`

CHAPTER X .- (Continued.) Without a light I went up to my own boom, where the moon that had shone apon me in my last night's ride, was pleaming brightly through the window. intended to reflect and deliberate, but was worn out. I flung my self down on the bed, but could not have remained awake for a single moment. I fell into a

sep sleep, which lasted till morning, When I awoke my poor mother was serrowful. She had slipped a pillow under my head, and thrown a shawl across me. I got up with a hewildered brain, and a general sense of calamity, which could not clearly define.

"Captain Carey's man brought a letter Julia fust now," she said, taking it er pocket; "he said there was no

plids were still red from weep Her her voice faltered as if she As soc. As my mother was gone spened Julia's letter. It began:

"My Dear Martin-I know all now Sebanna has told me. When you spoke to me so hurriedly and unexpectedly, this afternoon, I could not bear to hear another word. But now I am calm, and I can think it all over quite quietly.

"It is an infamation, Martin. Johanna you, in your sober senses, should love strange person, whose very name you ocen so little of her. Three times, since | night the week you were there in March! What that compared to the years we have nore than me.

"I cannot give up the thought of our home, just finished and so pretty. It ou came in with your dreadful thunder | ed by the son." it. I was thinking what a good wife I rould be to you; and how, in my own ouse, I should never be tempted into hose tiresome tempers you have seen in me sometimes. You could not know how much I love you, how my life is bound pp in you, or you would have been proof

against that person in Sark. "I think it right to tell you all this by love. Think of me, of yourself, of not say it would be noble to marry me; again, or to hold direct communication but it would be a noble thing to conquer with her. Surely that is all you ought an Ignoble love. How could Martin Doee fall in love with an unknown adven

"I shall remain in the house all day tocolly from which you have awakened, I will not ask you to own it. That you me at all will be a sign to me that to hers. you wish it forgotten and bloyed out beween us, as if it had never been.

"With true, deep love for you, Martin, believe me still

"Your affectionate

"JULIA." I pondered over Julia's letter as I ressed. There was not a word of reentment in it. It was full of affectionate thought for us all. But what reaoning! I had not known Olivia so long I had known her, therefore I could ot love her as truly!

There was no longer any hesitation in my mind as to what I must do. Julia new all now. I had told her distinctly of my love for Olivia, and she would not elleve it. She appeared wishful to hold ne to my engagement in spite of it: at my rate, so I interpreted her letter 1 id not suppose that I should not live it own, this infatuation, as they chose to on the point of perishing; then my and assimilate it to its contracted and tultified capacities.

I went mechanically through the routas of my morning's work, and it was way to ride to the Vale. My mother new where I was going, and gazed wistally into my face, but without otherwise sking me any questions. At the last soked down at her standing on the door top. "Cheer up, morner."
nost gaily, "it will all come right." "Cheer up, mother?" I said, al-

I found Julia standing by the fireplace, ad leaning against it, as if she could ot stand alone. When I went up to around my neck, and clung to me, in a sassion of tears. It was some minutes sfore she could recover her self-com-I had never seen her abandon erself to such a paroxysm before.

"Julia, my poor girl!" I said, "I did not blink you would take it so much to heart as this."

"I shall come all right directly," she bbed, sitting down, and trembling from ead to foot, "Johanna said you would ome, but I was not sure." "Yes, I am here," I answered, with a

very dreary feeling about me. "That is enough," said Julia eed not say a word more. Let us forget both of us. You will only give me our promise never to see her or speak to

er again." "Olivia quite understands about my enagement to you." I said. "I told her at e that we were going to be married,

"A triend in me, Martin!" she exclaim-, in a tone of indignant surprise; "you ould not ask me to be that!"

'Not now, I suppose," I replied; "the sirl is as innocent and blameless as any firl living; but I dare say you would coner befriend the most good-for-nothing exebel in the Channel Islands."

"Yes, I would." she said. "An innopent girl indeed. I only wish she had killed when she fell from the cliff." "Hush!" I cried, shuddering at the bare ention of Officia's death; "you do not mow what you say. It is worse than s to talk about her. I came to ask far rather die than recover." ou to think so more of what passed be-

But you are going to persist in your utatuation," said Julia; "you can never deceive me. I know you too well. Oh, ! see that you still think the same of her "You know nothing about her," I re

"And I shall take pare I never do," she interrupted spirefully.

