A BUNDLE OF LECTERS. Strange how such sentiment
Clings like a fragrant scent
To these love letters, sent
In their pink covers;
Day after day they came,
Feeding love's fickle fisme;
Now, she has changed her name—
Then, we were lovers.

Loosen the sliken band kound the square bundle, and bee what a dainty hand scribbled to fill it Full of facetious chat; Fancy how long she sat Moulding the bullets that Came with each billet!

Ab. I remember still, Time that I used to kill Waiting the postman's shrill
Heart stirring whistics,
Calling vague doubts to mind,
Whether or no I'd find
One he had left behind,
Of her arighter

Seconds became an age at this exciting stage; Two cager eyes the page Scan for a minute; Then, with true lover's art. Study it part by part, Until they know by heart Everything in it.

What's it all about?
Dashes for words left out—
Pronouns beyond a doubt
Very devoted. Howen's ene's just begun; Dobson her heart has won Locker and Tennyson Frequently quoted.

Criss cross the reading goes, Kapturous rhyme and prose-Words which I don't suppose; Look very large in
Books on the cologies;
Then there's a tiny frieze
Full of sweets in a squeeze,
Worked on the margin. Lastly—don't pause to laugh!—
That is her autograph
Eiguing this truce for half
lier heart's surrender;
Post-scriptum, one and two—
Dessert—the dinner's through!—
Lanking the "i" and "You"
In longings tender.

Such is the type of all save one, and let me call Brief notice to this small Note nearly written; 'Tis but a card, you see,

Gently informing me That it can never be!-This is the mitten!
-- Prank Dempster Sherman, in the Century.

THE HOUSE IN THE MIRROR.

It was late one winter evening. The snow was falling in thick, fast-coming flakes, making a white curtain that was perpetually being let down between heaven and earth. The storm was carrying on wild sport round the house, shaking the windows, beating against night for warm, cozy, substantial indoor | handled a bunch of keys.

vonshire and Somersetshire. I was unhousekeeper and one servant girl, who helped her by turns, now above stairs, now below, with complacent submission, because the semi-blindness and deafness of the good lady made interviews with her true swain, the butcher's boy, in the scullery not only practicable but easy. On the evening in question I had come in what we medical men call "healthily tired," after a hard day's work in my professional duties, and I was now sitting cozily by the blasing fire in my dining room, with a glass of good claret on the little round table at my side.

My thoughts went wandering to and

that vaguely uncomfortable feeling which often follows sudden waking. My glance happened to wander up to the mirror which was over the chimney piece. Why was it, that as I gazed at it, I uttered a low exclamation, and then shut my eyes, thinking that sleep must still be retained its new and that I was an and that I was a significant to the still be retained in the stil taining its power over me, and that I must be turning mazed, I think, or else

But no, I certainly was not dreaming, for there it was, just as it had been be fore. Fix my eyes as steadily as I might upon the mirror, with all my wakeful faculties concentrated upon it in eager earnestness, it was still there. I looked away and fastened my look for I don't see why you should make up such gammots about my face when you've aknowed it these last twenty years. I calls it very disrespectful, that I do."

And with a flounce and a bounce Mrs. Trickey turned and disappeared from the room, leaving me all alone with the my sweet girl was, at length, given back a minute or more upon my mother's pic-But no, I certainly was not dreaming, make up such gammots about my face for there it was, just as it had been be when you've aknowed it these last twenty a minute or more upon my mother's pic-ture which hung over the sideboard. tainly she had not seen. to my arms, after, through long weeks, my medical care and skill had battled

