extended wide Portrays the cross the crucified-The sign Divine."

GENTREDE GARRISON.

THE EASIEST WAY,

Your letter just came to me Willy, And you find that you don't forget? You've theil for these montas (oh, you nilly !)

And are sure that you love me yet? Ah: those are were sweet, I acknowledge In that dear old town by the sea. When the bend of his class in college Took a fancy to me.

Don't say that I haven't a heart. Will; I think of the past with regret. And though we've so long been apart, still I, too, and it bard to forget. What nonsense I'm writing! Ned Cary Has troken with Lillian Lee. And he and Raiph Sanda-you know Mary-Are devoted to me.

Jack Whitney has come into money Jack Whitney has come into mon'y: And so has Nell Page, by the way, She marted oid Duio-a n't it funny? He's seventy if he's a day. Her fridusena of con's, came from Paris Her bitlemaids were Marrie McKee. The Weston girls, Bestrice Harris, Cella Caster and mo. odious thing, a well-conducted boy. I! "ne is an extremely painful subject; don't like decorous boys, and I d.dn't need we discuss it?'

like him. He never tore his clothes nor "I think I must claim your co-operagot into debt; he could not have climbed tion," he answers, "in preventing his return. He is going from bad to a tree to save his life; and he would as soon have broken into a church as worse."

robbed a henroost. No one ever was known to call him Joe, or chaff him, or "That is immaterial." says Lady Olivia, "so long as he does not return play any tricks on h m. All the devilhome.

iry of the fam ly centered in Jack, and left nothing but all the domestic virtues "His letter to-day," says Joseph. for Joseph. Add to his virtues an excap tal and that he is absolutely starvtremely courteo s manner, and to his g, and has taken a berth as a farm manner a soft, winning volce, and to laborer. He seems to have associated oth a well-secured income of ten thouwith the lowest -"

and pounds a year, and tell me if Han-"Kindly spare me any details. It is extremely distressing. He is your brother, unfor unately, but he has long iah More ever conce ved a more noble That very evening I was playing a cubber at old Lady Chelsea's. I always since been a social outcast, and, as you are aware, it is a most painful feature her house oursiderably richer in in our future relationship. I should prefer dropping the subject." scandal but decidedly poorer in pocket.

Between the hands Lady C. would dis-From which you can see that tribute crumbs of the very latest gossip, Lady Olivia was possessed, among her other high qualities, if not exactly of and any social chick-a-biddy might pick them up. So says my Lady Chelsea: what Carlyle calls a soft invincib lity, deny it; but he has suffered and he re-"I hear Joseph Euston is secured at still an invincibility of a very definite character.