"So it is of no use to go on quarreling about her." I continued. "I made up my mind before I came here that I must atting beside me, looking very ill and see as little as possible of her for the future. You must understand, Julia, she has never given me a particle of reason to suppose she loves me."

"But you are still in love with her? Martin," she continued, with flashing eyes, and a rising tone in her voice which, like the first shrill moan of the wind, presaged a storm, "I will never marry you until you can say, on your word of honor, that you love that person so longer, and are ready to promise to hold no further communication with her. Oh! I know what my poor aunt has had to endure, and I will not put up with it."

'Very well, Julin," I answered, controlling myself as well as I could, "I have only one more word to say on this subject. I love Olivia, and as for as I know myself, I shall love her as long as I live. I did not come here to give you any reason for supposing my mind is mays so as well as I, and she is never changed as to her. If you consent to be wrong. It is a sheer impossibility that my wife. I will do my best to be most true, most faithful to you. But my motive for coming now is to tell you some do not know. A Dobree could not make particulars about your property, which an adventuress his wife. Then you have my father made known to me only last

It was a miserable task for me; but told her simply the painful discovery spent together? It is impossible that it had made. She sat listening with a dark your heart of hearts you should love her, and sullen face, but betraying not a spark of resentment, so far as her loss of fortune was concerned.

"Yes," she said bitterly, when I had was so pleasant this afternoon, before finished, "robbed by the father and jilt-

> "I would give my life to cancel the wrong." I said. "It is so easy to talk," she replied, with

a deadly coldness of tone and manner. "I am ready to do whatever you choose," I urged. "It is true my father has robbed you; but it is not true that I have jilted you. I dld not know my own heart till a word from Captain now, though it is not in my nature to Carey revealed it to me; and I told you sake professions and demonstrations of frankly, partly because Johanna insisted upon it, and partly because I becour poor mother. You were never self-th, and you can de noble things. I do it, I will even promise not to see Olivia with her. Surely that is all you ought

to require from me. "No," she replied vehemently; "do you suppose I could become your wife while you maintain that you love another wommorrow, and if you can come to see me. an better than me? You must have a

very low apinion of me. Would you have me tell you a false hood?" I rejoined, with rehemence equal

"You had better leave me." she said. before we hate one another. I tell you I have been robbed by the father and jilted by the son. Good-bye, Martin." "Good-bye, Julia," I replied; but I still lingered, hoping she would speak to me again. I was anxious to hear what she would de against my father. She looked at me fully and angrily, and as I did not move, she swept out of the room, with a dignity which I had never seen in her before. I retreated towards the house door, but could not make good my escape with

out encountering Johanna. 'Well, Martin?" she said.

"It is all wrong," I answered, "Julia persists in it that I am illting her." "All the world will think you have be haved very badly," she said.

I rode home again, Sark lying in ful view before me; and, in spite of the darkness of my prospects, I felt intensely glad to be free to win my Olivia

Four days passed without any sign from Julia. My father had gone off on a visit and my mother and I had the house to ourselves; and, in spite of her fret tings, we enjoyed considerable pleasure during the temporary lull. There were, however, sundry warnings out of doors which feretold tempest. I met cold giances and sharp inquiries from old friends, among whom some rumors of our separation were floating. There was sment, as I touched Madam's bridle, I sufficient to justify suspicion my father's absence, Julia's prolonged sojourn with the Careys, and the postponement of my voyage to England. I began to fancy that even the women servants flouted at me.

CHAPTER XI.

One morning we received word that my father was lying ill at a hotel in Jersey. Captain Carey at once went with me in response to the message. Julia, too, had been sent for, but she reached the hotel in a separate car.

The landlady received us with a portentous face. Dr. Collas had spoken very seriously indeed of his patient, and as for herself, she had not the smallest hope. I heard Julia sob, and saw her lift her handkerchief to her eyes behind her veil.

Captain Carey looked very much fright ened. He was a man of quick sympa thies, and nervous about his own life int the bargain, so that any serious illness plarmed him. As for myself, I was in a miserable condition of mind.

We were not admitted into my father's room for half an hour, as he sent word and that I hoped she would find a friend he must get up his strength for the inter view. Julia and myself alone were al lowed to see him. He was propped up in bed with a number of pillows; with the room darkened by Venetlau blinds, and a dim green twilight prevailing, which cast a sickly hue over his really pallid face. His abundant white hair fell lankly about his head, instead of being in crisp carls as usual. I was about to feel his pulse for him, but he

waved me off. "No, my son," he said, "my recovery is not to be desired. I feel that I have nothing now to do but to die. It is the only reparation in my power. I would

I had nothing to say to that; indeed, I bad really no answer ready, so amaned

************* Julia began to sob again, and pressed past me, sinking down on the chair by his side and laying her hand upon one of his pillows.