vision, though its appearance, there in denly, as if wiped out by a spirit's wing, hardly entered my mind. the mirror, over my dining room chimigus when the little silver chime of the One lovely evening in ney piece, was remarkable and startling clock was ringing, house, garden, summer house, moonlight, yellow gleam, strong enough yet to be moved, I had middle of the glass, which in its other parts reflected simply and naturally the mothing there save the reflection of the 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 evening in early spring, when Lottie was much better, but not been taking a long ramble into the lovely evening in early spring, when Lottie was much better, but not been taking a long ramble into the lovely evening in early spring, when Lottie was much better, but not been taking a long ramble into the lovely evening in early spring, clock was ringing, house, garden, summer house, moonlight, yellow gleam, strong enough yet to be moved, I had been taking a long ramble into the lovely evening in early spring, clock was ringing, house, garden, summer house, moonlight, yellow gleam, been taking a long ramble into the lovely evening in early spring, clock was ringing, house, garden, summer house, moonlight, yellow gleam, been taking a long ramble into the lovely evening in early spring, clock was ringing, house, garden, summer house, moonlight, yellow gleam, been taking a long ramble into the lovely evening in early spring, clock was ringing, house, garden, summer house, moonlight, yellow gleam, been taking a long ramble into the lovely evening in early spring, clock was ringing, house, garden, summer house, moonlight, yellow gleam, been taking a long ramble into the lovely evening in early spring, clock was ringing, house, garden, summer house, moonlight, yellow gleam, been taking a long ramble into the lovely evening in early spring, clock was ringing, house, garden, summer house, moonlight, yellow gleam, been taking a long ramble into the lovely evening in early spring, and clock was ringing, house, garden, summer house, and lovely evening in early spring, and lovely evening in early spring, and love common place objects in the room, chairs and tables and window curtains, there appeared a small but vividly distinct picture of a house and garden. It was a least to be released to the releast to the released to the releas very pretty house, its foont covered on taught me, and I sat up late that night one side with a green creeper, which was thinking it over and trying vainly to active with a green creeper, which was thinking it over and trying vainly to active with a green creeper, which was all our name of thinking it over and trying vainly to active with a green creeper, which was all our name of thinking it over and trying vainly to active with a green creeper, which was all our name of thinking it over and trying vainly to active with a green creeper, which was all our name of thinking it over and trying vainly to active with a green creeper, which was all our name of thinking it over and trying vainly to active with a green creeper, which was all our name of the country of thinking it over and trying vainly to active with a green creeper, which was all our name of the country of thinking it over and trying vainly to active with a green creeper, which was all our name of the country of the count spangled with starry white blossoms, and on the other with a fresco such as I had heard described as existing on the walls of houses in Italy, where I had never been—a fresco representing an old woman sitting with a basket of oranges of these resolves was, that I would not there among them there are not a representation of these resolves was, that I would not there among them there are not a series around was all coco lay. The scene around was all coco lay. The scene around was all one glory of stillness and of brightness. A breeze just stirred the waters softly with a kiss, the outlines of the distant hills were soft and tender, as if drawn to be an artist angel's pencil; here among them there are not allowed by an artist angel's pencil; here among them there are not allowed by an artist angel's pencil; here among them there are not allowed by an artist angel's pencil; here among them there are not allowed by an artist angel's pencil; here and of the scene around was all coco lay. at her feet. There were four windows, reveal the strange circumstance to any- glimmer which told of a hamlet or hometwo up stairs, two down, exactly over one, because I had always a most hearty stead; hard by a nightengale just struck each other; they were all half shaded dislike to gossip and ridicule at my exactly over a single golden note, and then was silent with green blinds, and I could see that pense and the other was, that I would again, as if he feared to break the calm the top one, on the right hand side, was not allow the inexplicable vision to spell of the moon. slightly open. Up the garden there ran a broad gravel walk, with soft fresh turf, gemmed with flower beds on either side life. My natural calmness of temperature were resting on the surface of the lake, of it. The inclosure was fenced round ment and my active, busy course of and there, mirrored in its clear waters, I with a rather high wooden paling, and in existence, made me more able to make beheld exactly the same house and gar one corner of it there stood a summer house, with a quaintly shaped roof that had something of a pagoda about it. Over the whole there was spread a soft, silvery light, as though a bright, full moon was shining down upon it. A yellow gleam as of a lamp burning within