The dealer paused 'n his deal as a But although this extremely admirachorus of inquiries rose. Little Cecil ble couple found Jack such a distress Digby, who was my partner, raised his hand and said: "Till lay ten to one I can ing subject and declined to discuss him (as, in fact, seciety in general d d.) to me he was a subject of undying inter-"The creature is detestably slangy," est, and I at never so happy as when I says Lady C., leaning back in her chair. am talking of him, either on the sly I have a great mind to win your with his poor old father, (when Joseph money, Mr. Digby. I think I might is safely out of the way.) or quite give the party a guess all round and yet keep my secret." "Why, Lady Chelsea." cries Cecil, openly and joyfully with his aunt, old Lady Betty Pimlico, of whom more anon. Wasn't Jack my godson? wasn't I responsible for half my dear lad's "all the world knew the day before yes-terday that the beautiful Yaokee heiress, He was my dear bad lad all sins? Miss Dinah B., Ch cago, had landed the through. Was there ever such a scape Surely he was possessed by all grace? Lady C. shakes her head and says: the devils of mischlef, frolic, riot, and "All the world is wrong, as usual. Guess again." I then hazard the remark uproar. His school days were one long rebellion; he infected the whole school; that as Mrs. Wilks Wheeler has been he was the ringleader in all m schief. angling for him for her third girl for But how the boys a lored him and fol-lowed him! He could wheedle round two years (and mark you, Mrs. W. Wheeler was the most successful prizethe sternest of masters. At last he got taker for the last three seasons), it was beyond all bounds. In a moment of probable that this accomplished lady utter recklessness he arranged an ad at last brought matters to a crisis. infernal machine composed of a Then came more shakes of my lady's head, and further random guesses on battery of bottles of Bass, which by an ingenious device was timed to the part of the guests; then an interval open fire (and ac ually did) upon the of silence as Lady Chelsea's most orachead master in the dead of n'ght as he ular voice announced the name of "Lady lay peacefully sleeping in bed. Olivia Plantagenet." The robber was suspended for several minutes while we After that there was nothing to do but expel him. I went to try to make peace, but old Doctor Turner was inflexible. The And now I must tell you something lad was demoralizing the whole school, and he must go. But for all that the about Lady OI via, and how it all came about. For three seasons every welldoctor's eves were full of tears, as he thinking mother in Be gravia with any rested his hands upan my poor lad's thing in the shape of a marriageable shoulders and spoke his little farewell daughter had spread her nots abroad for sermon and advice. So he went home Joseph Euston. When his father d ed he would be Sir Joseph, and in the meanwhile he was practically the senior to his father's house-he was then tifteen. He had demoralized the school and he demoralized us. He kissed all the servant girls, and they all doted on partner in the famous old bank of Euston, Curtis & Langham. Philanhim: he had four pet dogs and three horses; he w + the boon companion of throphic mothers with tend ne es toward Excter Hall had laid desperate all the men servants. I know that old It is Tompkins, the butler, lent him fifty on record that pretty and skittish Mis pounds out of his little savings, and the Boutflower, old Sir Chr stopher's only very stable boys would have laid down daughter, actually became a descones their lives for Master Jack. Joseph and renounced the gayeties of a whol carae back from Oxford just about then, London season, all in hopes of securif possible more decorous than he went, ing Joseph. She never indulged in a It had been arranged for some years past single frivolity that season, except one that Jeseph should enter the bank and fancy bazar to which Joseph was in-Jack the army: so in a few years Jack veigled. He attended the bazar, bought became Capta'n Jack, many of her knickknacks, but, alas

It was one of the loveliest sights in all It was one of the loveliest sights in all and fairly sobs, and this absurd old London to meet old Sir Peter ambling couple just run into each other's arms, along Piceadilly, arm in arm with handsome Jack. How the old man doted on him' And amid all his vices, and they fools: but I think the clerks and bank were many, Jack had this one tremen- officials, with Joseph in that frame of dous virture-he always adored his mind, must have had an extremely unfather. And now old lady Pimlic + drifts pleasant afternoon of it. nto this family history, and she plays

"Good news, I hope," says Joseph. "What I call good news," snaps back the old woman, "and what you may call bad news. My boy is coming home.

In an instant I could see the sorrow and grief of all those years pass from the old man's face as he turns to his sis-ter and cr'es: "What! when? Oh, Elizabeth' is it true?"

And then, before she can answer, ries in a voice no longar decorous: Lady Pimileo, this is your doing; you ave striven for years to complete the rain of your own house. But learn one thing, your nephew John does not return here.'

My Lady flings off her tippet and dands to her guns. "He shall return to my house and to his father's house. Who are you to stand betw en my lad and forgiveness. Listen, Peter; your son Jack was tempted and he fell; he was a rascal and a blackguard, I don't pents. Listen to what he says in a leter I had only to-day. He has fallen so low that he works as a farm laborer; he hasn't a decent coat to his back nor decent meal to eat; he is broken down, body and soul. But, Peter, don't forget he is your son-your own flesh and blood."

Old Sir Peter turas very white, rises from his chair, and leans 'trembling toward Joseph. "Oh, Joseph, hear what she says. Let him come back again." "Let him come back!" bursts in this whirlwind of a woman. "Aye, but he shall come back. Are you master here, "eter, or is Joseph?" As my Lady axes hot Joseph steadles down into a leadly coolness.

