

THE OLD BROWN CLOAK.

"I don't know as I've got anything to give," said Farmer Foxglove, looking dubiously around the kitchen. "Philena, she don't believe in givin' much, unless it's through the Church Benevolent Guild, and Seraphina isn't at home."

"You don't tell me!" said the farmer, who was the softest-hearted of men. "Here, give me your basket! Philena'll say I'm an old fool; but I don't care."

"There's them as has entertained angels unaware," whined the Widow Waterman.

"Times is very bad with me, Mr. Foxglove," said she. "I can't stand by and see a fellow creature starve, no matter how shiftless and good-for-nothing she is."

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Old Tully's bell was jangling among the birches on the hill; they were already of the homeward path, but Seraphina looked at the clock, and passed a minute at the bridge that spanned a brook.

"There he comes, now!" she murmured. "There comes George." "He is throwing his arms around her neck," thought Seraphina. "He is—yes, he is really kissing her!"

"Pray don't trouble yourself to speak to me, sir," said Seraphina, with a toss of the head. "Or, if you do, please call me Miss Foxglove."

"What's the matter, Phiny?" said her mother, noticing the girl's quick movements and heightened color.

"I'm very kind of you to give it to me," went on Mrs. Waterman, "but there's some things as human flesh and blood can't bear, and to have Deacon Pulley's son asking if he could not see me home when I came out of the store, an' Mr. Ferdinand Pluff saying 'I was to be the dance at Malinda Edwards' on Tuesday night, and might he call to me at eight o'clock—well, it's rather upsetting. But the worst of it all was when I went to get a little water at the brook—"

"Now, Minnie," said a mother to her four-year-old daughter, "I want you to play with your little brother while I am down town."

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"I had a pair of eyes, I'd use them," said Mrs. Foxglove, coming to the roscus and viewing the row of empty pews with an eagle glance. "Well, I declare! Nebeliah, turning to her husband, 'That comes of leaving you to keep house. You must have gone off and left the door open, and some tramp has got in and robbed us!'"

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

The Othello-like adventures of a Philadelphia. "Amodeus," after detailing in Texas sittings, the adventures of a gentleman now resident in the Quaker City, asks the apposite question: Was there ever such another career?

In 1848 young Nardyz volunteered in the First Lombardy Infantry, under Victor Emanuel, and was wounded in the same year at the battle of Santa Lucia. Victor Emanuel's brother, the Duke of Genoa, gave his wounds personal attention.

In 1854 he went as surgeon with the first "Alpine" regiment sent to the Crimea. There were only 16,000 altogether of his compatriots in that greatest of all modern wars, and Nardyz's company saw the hottest service under the Russian command of General La Marmorosa, who died soon afterwards of typhoid fever.

In 1870 Dr. Nardyz crossed the Atlantic and enlisted in the 12th French regiment for the Franco-Prussian war. Under General Bourbaki's command in the northern part of France, he was decorated with the Red Cross of Geneva for saving the wounded, and with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for personal bravery.

After a long and successful career in the United States, he returned to France as physician and Secretary to Prince Ariste, son of General Alexander Aristoff, First aide to Alexander II. of Russia.

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PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL.

Some Experiences of a Depot Master. "For a nice, every day, good-pleasant person," said the depot master, "give me an ancient and provincial woman. I am not an old man, nor have I been in this business very long, but I am getting gray just the same, and I believe these women are responsible for it."

"There was one in here the other day. She arrived one hour and a half before the train she wished to take was scheduled to leave. Five trains went out before hers did, but she charged on the gate-keeper at every departure. You cannot get a woman to believe standard and local time are identical. I don't know why, but you cannot."

"Men by all means. Women are slovenly or careless, I don't know which. They throw the remnants of a luncheon on the floor without the slightest concern, and are generally more troublesome. Give me men every time in a waiting room." —[Detroit Journal.]

Mr. Streeter, the jeweler, told our representative this story. "Just after the fall of Pekin, a suspicious fellow called upon me, and, taking me aside, said he had just returned and had something to show me."

"I have a story for you," said a drummer. "I don't mean a yarn or a joke, but a simple account of a very interesting case."

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A DEBTOR'S PRISON.

A Belle of Semi-Barbarism Still in Prison in New York. Ludlow Street Jail, New York, possesses features in common with the old debtors' prisons described in the pages of certain modern novelists.

Those who pay extra for the accommodation are entertained on the ground floor of the establishment. One of the accompanying cuts shows very pleasant quarters occupied by Becky Jones during her imprisonment for refusing to testify of certain things, when under examination as a witness.

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He refused to pay, claiming that he was not of legal age when he entered the service. It was contended on the other side that he had voted in the election of a captain for his regiment, and his membership was thereby made valid.

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