I tested my brain by going through, in my mind, all the symptoms and features in a difficult and perplexing case which was a banker, and his wife was a pretty, as it had ever done. I repeated to myself several passages of postry from
different authors in different languages;
they came as quickly and easily to my
tongue as if I had been reading them
tongue as if I had been reading them
from a printed book. I gazed around,
slumbered in his arm-chair, the lady had
light gliding through it, it was the comtransfer of the creeper on the wall, even
to the fresco of the old woman with the
basket of oranges at her feet, even to the
slightly opened window with the ray of
light gliding through it, it was the comand fixed my eyes on various objects in two or three bits of gossip to tell about the room, to see whether I should be the neighborhood, and two or three new subjected to other optical illusions; but to all other points my eyes were as reasonable as they usually were; they showed me nothing but the familiar chairs and table, and the well known in state in her night dress, and I had to examine the prodigy with much circum—

books to discuss with me, and a deal to say besides about the first appearance of a tooth in Miss Baby's little rosy mouth. That young heroine was brought down in state in her night dress, and I had to peculiar clear and beautiful reflection which it had produced in the waters of pattern of the paper on the wall. Then examine the prodigy with much circum-I looked back at the mirror. The house stance and solemnity.

was still there. most prosaic, rational beings in the world. My fancy had never before played me the smallest trick, even as I rode home, worn out with watching by a sick bed, on the darkest night; even in the many painful scenes full of death and gloom, through which my professional life had led me. In the dissecting room, in the severest operation, my hand had in the severest operation, my hand had always been as steady as if I were peel. ing an orange. All this made the present incomprehensible vision yet more utterly inexplicable. Besides, even while I gazed at it, I knew that I had never felt more calm and collected and more in

busy history. Would another pair of eyes see the house in the mirror? I wondered. With a hurried hand I rang to test this point, and summoned my housekeeper, who generally herself waited on me. This good lady's name was Mrs. Trickey. It I replied lightly. is a common Devonshire name, let it at once be understood by those who are not aware of the fact, and it is in no way meant to hint at any unpleasant pro-

comfort, and such I resolved to make it. "Mrs. Trickey, I have rung for you to From that time forward, wherever I At the period of which I am writing I ask you to do a very simple thing," I might be, if I was in the room with a greatcoat, which hung on my arm. was still a young man, and was practically successful as a doctor in a ent, scarcely knowing how to begin; to a quarter to 9, for the next month town in the west of England—a tolfor I felt, if I spoke out plainly, my to come, the house in the mirror. Someerably large; busy county town which housekeeper must infallibly think that I times it met my view in the tiny look-lies very near the borders of both De- had suddenly taken leave of my senses. ing-glass on a cottage wall, where I was wonshire and Somersetshire. I was un"What will 'ee please to have sir?" remarried, and was living with an old
plied Mrs. Trickey, in true Devoushire pier-glass of a sick fine lady's apartment,

of her cap.

fro lazily, now resting upon some of the world beside knew me as Frederick there was no strange page in my com-

straying into the stable to visit my bay horse—a new purchase, which I flattered myself did no small honor to my judgment in horse flesh. Gradually, Trickey?"

was wrong in the renection of the glass, thrust aside all inclination to blood over gloomy, shadowy, fanciful troubles. One morning there arrived a telegram with your experienced eyes, Mrs. from Lecco, on the Lago Como in North Italy, saying that my sister on her way

start, roused by the clock on the chimney piece, which had a peculiarly ringing, clear sound, strike eight. I sat upright with a jerk and looked around with right with right with a jerk and looked around with right with r

must be dreaming a strange, fascinating it be that you are making a regular fool This foolish feeling, of course, quickly dream? it be that you are making a regular fool passed away, and I rejoiced to see her a

What I saw was certainly no alarming piece struck a quarter to 9. Then, sud- trouble, the remembrance of it even,

low gleam, as of a lamp burning within, stole through the open window and mingled with the white rays without.

It day I was sent for in haste a little rising ground above the lake, I saw a house which corresponded to the which required all my skill and energy.

By the time the evening was again come respect the realization of my vision. gled with the white rays without.

I laid my fingers on my pulse. Was I

By the time the evening was again come respect the realization of my vision.