"I will answer that question for my ather," he says, folding his hands on he table and looking straight at the old idy. "My brother has ruined his own uture, but he shall not ruin mine-he shall not return here. He strove for ears to pull down the honor of my ather's name, and I have striven for years to baild it up. He suffers want, ulsery and shame. He has sown the wind, but he is reaping the whirlwind." All the time he speaks my Lady is lucking mangy tufts of fur from her belisse. Now she springs to her fect, -hrill and redfaced. "Don't quote scripture to me. You respected! you nonored! you, with your smooth tongue and your varnished face! As a boy you were a coward, as a man you're a sneak. My boy sinned, but he sinned openly. You air your virtues in the public -treets, but you keep your French novals hidden behind your library shelves."

Now, of coarse, these allusions to improper book were not at all nice or decorous, and I never knew whether they were chance shots of my Lady's or based on reliable information, but I know that I saw Soseph grow pale and wince. He rose white with passion. "Madam," he says, "you ar : an insolent old woman, and if you were not

of triumph glowing on her of I face "go on; abuse me as much as you l k But not you or a hundred such shall keep my lad from com ng back."

So Joseph drives down to his bank in dudgeon, and no sooner has he gone than poor old Lady Betty breaks down and ery and laugh, and talk incessantly, and prove themselves to be a couple of

shall'l ever torget woat 1 saw in the hall! Jack and I helped Sir Peter in, feeble now, exhausted, and spent. He s nks on the hall seat, but holding his on's hands tight; then Jack falls on h's knees and hides his thin wan face on his father's hands, weak as any hysterical woman. "Oh, take me back again, father! I know I've been a bad son; I father! know I've disgraced you all; but I've fallen so low and I have suffered so Joseph rises, paie and darkling, and much, and I have repented! Oh, give ries in a voice no longer decorous: me another chance!" As he speaks several of the servants run into the hall and gather round them. Then I saw in

Sir Peter's face the most beautiful look I ever saw on any human features; I think it must have been the reflection of the Div ne love of the Great Father of us all. So, rising, he start's before us, the poor lad still kn seling at his feet; then, stooping, he raises him tenderly, holding him in his loving arms-oh, so closely!-and says, in a clear, strong voice: "See here, all of you; this is my son Jack, my very own son. He shall once more eat at my table, once more

sleep beneath my roof." By and by Jack and I are sitting alone in the din ng-room, and I'm not ashamed to own, and I know Jack wouldn't be, that we both broke down and cried a little. I was a weak o'd man, and he a

weak young one. Looking at him steadily, I could see how want and poverty and hard life had ground him down. The poor, wan face was pinched and white, and the blue eyes that used to be so gay and full of life had a hunted, naggard look. Jack sits in the deepening London twilight and tells me his weary history. Debt, dishonor, gam-bling and the ever downward career that we all know so well. He was asking after his old Aunt Betty, when sudlenly there was a clatter at the front door, a tremendous bustle and scuffle in the hall, and in bursts that redoubtable lady, a whirlwind of tears, gasps. for, joy and inarticulate hallelu ahs. In two seconds her fa thful old arms were round Jack's neck and the old lady sobbing on his breast; then she would hold him at arm's length, looking him all over, then with another sob of triumphant del ght fling herself into his arms again. I -cal y feared the old lady's mind would give way. After much laughing and crying she delivered herself in this fashion, one arm around Jack and the other dominating me. I might have been Aldgate pump for all she cared. "Here's my boy come back-pra's

God for that, he has come back-and not a leg on of Jose dis nor a legion of devils shall drive him sway again. Who cares for the past! To-day we begin a fresh chapter. Who cares for your moralties and your decencies! Hang 'em all, I say. Kiss your old aunt, my lad.

