

LITTLE LADIES' WALK.

THANK IT. STAFFER IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. There were crickets in the bushes, and glow worms in the grass...

A LOVER'S QUARTETTE.

"Well, if you can't get your own consent, Mrs. Deery, I suppose you can't," said Mr. Perrin, his reproachful gaze fixed upon the fly...

"I couldn't be happy with Roxana," responded the lady impetuously; then, checking herself, she flushed like the rookbine at the window...

"Oh, if you refuse me on account of Mrs. Deery, I really can't take no for an answer," cried her suitor with an encouraged air.

"You'd have no trouble in getting on with sister, I'll wager," pursued the eager wooer. "You rarely see an even-tempered woman."

"Yes, that's just it, Mr. Perrin; Roxana's too perfect," broke forth the lady, rushing away the fly with startling energy.

"I might—" Mr. Perrin paused, hooked at his base impulse. Had he actually been to remark that he might provide sister with another home?—sister, who but for devotion to his interests, might now be matronizing a home of her own?

"You have the knack of spoiling me for other folks' cooking, little woman, that's the truth," said he at tea-time, ostentatiously heaping his plate with cream toast.

Joel, that you are thinking of marrying," Mr. Perrin blundered on, in his embarrassment saying the very thing he had resolved not to say.

"You are too kind, Kirby—too kind by half," sneered Mr. Kirby, letting go the reins of his anger. "You've robbed me of one bride, sir, and now you want to make amends, do you, by choosing me another?"

"Don't Joel, don't," "I tell you I do, and I can't help it," cried Mr. Kirby with grim humor.

"You know plenty of other ladies, Joel, younger and more pleasing," faltered Miss Roxana, nervously smoothing the pale gilding of hair that framed her temples in a gothic arch.

"Brother marry! Oh, no, indeed, he'll never marry—never!" cried Miss Roxana, grounded and rooted in the belief that her brother's heart was entombed with the dead Clivena.

"Oh, it's all right. Everything is all right," replied Mr. Perrin, too happy to keep it to himself. "Drop me here, Kirby, please. I have an engagement to make. And make it to-day! I shall and I will, God willing."

"The art of conversation is little cultivated. Yet how much of positive value it lends to life! Of all the means by which one can give pleasure to another this is the very best, yet, although it would seem to be within the reach of every one, there are few of us, indeed, who have ever taken part in a really good conversation."

"That'll make her feel that I appreciate her if Joel doesn't," he mused benevolently; while she, on her side of the table, was thinking, "It's just as I suspected; it would kill brother to lose me."

"Oh, you'd manage somehow. Maybe you'd marry," she ventured timidly, almost hearing the fluttering of the lost Clivena's wings.

"Heavy frost last night," growled Mr. Kirby. "Very," assented the other, conscious of an inward chill. "Winter is upon us. Shall you spend it in Maine?"

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A Lucky Woman.

Los Angeles (Cal.) Press, June 18. There are sometimes lucky fair as well as the brave. Mrs. W. O. Hubbard, of this city, took a sudden notion on the 10th day of May last to invest one dollar in the Louisiana State Lottery.

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Brown's Little Balm.

"Why, Brown, how short your coat is," said Jones one day to his friend Brown, who wittily replied: "Yes; but it will be long enough before I get another."

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PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

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