

Small and Early.

When Dorothy and I took tea, we sat upon the floor. No matter how much tea I drank, she always gave me more.

AUNT CILLY'S NIECES.

It was that pleasant time of all the year, when apple-trees were in bloom and the meadows were starred over with dandelions, and Livia Layton sat in the window of the cottage...

with her—this angel-faced young beauty, with the hair of gold and the eyes like melting blue jewels. "It stings me to the very heart," said Patty, breathlessly.

But, walking behind with the sexton, he soon learned all—Patty's devotion, her fidelity to the poor invalid, and Livia's utter heartlessness. "As yet, however, no one knew of the crowding fraud by which the elder sister had managed still to receive Aunt Cilly's quarterly allowance...

An Indian Horse Race. From an article, written and illustrated by Frederic Remington in the Century, we quote the following. "An elderly Indian of great dignity of presence steps into the ring, and with a graceful movement throws his long red blanket to the ground and drops on his knees before it, to receive the wagers of such as desire to make them."

ONE OF LINCOLN'S STORIES.—That Proved a Damper to a Clerical Gentleman's Aspirations to Office. Speaking of Gen. Harrison's ability to say an absolute and unmistakable "no" to certain persistent applications to office, a well-known western senator recently remarked that President Lincoln, albeit an exceedingly patient chief magistrate, possessed the same emphatic quality...

Saved By the Irish. "I paid a visit to Ireland a few years ago," remarked Judge Noonan of the Planter's House news-stand, "and in going up through Galway I had to make use of a jaunting car. The driver, a thorough specimen of the peasantry, full of native wit and shrewdness, had in some way discovered that I was from America and after eyeing me keenly for a time, asked: 'It's from America yez are?'"

Novel Statistics. Here is something for the Statistical society, says the London Figaro. It has been calculated by a most devoted amateur of statistics that if the late M. Chevreul, who lately died at the age of 103, had never cut his nails, they would have obtained the 9th ult., the day of his decease, to the length of 203 inches. This calculation is founded on the fact which, according to physiologists, may be safely accepted as correct—that the nails of the average mortal grow every year to the extent of an inch and two-thirds.

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