"Julia, my love," he continued feebly 'you know how I have wronged you; but you are a true Christian. You will forgive your uncle when he is dead and gone. I should like to be buried in Guernsey with the other Dobroes."

Neither did Julia answer, save by sobs. I stepped towards the window to draw up the blinds, but he stopped me, speaking in a much stronger voice than

"Leave them alone," he said. "I have no wish to see the light of day. A dishonored man does not care to show his fuce. I have seen no one since I left Guernsey, except Collas."

I think you are alarming yourself needlessly," I answered, "You know you are fidgety about your own health, Let me prescribe for you. Surely I

know as much as Collas." 'No, no, let me die," he said plaintively; "then you can all be happy. I have robbed my only brother's only child. who was dear to me as my own daughter. I cannot hold up my head after that. I should die gladly if you two

were but reconciled to one another." By this time Julia's hand had reached his, and was resting in it fondly. never knew a man gifted with such power over women and their susceptibilities as he had. My mother herself would appear to forget all her unhappiness, if he only smiled upon her.

"My poor, dear Julia!" he murmured

'my poor child!' "Uncle," she said, checking her sobs by a great effort, "if you imagine I should tell any one-Johanna Carey even-what you have done, you wrong me. The name of Dobree is as dear to me as to Martin, and he was willing to marry a woman he detested in order to shield it. No. you are quite safe from disgrace as

far as I am concerned.' "Heaven bless you, my own Julia!" he ejaculated fervently. "I knew your no ble nature. But will you not be equally generous to Martin? Cannot you for give him as you do me?" "Uncle," she cried, "I could never,

never marry a man who says he loves some one else more than me.' "I should think not, my girl!" he said in a soothing tone; "but Martin will very soon repent. He is a fool just now, but

he will be wise again presently. He has known you too long not to know your worth. "Julia," I said, "I do know how good you are. You have always been gener-

ous, and you are so now. I owe you as in Dublin, where his regiment is at much gratitude as my father does, and anything I can do to prove it I am ready to do this day." "Will you marry her before we leave

Jersey?" asked my father. "Yes," I answered. The word slipped from me almost unawares, yet I did not wish to retract it. She was behaving so nobly and gener-

ously towards us both that I was willing to do anything to make her happy. "Then, my love," he said, "you hear what Martin promises. All's well that ends well. Only make up your mind to

put your proper pride away, and we shall all he as happy as we were before." "Never!" she cried indignantly. would not marry Martin here, hurriedly chill which quenched the happiness in and furtively; no, not if you were dying,

"But, Julia, if I were dying, and wished to see you united before my death!" he inslaunted. A sudden light broke upon me. It was an ingenious plot-one at which I could not help laughing, mad as I was. Julia's pride was to be saved, and an immediate marriage between us effected, under cover of my father's dangerous illness. I did smile, in spite of my anger, and he caught it, and smiled back again. I think Julia became suspicious.

"Martin." she said, sharpening her roice to address me, "do you think your father is in any danger?" "No. I do not," I answered, noty

standing his gestures and frowns. "Then that is at an end," she said. " was almost foolish enough to think that I would yield. You don't know what this disappointment is to me. Exerybody will be talking of it, and some of them will pity me, and the rest laugh at me. I am ashamed of going out of doors anywhere. Oh, it is too bad; I cannot bear

She was positively writhing with agitation, and tears, real tears I am sure, started into my father's eyes.

'My poor little Julia!" he said; "my darling! But what can be done if you will not marry Martin?"

"He ought to go away from Guernsey, she sobbed. "I should feel better if I was quite sure I should never see him, or hear of other people seeing him." "I will go." I said. "Guernsey will be

too hot for me when all this is known." "And, uncle," she pursued, speaking to him, not me, "he enght to premise me to give up that girl. I cannot set him free to go anti marry her -a stranger and adventuress. She will be his ruin. I think, for my sake, he ought to give her

"So he ought, and so he will, my love," answered my father, "When he thinks of all we owe to you, he will promise

I pondered over what our family owed to Julia for some minutes. It was truly a very great debt. Though I had brought her into perhaps the most painful post tion a woman could be placed in, she was generously sacrificing her just resentment and revenge against my father's dishonesty, in order to secure our name from blot.