Just then the clock of some distant

Baby had retired again to the nursery, Had I been reading lately a description of such a house, or had I lately seen monstrances with regard to the inconanywhere a picture like it? Either of venience of being brought downstairs to lusion. I was not, however, able to recollect, search my memory as I would, that clock in the market place hard by struck

a book or a painting had brought such a house and garden before my thoughts. I was looking at the reflection of my hostess' face in the mirror, and thinking that it was certainly a very pretty one, aginative; indeed, I was generally regarded by every one who knew me, and by myself into the bargain, as one of the brown eyes appeared precisely the same house, line for line, which I had seen in I had seen in moving the same house, line for line, which I had seen in moving the same house, line for line, which I had seen in moving the same house had been such as the same house, line for line, which I had seen in moving the same house, line for line, which I had seen in moving the same house house had been such as the same house house had been such as the same house. most prosaic, rational beings in the my dinning-room mirror yesterday at the

"What is the matter?" she asked in

surprise. "Oh, just a twinge of rheumatism in my shoulder," I answered carelessly. "I caught it riding home through the

storm yesterday."
"Mr. Heathcote, what do you see so an ordinary condition of body and mind | wonderful in the looking-glass to night?" throughout my very common-place, very she asked a few minutes after, noticing with feminine quickness, the direction

clivities or unwarrantable whims on the ary house. It was just as I had expected; the thick walls, and murmuring in deep, worthy dame's part; she was as honest when the town clock chimed a quarter to hollow tones in the chimneys. It was a and simple minded a woman as ever 9, it vanished exactly as it had done on the previous night.

fashion.

"Mrs. Trickey, will you please to look in the glass over the chimney-piece?" I blurted out abruptly, not knowing how vision; it was always marked by exactly else to find out what I wanted to dis | the same features. I cannot say but cover.

"Get along with your nonsense, Master Fred," cried Mrs. Trickey, with a toss of her head, which was so energetic that it almost discomposed the stiff frills by strength of will, and by clinging of her cap. resolutely and ceaselessly to all my active daily duties, I prevented its bav-Trickey had lived with my mother when ing a morbid, unhealthy effect upon me. I was a boy, and that, with her, I still I revealed the circumstance to no one, I was a boy, and that, with her, I still I revealed the circumstance to no one, continued Master Fred, though all the but appeared to the outer world as if

most interesting cases among my patients, now fluttering around a pretty picture of my only sister and her first baby, which her letter, received this morning from India, had called up; now was wrong in the reflection of the glass; thrust aside all inclination to broad over the stable to wisit my have

was several years younger than I was, and she had been first my plaything, then my pupil; and I had experienced a pang of real jealousy on that day when, sitting on a stool at my feet, with her sweet face hidden on my knees she confessed to me that there was one who was more to her than I was, one who was more to her than all the world beside. Then my eyes were allowed to return to the glass; but this maneuver was useless also—it would not go, do what I would.

I was musing most uncomfortably on this subject, with my eyes fixed on the vision, which to me was as distinct as never again appeared to me, and, inever, when the clock on the chimney-deed, in my absorbing anxiety and

One lovely evening in early spring,

going fast into a raging fever. My pulses cumstance of last night had in a great church up among the hills struck eight.

The whole circumstance and coincitat morning after a night's sound sleep. It so happened that I was engaged to dence was so singular that I could not

had been lately under my care; my mind sparkling woman—the queen of society and beliefs. I approached the gate of acted as coolly and calmly and regularly in our town. She and I were always the garden and noted how, in every plete likeness of the house which had so often met my view in the mirror. The

The complex thoughts and feelings which the sight of the villa and its name called up caused me to linger near it for some little time, until I began to these things might possibly have left a vivid impression on my mind which might have accounted for the strange de- Woodland was standing on the hearth- leave the spot at once. Just as I had turned to go, however, a gold seal, which had belonged to my father, and which, therefore, was much valued by me, happened to fall from my watch chain, and I spent some time in looking for it, for it had rolled down the hill into the

I had at length found the seal and was moving away when the same distant clock struck a quarter to nine. Scarcely had the sound died on the breeze when a long, shrill cry came ringing out of the house into the night apparently through the partially open window. After that I cannot describe the motives that impelled me; I only know that, led by what was more like instinct than anything else, I rushed across the garden and entered the door of the lonely house. There, the first thing I beheld in the little entrance hall was a girl with a fair English face, in a state of evident great

terror and agitation. "What is the matter?" I asked. "1 heard your cry. I am an Englishman, and I am here to give you any help and service I can."