I think sometimes dear Aunt Betty is too outspoken, but no one thinks of that now. Jack kissed her ugly old tear-stained face, kisses her as tenderly about in search of a more favorable and gallantly as if she were his bride, climate. and then by some strange freak the old lady falls upon me and kisses me quite outrageously, till Jack takes her hand in mine and says: "Aunt, I can't forget the past, or your patience and love, but I've come back to redecu it. Be patient and kind to me a little longer, as

you would to a sick man whose fever is leaving him." "Kind to you, Jack!" she cries, mantling all over with beautiful pride and joy. "Leave me alone for that, Why, my darling"-then words fail her, and the eag rold arms are once more round him as if they would never unelasp again. Then Sir Peter joins them, and I go away happy to my own home. This is what happened afterward, excellent old Tomkins being my informant. And I must tell you the very end of it all, which is as happy as a fairy story, and much more true. Our unprodigal son Joseoh came back that evening from the bink in a state of serene decorum quite beautiful to behold; every thing had prospered exe edingly with him that day. He had arranged the settlements with the Lady Olivia, and had kept matters more in his own hands than the had hoped to do. As he drove up Harley street, even when far off, he was astounded to see unusual signs of festivity at his father's sombre-looking bouse. Lights gleaned in the wind ows and the whole place was transformed. Joseph must have guessel the truth. He stool on the door-step in no happy mood. Tompkins or e ed the door. honest face gleaning, and behind him stond S'r Peter. "What's the meaning of all this, father? Have you gone mad?" Then Sir Peter spoke in strong, clear tones: "Joseph, your brother is come back; your brother and my son. Come in and join us. Help us give him a welcome. Joseph's pale face flushed. "Is this this the reward of all my years of duty? As you say, he is my brother, he is your son; but he is more than th's; he is a thief, an outcast, is swindler. Ever since he was born he has been a curs. and a disgrace to us Then Sir Peter flushed up in a beantiful short lived Ind an snumer of wrath. "Peace, Joseph; no more of this. He s my son: he was lost, and now he is found. I have flung the past behind my back; he is the very apple of my eye, I forbid you to east one word in his teeth. If you can not live in peace with him, you must live elsewhere. After many months things settled down, Joseph married the Lady Olivia and took a house in Park lane, and was as happy ever afterward as respectable people deserve to be, and Jack stendied down and never sowed any more wild oats His father grew into a happy old man, and as long as he lived Jack never married. Then Lady Pimlico died and left hun all her savings, and when I last saw my boy he had ripened nto a king of men, happy, rich, prosperous and honored, the old I ght still dancing in his blue eves, and he had ever a stalwart arm ready for an old man to lean upon. Only yesterday lack called at my chambers, and in the carriage were two ladies: the younger and pretter jumped out, and she and Jack ran up stairs. Sitting as I was in my easy chair, the two young people took a very unfair advantage of me. Violet sat at my feet, put her arms up-on my knees, and Jack leaned over the back of the chair, with his arms around my neek. "Dear uncle, Bob," (he always called me uncle after be came home) "guess who that lady is." "Well, Jack, she is Lady Violet Stan-107.2 -

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"Well, uncle, Stanley is an ugly name, though you mightn't think it, so I'm going to give her a new one and present you with a new niece. Kiss her and tell her you love her for my sake and her own, too.'

Before they go I ask Jack to keep a little corner of his heart for me to creep nto for old love's sake, and Jack says ne will .- Temple Bar.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-Miss Annie Lippincott, of Philadel, phia, daughter of "Grace Greenwood," has made a successful debut in opera in Trieste. Her stage name is Anita Armour.

-Plutarch says that Demosthenes made a gloomy fizzle of his first speech This did not d scourage him. He finally became the smoothest orator in that country .- N. Y. Post.

-The London Truth says it may interest those who discuss Russian attairs to know that the name of M. de Giers, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, is pronounced "Geerch."

-"Josh Billings" will spent the summer in the West. He will remain on the Pacific Coast next winter, and thereafter he has a two years' foreign tour in contemplation. - Chicago Trio. une.

-The oldest book in the Con-gressional Library is said to be "The Olive Leaf," by one Hauser, of Georgia, a tune book concocted "for the glory of God and the good of mankind."- Was ington Post.

-Rev. John Hall, the noted New York divine, is an Irishman by birth, who was sent to this country by the Ulster Presbyterians and furaished with a return passage ticket, which he has never yet used. -N. Y. Mail.