On the other hand, I had no reason to suppose Olivia loved me, and I should to her no wrong. I felt that, whatever it might cost me, I must consent to Inlia's stipulation.

"It is the hardest thing you could ask me," I said, "but I will give her up. On one condition, however; for I must not leave her without friends. I shall tell Tardif if he ever needs help for Olivia he must apply to me through my moth-

"There could be no harm in that," oberved my father. "How soon shall I leave Guernsey?" I

"He cannot go until you are well again, incle," she answered. "I will stay here to nurse you, and Martin must take care of your patients. We will send him werd a day or two before we return, and I should like him to be gone before we reach home,

(To be continued.) The bird on a woman's hat has the wings of riches.

HIS DEAR LITTLE GIRL

MP HAT was what Terence Dawnay smile. "Oh, I know all about her! Lord had always called her ever since Carruthers you know him? teld me

ther had met and loved each oth- he knew her people." He was in Ireland now with his regiment, but he wrote very regularly said hotly. "There is but one woman to his dear little girl, and, though there in the world for me, and she -was no question of any formal engageher that their understanding was as tones. sacred a bond to him as any public betrothal, and of course she believed him, for she was young and she loved

She was thinking of him as she walked down the path to meet the postman. This was her letter day, and Irish letters always come by the midday mail to the Devonshire yillage where she lived within sight and sound of the mosning sea.

It was late in June, and the summer wind tossed her pretty hair against the cheeks, which were soft and flushed like a peach. The postman was coming up the hill. A smile crossed his weather-beaten face as he caught sight of the waiting figure.

"Two letters, missy, this morning," he said, as he sorted them from his bundle. "That's all, miss."

Two letters! She went out on the cliff side with them. One was, of course, from Terence. How well she knew his dear untidy writing! She smiled as she put it in her pocket. That must be kept

home as a bonne bouche. The other one was in quite strange handwriting, as she tore it open, looking at its contents with bewilderment. A blank sheet of paper inclosing a small newspaper cutting met her eyes. breath. What could it mean? The color faded from her cheeks.

engagement will be announced before the year, Miss Sargeant, at the same time congratulating the gallant fiance present quartered.'

The little bit of paper fell to the ground. Of course it was not true. It could not be true. Some one was trying to make mischief between them. That was all. Why, he was hers he had been hers from the very first day that they had met. The newspaper did not know what it was talking about. She eved the envelope with disgust. Who had done this thing? And who was Miss Sargeant? Terence never mentioned her.

She pulled his letter out of her pocket and opened it, reading it with a sudden

My Dear Little Girl-I have hardly a moment for a letter, so I am afraid this will be very short, but there is so much to be done here just now, what with polo and goodness knows what else besides, that I have enough to do to get down to stay near Cork next week. with some people called Sargeantjolly house and no end of galeties, of course. I wish I could have managed to run over to you, dear, but it is quite Impossible. You see, there are maneuvers coming on, and I must be within easy reach of headquarters. I don't to tell you. I have been thinking lately Girl. that it's a bit rough on you to be kept hanging on for such an interminable time-not that I've altered; you know that but, you see, things are not looking very bright for us, are they? It's awfully late, I must stop. Good-night. voice. dear little girl. Ever yours.

TERENCE The sun was hidden by a thick cloud, the sea monned on the rocks below, and a light wind ruffled the waves. It looked like a change in the weather. But change. Her eyes were fixed unseeing Kingstown to Holyhead, and the next on the letter in her hand. She stooped and picked up the little paper, which house where his dear little girl had she had allowed to flutter to the ground struggled back to all the pain of life. unheeded. No need to read it again, which at present seemed shorn of all It was imprinted on her memory for all time. She wondered what there was for her to do. Must it be renunciation? one to be seen, and, opening the door at once, and before she turned her steps his dear little girl was lying looking out homeward she had made her reseive.

. "Our dance, Miss Sargeant." The girl looked up. "Is it? No: I don't want to dance.

Do you mind if we sit it out?" "Do 1 mind?" repeated Dawnay, with a look in his blue eyes which only | heart and kissing the cheeks which had amused the beautiful Miss Sargeant. She had seen that look so often that it made little or no impression on her. some dozen seasons and received more anything else-she laughed at the mere! idea. She was striving for a higher destiny than that, in spite of all the sodety papers and their rumors.