"My father, who is lying ill, has just swallowel poison by mistake," she answered at once, for great grief is never surprised. "I could not help crying out when I discovered it. All our servants happen to be out, and I have no one to send to Como for a doctor." "I am one," I said, "and, with God's

help, I will save your father.' It so happened that that day I had been moving Lottie into more airy apartments, and had put my little traveling case of medicines and instruments, for better security, into the pocket of my

man's life, and that fair girl has become my home queen. The villa is her father's property, and our brightest holidays are spent in "La Casa dello Specchio"—
"The house of the mirror."

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. High tonedness, as I under-stand it, means the desire that some people have of holding up their heads and the end of their noses, relative to other people who may have less money or less social position, but not less good breeding, for well-bred people are not of that kind. To be high toned in the sense of elevation above the coarser elements, is commendable, but the mischief of it is that some of the coarsest kind of trash affect the quality, and have affected it until it has become a term almost of reproach. As soon as a person can own a fine house and ride in a carriage, be afjudgment in horse flesh. Gradually, Trickey?"

Italy, saying that my sister on her way home from India, had fallen dangerously reflection slipped into a mass and got compliment would have propitiated the confined to the forgetting the past. People who have confusedly mixed together. I found myself gazing, without feeling the least such effect, for after a short inspection showed me my sister mounted on my pet bay with the baby in her arms, who, instead of a baby's face, had the face of my neighbor and patient, old Mr. Spicer, "But, Mrs. Trickey, do please tell me my neighbor and patient, old Mr. Spicer, "But, Mrs. Trickey, do please tell me my neighbor and patient, old Mr. Spicer, "But, Mrs. Trickey, do please tell me my neighbor and patient, old Mr. Spicer, "But, Mrs. Trickey, do please tell me my neighbor and patient, old Mr. Spicer, "But, Mrs. Trickey, do please tell me my neighbor and patient, old Mr. Spicer, "But, Mrs. Trickey, do please tell me my neighbor and patient, old Mr. Spicer, "But, Mrs. Trickey, do please tell me my neighbor and patient, old Mr. Spicer, "But, Mrs. Trickey, do please tell me through Italy, but I was hardly aware men, and white the husband may include the boundaries that cannot be remembered with been delicate ever since her baby was that cannot be remembered with been delicate ever since her baby was my neighbor and patient, old Mr. Spicer, "But, Mrs. Trickey, do please tell me the grocer, and soon after that I was sunk into a peaceful slumber, where no dream ever came to disturb me.

How long I slept I do not exactly know, but I recellect I awoke with a start, roused by the clock on the chim
**Rut, Mrs. Trickey, do please tell me what you see when you look into it," I that she had, as yet, started from Bombay, and I had not the faintest notion that her disease might possibly take such a dangerous turn. No wonder, the was ever anything else than the tidings were a severe start, roused by the clock on the chim
**Start, roused by the clock on the chim
** a merchant prince. It does not occur to them that there is more true nobility Lottie was far more to me than sisters and manhood in one man who has the generally are to their brothers. She nerve and the brain to overcome all obstacles and rise in spite of circumstances than in five hundred who, by accident of birth, inherit wealth and social position. Honesty is royalty, and though society may not recognize its crest, the better part of man's nature accepts it, and this better part is what constitutes real high-toned men and women.—Merchant Trav-

The prince of Bulgaria, the most insignificant of European sovoreigns, a young man of 26, who never commanded a regiment in the field, possesses thirtyseven decorations, many of them of a high order, and originally intended only for those who had distinguished themselves in action.

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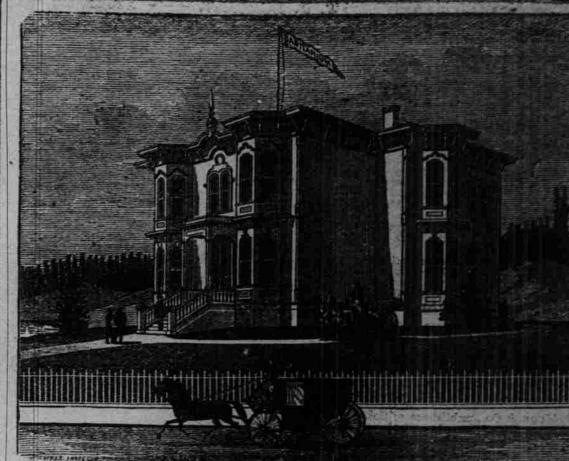
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