-Leopo d Von Ranke is the oldest living Europeaa historian who retains his mental powers unimpaired. He has passed his ninetieth year, and says he expects to be writing history when his age has covered a rounded century.

-The first article on "London Society," which appeared in Mrs. Adams' Nouvelle Lecue, treats of the Queen and the Royal family of Great Britain. The portion relating to the Queen takes the view that her reign is paving the way for a Republic.

-Mr. Martin F. Tupper, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," appeals to the American public for money. He says he never had any profit from the American edition of his works. He as well off as his readers. -N. V. Freeman's Journa.

-Dr. Folsan, member of the Boston Society for Medical Observation, thinks that, in cases of consumption, physicians are too much inclined to give un-favorable prognostications. He advises the keeping of patients quietly in one place rather than shifting them

-General (Chinese) Gordon was an inveterate smoker. He used a long pipe, and every morning at sunrise with p pe and telescope he mounte! to the roof of his palace and carefully no ed every condition of his surroundings. It is said that he frequently spent the entire night upon the ramparts with his meo, cheering them up, and seeing in person that every minutize of military regulation was performed.

-Captain Howard, whose bravery saved the day to the Domin'on troops in their recent fight with the Riel insurgents, is a native of Connecticut. He served in the war of the rebuiion and also five years in the regular army, where he had cons.d. rable experi nce in Indian warfare. He is a brave, coolheaded soldier, thoroughly familiar with army lif , and he is also a very skillful machinist, possessing a complete knowledge of the mechanism of a Gatling gun.-Liartford 1 ost.

Another, they say, in September Will be the event of the year. The ground is young Boyl—you remember Your troc. Royd, Billiards and Rear? "Is Grace well to Gold, says Damo Grundy, That his gifts are a short to see: That his gifts are a short to see:

That mine's the opinion that's asked for The dowers, the least and the wine. That my poer little wite are tosked for Theentr perior man e, in free The party shifts of there Greeky. Nor even my pounds Marie. They say - you know to notice run so freely -That the brids, too, is me. -Fath Hall, is Marper's Magazies.

EVERY ONE LOVED HIM.

How Jack Euston's Sins Were Outweighed by His Virtues.

Any fine sunny day you might have seen old Sir Peter Easton driving in the park with his admirable elder son Josoph by his side. The old gentleman was a good deal shaken since that dreadful husiness about his son Jack. Society talked of it for quite three days, and my friend John Carleton was nearly worn off his legs running about from club to club repeating the story. Sir Peter's kind old face brightened in return for a friendly greeting, but there was a vast deal more sorrow than joy in his smile.

Says Mrs. Mountchester to me as we drove past and exchanged greetings, airily whipping up her dapper gray ponies: "Now, I really do think the old gentlem in ought to put a better face on He had one son who had all the vices extant, and the other every imaginable virtue: why doesn't he strike a balance as they do at his bank, and set off one against the other." Certainly Joseph Easton looked the incarnation of high-plass British virtue. People were always making h in their "excentor" and leaving him handsome legactes; the middle-aged folks were never happy till he was guardian and godtather to their children; and the young folks appointed him "trustee" to any number of marriage settlements. Now and then you saw his name as director of some very fat and flour shing company, and its fatness and its flourish were generally due to the value attaching to his name. When you had secured his patronage for any undertaking you might be quite sure it would r de on the top of the tide and ultimately secure firm anchorage in the harbor of public opinion. I know that the Society for Christian Potboys was on its very last legs when he gave it his sanction; and now it's scarcely decent to die without leaving it a legacy in your will. Decorum, propriety and respectability had ruled his life from the cradie upward. He was that entirely

had secured him, rather had coude seculed to secure him; for you most an important part in it. know that the Lady Oliv a was, as