Dawnay looked at her as she lay back in a low chair waving a great an's Life. feather fan to and fro. He believed in her thoroughty. He believed that here was the lady of his dreams.

"Have you any more dances to spare me?" he pleaded. "I know I was late, out that was not my fault."

"Not one left." she said indifferently. She talked to him in her low, sweet voice, and he was quite content to sit in the cool shadow and listen to her. "And when do you go on leave?" she said lazily.

"That," he said steadily, "entirely tepends on circumstances."

"Meaning the little girl you lest in Devonshire?" she said, with a mocking are Kentucky postediess.

"I don't know what you mean," he

He broke off. A couple were passing ment between them, he had assured their retrent, talking in light, laughing

> "Rhods Sargeant? Oh, she will end by marrying Carruthers, of course. She is only playing her usual little game with that nice boy. Dawnay. She might spare such a youngster. That sort of a woman has no mercy."

> The voice trailed into silence "You heard that," said Dawnay in hourse acents. "But it is not true! It can't be true that you have been playing with me all these weeks!"

The woman looked at him for a mo ment. Some good augel, a rare enough visitor to her, urged her to tell the truth for once. She did so with a curi ous feeling of pity. The boy was in such earnest.

"It is quite true."

Dawnay staggered to his feet. "Then heaven help the man who loves you." he said, and turned and left

Terence Dawnay sat in his quarters with his head buried in his arms. The cool dawn crept in through the windows on the motionless figure. For hours after his return from the ball he had not moved.

Presently he raised his head and looked about him with haggard eves. He got up stiffly and drew a long

His infatuation was dead. He had called it love in his youth' it ignorance. "We understand that an interesting but the bewildering light of truth had dispelled that idea forever. What a the end of summer, and we may safely fool he had been! He stood for a mooffer our good wishes to the beauty of ment looking out on the still, gray morning, and with a sudden flood of remorse remembered the letter to on his luck. Mr. Dawnay is well known which there had been no answer-the letter which to a moment of his blind infatuation he had written to his dear little girl. He loved her loved her. Dear heaven, had he thrown away the substance only to find blinself striving to grasp a shadow?

Why had she never written to him' Had she given him up without a word without even a struggle?

The thought paralyzed him. Truly he was to be sorely punished for his madness.

Then, with an exclamation, he seized a letter which was stuck up on the mantelshelf, possibly put there by his servant on the previous evening.

It was a letter from his dear little girl, after all! For a minute or two he hardly dared open it. Then he tore it open and read its short contents with

"I should have written to you before now, my dearest-for you are always that only I have been very ill and am everything done in the day. I'm going only now up on the sofa and can only write you these few lines to say that I love you, dear. I love you so much that I must do what seems to me the only thing for me to do, and that is to give you your freedom. I don't blame you, dear. I shall never think badly of you. Always believe that I love you better than anything on earth. I sign myself know that there is anything of interest for the last time, Your Dear Little

> Twice he read the little hearthroken letter. A knock at his door awoke him from his miserable thoughts with a

"Eight o'clock, sir," said his servant's

"Come in Stevens!" he shouted as a sudden idea flashed upon him. "Put some things up in my bag. I may be away a day or two. And just get my serge out, will you?"

Obtaining three days' leave, he was the girl did not notice the signs of able to catch the night mail from afternoon saw his arrival at the little lis gladness.

He walked straight in. There was no That was a question to be answered gently, he stole into the room where at the distant blue seg with such sad. tired eves.

> She looked around as she heard the door shut, and a cry burst from her lips-a cry which brought Terence to her side, and the next minute he was down on his knees, holding her to his grown so thin and white.

"My sweet?" he cried. "Only tell me that you forgive me! Oh, darling, ! Had she not danced and flirted through have been nearly mad since I wrote that letter to you! Can you ever forget than her share of attention? Of course, it and take me back? "ou shall know Terence was a nice, dear boy, but as to all, dearest. Only tell me that you love

> "That is such a very stale story, she whispered faintly, with a smile which told him that the gates of Eden had opened to him once again. - Wom-

Making No Mistake. "What a beautiful gown Mrs. Spingles had on at the reception!" remarked Mr. Cumrox.

"I am glad to see you showing so much taste and discernment!" exclaimed his wife.

"Oh, I knew I couldn't go wrong on that proposition. Her husband told me that gown cost him over \$600."- Washington Star.

