

SHE TALKED DIFFERENTLY.

My love was a maiden once fair to see. But now she's a doctor of high degree...

OH, TO BE A MAN!

London Society.

Miss Hannah Steptoe was a prime little old maid, with a flat, round ruddy face and dark brown hair neatly fastened behind in a little knot.

She lived with a confidential old servant in a little cottage facing a triangular green.

When any Sunday-school teacher wanted a model of commonplace propriety for the example of her pupils, she was sure to select Miss Hannah Steptoe.

And yet, so inconsistent is human nature, she had set her affections upon a man much younger than herself, while her life was haunted by the dark desire to see the world as it really is.

A breathless silence fell upon all for the Professor was about to speak. Every eye was eagerly bent upon him as he sat down his cup.

"In what way?" he asked. "Well," replied Miss Steptoe, "your subjects can't resist the power of your will, can they?"

"You can make them do precisely what you like you can even separate soul from body."

"Just so," assented the Professor. "Then why not make somebody's spirit enter somebody else's body?"

"No doubt," said the professor, smiling, though the glitter in his eyes was anything but pleasant.

a square hole. It was doubtless this propensity that had led him to adopt mesmerism as a means of livelihood.

Among the Professor's warmest admirers was Miss Hannah Steptoe. In the crowd that used to gather round him she always occupied a prominent place.

The preparations for her entertainment were prodigious. Never was there such a baking of cakes and toasting of muffins and washing of quaint little cups and saucers.

"Martha, this is too dreadful," exclaimed Miss Steptoe, with uplifted hands.

Her manner, when receiving them, was marked by extreme nervousness, but no one, looking at the prim little lady, would have attributed the cause to anything more extraordinary than a catastrophe in the kitchen.

When she had poured out the tea and Martha had handed round the cakes and muffins and retired, she lost no time in coming to the point.

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the Professor: "please let us begin at once." He proceeded in the usual way, making each of his subjects gaze fixedly at a coin held in such a position as to throw a strain upon the eyes.

With a singular sly expression she looked up at him and said: "No larks, Professor."

"You people are so uncommonly dull that I really can't stand this any longer—I'm off."

"Where to?" asked Professor Sobrinski, the only one who was able to speak.

"For a spree. Both these old maids. They are enough to drive one crazy."

He stretched out his arms towards her. As he did so a peal of laughter reached his ears, and proved stronger than the spell.

"This place is frightfully public," he said: "let us go away from it."

"Oh, my darling, how I love you! You know it, don't you? You have known it all along. Do you love me?"

"I do," she answered softly. "Then," cried this miserable puppet, "I am the happiest man in the world."

"Well, old chappie, where are you off to?" demanded this astonishing little lady.

"Oh, you wag!" she exclaimed, pointing at him.

"My good sir," said Professor Sobrinski, "you speak too fast. It was Miss Steptoe herself who proposed the experiment."

Captain Heniker bowed and left the room. He felt obliged to proceed slowly and sedately, eager as he was to regain the society of Miss Steptoe.

Grassy banks, thinly planted with shrubs, sloped down to the Parade, a converted park by the side of the sea.

If there was one thing more than another that Captain Heniker abhorred it was being mixed up in a scene. He shuddered at the very idea of making himself ridiculous.

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to her, but it was she who proposed to me. How do I stand? That is what I want you to tell me.

That afternoon he called at Miss Steptoe's cottage, in order to ratify what had occurred between them.

It was, he considered, the only honorable course open to him, and therefore he had resolved to take it.

Gettin' up Early. All this talk about early rising is moonshine. The habit of turning out of bed in the middle of the night suits some people; let them enjoy it.

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Asbara Maled Girls. All young women possessed hair can remember that in their childhood their hair was a source of torment to their friends.

London Times. An extraordinary occurrence took place in one of the churches of Madrid, in the parish of Santa Cruz.

Medical Chatter. All this talk about early rising is moonshine. The habit of turning out of bed in the middle of the night suits some people; let them enjoy it.

Driven Crazy by a Dream. One of the officials in the Broad Street station was startled one day by a handsome young lady, who tapped him on his shoulder and asked: "Is this the safest road to heaven?"

Trying for a Modest Man. It is awfully trying for a sensitive man to attempt to pull down a car window.

Stammering and Deafness. Stammering has hitherto been supposed to be purely a nervous disease.

Gen. Custer's Lovable Widow. Mrs. Custer is another of the notable widows, and her pure, sweet face and gentle manner have endeared her to all with whom she comes in contact.

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