were, a success of gauglion, or pathe ing together, of the bluest of all blue She was the only daughter o lived in a little house in Park lane; a the Duke of Dartford, and, in all eca narrow, lean little house, wedged in bese ence, his dan thter ought to be toleratween two big ones. She had the warm- I found him alone. bly blue blo sded, especially when I tol est heart and the sharpest tongue of any you that her mother was Hop, Emder old lady I ever came across. Ask her Buchanan Denz I, (the Worcester Deaz'ls, if you please; not the left-hand si Warwickshire branch.) In the fact o such facts t is evident that millions of years of natural selection, carried out I entertain my friends and conversation on Darwinsan or any other principle dags my albums are produced and I you like, could us wr have produce doom my guests to the social penalty of as the gazing at and saving something appros "And when?" blood that can in the Lady Olivia's printe about hosts of pupple they have veins -1 don't suppose it ran, it course i nover known. Ecct blody says, directin a stately way. Weil, Lady Oliv a ly they see La y Betty's photograph. was very haughty and beautiful. She What an extraordinary old lady! had very little money and less brans. she wore an audacions wig, a capacions I have even heard coarse plebe an folk brooch, an old brown silk dress, and whisper that she was a fool; but this on state occasions a quantity of exwas man festly untrac, as her condact tramely dirty old lace. Out of doors throughout this ticklish matter aband antly proves. Still, for all that, I must own I nover heard Lady OI via make she invariably wore an old fur tippet She was a valiant old soul, free of any remarks except extremely stup d speech, given much to questionably stories, hating shaws, and fearing no and decorous ones. Talking to her was man, and loving Jack more than any like conversing with something between other creature on earth. She fought a statue and a sheep. The old Duke of his battics, she paid his debts, she out-Dartford was dreadfally poor for a raged all the properties for his sake; Dake. Their place down in Summerand when that last awful business cropsetshire was half shut up. He sold his ped up and he had to leave suddenly for game, (they do say he turned an I on-Manitoba, the old lady broke down and est penny by his grapes and pines.) and took to her bed for some weeks. When became absolutely necessary that she got about again she refreshed herself by trotting over to Harley street Mrs. Monutchester says she was desand having a battle royal with Joseph. perately in love at seventeen with winat How he hated her! She alone had the she called a mere sailor I believe he power to ruffle his decorum and to was the third son of an Admiral. Any make his pale face flash and his eyes way, it came to paught, and Lady glenn Olivia froze up and had remained frozen

It was November, and all the folks up ever since. She was twenty seven had flocked back from Scotch moors and sea beach, and the season prom sed descriel Joseph Easton on the far horizon. His bloo', of course, was to be a brilliant one. I went round one very whits and startled, and he rises afternoon to call on Sir Peter. Joseph and his father were sitting together in the dismal dining room in Harley street. Sir Peter was very shaky and silent, and and tir some; but he had money and was amenable on the quotion of Joseph was more virtuous and respectable than ever. He told me he was going to preside at some philanthropic meeting that evening at Exeter Hall. Conversation flagged; we all three seemed sleepy and stupid. I did not all changed and transformed, all his substantial banker. It was October dare to ask about Jack. Joseph kept rambling on in his smooth decorous carly spring. Once or twice a week Joseph called on his intended. They monotone about the pauper lunaties and discharged prisoners, temperance washerwomen, and all the rest of it. when suddenly the servant aunounced kissed her hand at parting-it seemed a Lady Pimlico. Joseph's face changed Then I hear a half cry, half sob, as if of whether he kissed the fan or the hand and hardened, and old Sir Peter brightened up. My Lady entered, evidently that held it-and they conversed always in high spirits, more untidy than ever. in this way. Lady Olivia is lying back She greeted her brother with affection, in her chair looking very beautiful and me with cordiality and Joseph with pugbored; Joseph is seated on the other nacity.

"I've got news," cries the old lady, scating herself, with her feet on the fender and her hands on her knees.

Three months after this I was again calling at Harley street. Poor old Sir She was Sir Peter's only sister, a Peter used always to receive me in his widow, childless, supposed to be study, but now, the butler told me, he wealthy, and known to be mean. She sat all day in the din ng-room, which commanded a lookout down the street, and there I found him, and, best of all,

"Joseph is at the bank," sa'd the old man with an unconcealed delight, "so maid deakins about the tongue and let us have a qu'et talk." So I drew to cave Jack to youch for the heart, 1 the fire, but I noticed a strange re-tlesshave several photographs of this veners ness about Sir Peter. He would break able old lady in my album. Whenever of suddanly in the middle of a sentonce and look down the street and listen.