Odd Names of Mentucky Towns. Kiddville, Right Angle and Log Lick RECENT LEGAL DECISIONS.

A finding that a railroad company to guilty of negligence for falling to keep its platform lighted for fifteen or twenty minutes to enable passengers to pass out safely, is held by the Supreme Court of Arkonsas in the case of St. Louis, etc., Hallway Company vs. Bastle (65 S. W. Rep., 805), not to be unreasonable.

A structure connecting two buildings on opposite sides of a street, built so far above the street as not to interfere with traffic thereon, is held by the Court of Appeals of Maryland, in the case of Townsend vs. Epstein (49 Atl. Rep., 629), to be a nuisance as to adjacent property owners, whose light it obstructs.

The renewal by a new note of a usurious note, but excluding all the usury, is held by the Supreme Judichd Court of Maine in the case of Vermule vs. Vermule (49 Atl. Rep., 608), to render the new note valid and binding on the maker, as the parties themselves have done what a court of equity would require them to do.

Where mining stock is deposited unler a binding escrow agreement that it shall pass to a certain person on the payment of a certain price within a certain time, and the price is paid by such time, the Supreme Court of Utah in the case of Clark vs. Campbell (65 Pac. Rep., 496), holds that dividends declared before the price is paid do not belong to the purchaser.

A fair association which maintained a race track on its fair grounds negligently made an opening in the fence surrounding the track, and through this opening a horse ran from the track among the people assembled on the main part of the fair ground, injuring one of the spectators. The court (Appellate court of Indiana) held the fair association liable for the injury on the ground that the cause of the injury was the failure to inclose properly the track. (Wandeler vs. Rush County Fair Association, 60 N. E. Rep., 954.)

MEXICAN ARISTOCRATS.

They Are Extraordinarity Tenacions

of Class Distinctions. The cultivated Mexican, priding himself on his "education," looks for its manifesiation in the person who claims his friendship and intimacy. He insists on good breeding among his own people, or they may not pass his threshold; all the more is he likely to insist that the foreigner who would visit blin be a man of polish, and with the ability to say and do things the right

A Mexican of excellent family was saying to me the other day that going to an interior State he had solourned at a hacfenda where the men there assembled, on engineering and other matters, were not of his kind, and "so I did not eat at the same table." for they were not "caballeros," or gentlemen. my associates, or I live alone!"

This gentleman speaks English perfectly, and reads our best authors, and he is equally well grounded in other foreign languages. He has none of that snobbish pride that offends, would not hurt another's feelings, and does not insist on nicety of dress, but does demand of his associates that five breeding and perfect tact that characterizes people who have inherited the courtly traditions of old Spain.

It struck me that he went too far, hat the technically trained men be met in the country were quite good enough to associate with, but to all objections he would reply: "They were not of my

A Mexican lady of the old nob lity of the country, wealthy and of long residence abroad, witty, of linguistle necomplishments, and much social experience in Europe as at home, said:

"I do not invite foreigners to my table, not even diplomats; for they are too critical of the service, and here you know that it is impossible to have such well-trained servants as in France or England. I have been burt in my feelings, at my own table, at the quiet amusement of guests when something went wrong, some blunder in service. And, as foreigners will make no allowances for our demestic shortcomings, I close my doors to them. In Paris 1 should entertain foreigners, for there I could be sure of my servants. But we Mexicans do not want to be laughed at, and that, perhaps, by people who are not at home, in their own countries, of our class. One does not know who they are or what is their origin. The lower their extraction the greater their presumption here."-Boston Herald.

Words Cained in Boston.

When Boston was three years old, the word "coasting," in the sense of sliding down an inclined plane, was used for the first time by the Court of Assistance. The term "humber" appeared first in the town records in 1663, being employed to designate the embarrassment caused by the "lumbering" up of the streets at a time when the settlers were doing a great business in forest products. Schooner, sleigh, harness, phaeton, carry-all, barge, currency, tender, sinking-fund, depreciation, apprecistion, caucus (1740), labor trust (1741), unconstitutionality, gerrymander, warden, unconstitutional, immigrant, and chrouic, are all Yankee words, that have been imitated and need far and

A Bluff.

wide.

"Why are you so pensive?" "Ne reason in particular." answered Willie Wishington. "I didn't have anything else to do, so I thought I might as well look as if I were thinking."-Washington Star.

Considering the monotony of a married man's life, his wife should really contrive oftende to have het blecute and binekberry Jam.