

When legislators keep the law, When banks disburse...

When he that selleth house or land Shows leak in roof or flaw in right...

When preachers tell us all they think, And party leaders all they mean...

When lawyers take what they would give, And doctors give what they would take...

When one that hath a horse on sale Shall bring his merit to the proof...

When in the usual place for ribs Our gloves are stretched with special care...

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot The power of suction to resist...

Till then let cunning blaze away, And Miller's saints blow up the globe...

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A True Story.

Considering that he really loved her, he had perhaps been rather long in making up his mind...

Though no word of love had been spoken between them since he used to walk home from school with her...

At first he had seemed stunned, but when he saw her going he sprang up and intercepted the movement.

"Lina, you cannot leave me like this. At least, explain your conduct."

Then she stood passively before him, very pale, and as he now saw for the first time, very worn and sorrowful looking.

"No, not dead. Oh! my darling, I never dreamed of this, or that your life was really hard, as your words imply."

When mamma returned from her visit to the kitchen, she found poor Edwin "all abroad."

The answer came after a moment's pause, and, strange to say, with a blush like a girl.

"Well, Frank, I should really be delighted to accept your invitation, but I am afraid it would be impossible this year."

"You don't mean to say you're thinking of marrying? you have rather a guilty appearance."

Our friend Edwin (who was, we know, not only thinking of marrying, but had arrived at the full determination of doing so without delay...

"Oh! well, it was very bad hearing—an awful pity," etc., etc.

After some more light talk, the friends parted—Frank to the dinner at his club, where he informed some kindred spirits that...

On the evening following the events recorded in our last chapter our friend Edwin bent his steps towards the home of his lady-love.

She was knitting a stocking and a little ball of cotton lay in her lap. He stooped forward from his chair beside her, and possessing himself of the little ball, began slowly unwinding and re-winding the cotton.

"Lina, I came here to-night to ask you to be my wife. Better not to beat about the bush; now it was done and he sat up straight and looked at her.

A faint blush spread over the pale cheek and a slight start accompanied it that sent the little ball upon its travels. After stooping for a moment to recover it, she turned upon him a face white as if the moon shone upon it.

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When mamma returned from her visit to the kitchen, she found poor Edwin "all abroad."

Just as the cab rolled off, a friendly hand was laid upon his shoulder and a friendly voice saluted him—that of an old Oxford chum.

such as it was, as well as a home to offer her," etc.

The five years which by him had been spent in comfort and affluence, had been spent by her in hard, ungenerous work, and her heart had died within her...

III.

As soon as it would have been possible for him to receive an answer, supposing she wrote immediately, he watched eagerly for the postman, and that was the following day at breakfast time.

He gained from a conversation he overheard between his mother and sisters that Angelina had left her home to nurse a sick aunt in the country; a maiden aunt, who lived alone.

One morning, just as the fifth week had commenced, he found on his study table a little modest-looking note in her pretty, careful hand.

On the following day, a lovely day in the beginning of August, he arrived at N—, a pretty little Hampshire village, and after making a few enquiries, found the house—a little cottage villa on the outskirts of the village.

After first greetings, he muttered something about being in the neighborhood, and thinking he might be allowed the privilege of calling.

"Hush! there is some one coming. Good-bye, you will soon forget this. I have learned to forget. I am sorry you have spoken now; the hope that you ever would die long before the love of which it was born.

She held out to him her little, cold, white hand; he mechanically took it, dropped it, and she was gone.

She had refused him! His first feeling was one of surprise; intense, blank surprise. He had so often pictured this meeting, but so differently, that now it was over, the aching surprise seemed more than he could bear.

I am. You don't mean to say she wouldn't have you?"

"That's just it. Now don't say 'there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught; won't do here, Frank. I don't mind telling you—you're a good fellow, and won't talk about me to any of them; but I've loved her all my life, and it is an awful blow. Good bye."

Ten years after, when Edwin was bald and grey and Angelina's brown hair itself thickly streaked with silver, they met again. The first three of those ten years she had spent with her aunt. For the remaining seven she had been the wife of a hard-working country doctor.

DAKING BURGLARY.

A Haul of Old English Jewellery—Free Use of the Revolver by the Marauders—A Lively Tussle.

DETROIT, Mich.—A daring and successful burglary was committed at four o'clock this morning at the residence of Mrs. Albert Prince, at Petite Cote, below Sandwich.

Three masked men gained entrance to the house and completely ransacked it, carrying away with them several hundred dollars' worth of old English jewellery, the property of Mrs. Hughes, who was on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Prince.

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Lieutenant E. B. Vankoughnet, R. N., second son of the late Chancery, has recently received from the Lords of the Admiralty the staff appointment of flag lieutenant to Vice-Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock...

The Result of Attachments. Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon him the deputy sheriff stopped at the store of a beautiful widow on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed malling glances upon the deputy aforesaid.

Her cheeks bore the beautiful blended tints of the apple-blossom, her lips resembled rosebuds upon which the morning yet lingered, and her eyes were like the quivers of Cupid, and the glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled resembling arrows, and only wanting a fine beau (pardon the pun) to do full execution.

"But, madam, the Justice is waiting." "Lst him wait. I am not disposed to hurry matters in such an unbecoming manner; and, besides, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I prefer a minister to a Justice of the Peace."

A COWARD IN THE DOCK LONDON, England.—William Kinggold Cooper, the American forger, made a piteous appeal for mercy on Saturday. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

Russian Brutality. A correspondent of the London Telegraph, writing of the atrocities perpetrated by the Russian police under cover of the "state of siege," tells the story of the cruel treatment to which a lady was subjected for teaching Russian peasant children to read.

LIBERAL DEMONSTRATION. MANCHESTER, England.—A great Liberal demonstration was held here to day. Lord Hartington sharply attacked Lord Salisbury's recent speech.

A London paper contains the following: "No woman has ever done large and living work in musical composition. Music has hitherto been the one art in which sex has asserted itself, in defiance of the dearest theories of the advanced. Is our time to see the contradiction of this fact?"

The new railway from Jersey City to New York was opened on Saturday. It is at present only to Rockland Lake.