"So Jack is coming back!" I said.

"We don't know," he answered-"we don't know. He may come at any I haven't told Jo-eph. I'm 1 million afraid he'll be greatly upset, but Jack will stay for awhile at his aunt's, and things will fide over." "Poor lad," I say sympathetically,

the has learned a bitter lesson. Depend upon it. Sir Peter, he will come back wiser and sadder." His old eves His old eves gleam at the very thought of his return, and a beau iful smile breaks over his face as he takes out of his pocket a much-crumpled and often-read letter. "He hopes to be back by the 15th, perhaps a little earlier if he have a good passage, and now it's the 14th. I sent him his passage money, but Joseph doesn't know that.'

"Never mind, Joseph,""I cry; "he will marry the Lady Olivia and you and Jack will live toge her and be happy ever after." As I speak I see the old ever after." weary, watchful eyes glance toward the window and down the street: from where he sits he can look right down to the other end of the road. It is one of thosy dreary London days-half fog, half rain, all mist and dirt and misery. Suddenly the old wrinkled face grows and moves to the window. I follow him and look down the street, but I see nobody and nothing, except two ladies half hidden in water-proof-, an errand boy, and further off a struggling beggar, drenched to the skin and wanding his way to the nearest workhouse. Suddenly I feel a grip as of iron on my arm, and, looking round, I see Sir Peter soul looking out of his eyes, and before I could speak he had passed from the room down the hall and out at the front door, out into the filthy, murky air without hat or coat. He hurried down the road, I following as best I may. a great joy and longing now fulfilled, and 1 see the old man fling his arms wildly round that beg-gar man's neck and kiss him on the lips again and again, oh! so passionately - so then I pause, standing a little way off unwilling to disturb so switt and sacred a joy: then I go up, and, taking both Jack's hands in mine. I saw Sir Peter's hands move feebly i say: "Bring him home, Jack, and and a gleam of light pass over his face. welcome home, yourself." Ah, how Ah, how

HUMOROUS.

-A maid is a young lady who is single and who will be won if she marries. The andire.

- Papa, why do the little pigs get so such milk?" "Be ause we want them much milk?" to make hogs of themselves" - The Eca on.

-The Niagara Falls hackman contends that he belongs to the natural cenery a d shouldn't be removed .--Detroit Free Press.

-Ordinary astronomy teaches us the theory of spots on the sun, but Boston astronomy leaches the theory of spees on the daugator. -- Merchan! Traveler.

-"You are not afraid of the dog, are you, bub?" "No. ima'am." "Well. then, why don't you come right in? He won't hurt you." "I'm too timid. ma'am-that's what als me. I'm always bashful when there's do2s about." -Chicago Ledger.

-A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the resetting of a boat, and he alone was say d. "And how did you escape was say d. "And how did you esc po their f.t ?" asked one of the heavers. "I tid not co in te pole!"-Philade.phia

-"James," said the teacher, "you

¹ But ise not to your danger conn. If you should be beside her then; At once a place of safety find, That is to say, stand near the hen.

"Say, Bob, you're 'out' with Miss Parsons, ain't you?" "Yes, Joe." "What happened?" "She's experimenting too lavishly." "Experimenting? What at?" "Trying to cure freekles by eating ice-cream." "Well, why ought you to care?" "O, I don't, provided it's at some other fellow's expense. It was costing me a dothar and a half a freekle."-Philadelphia Call.

-They were talking about the weight of different individuals in a certain family, and the daughter's young man. who was present, spoke up before he thought, and said: "I tell you that Jenny ain't so very light, either, sl-though she looks so." And then he looked suddenly conscious and blushed, and Jenny became absorbed in studying a chromo on the wall .- Exchange.



"Olivia," says her lover, "we have had bad news of unfortunate brother.' "I imagine all news of him must be bad," she replies in har level accents.

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