

Love Ever

She sang—her full voice thrilled the darkness room. With the impassioned feeling of her song; The words went forth upon the evening gloom, Floating the air along— "Love not," she sang, "love not."

A BANK NOTE IN TWO HALVES.

Wet and dreary. It is midwinter: the scene is Kirklington, on the London & Northwestern; the time, 10.45; just after the night mail has flashed through without stopping—bound for Liverpool and the North. The railway officials—pointmen, signalmen, porters, plate-layers—are collecting preparatory to going off duty for the night.

skirmishing all over the floor. They were quite unmanageable and beyond the control of the eldest sister, who was busied in setting out the table for the mid day meal; one other child, of six or seven, a bright-eyed, exceedingly beautiful boy, the least—were not nature's vagaries well known—likely to be born among and belong to such surroundings, stood between the legs of the man himself, who had his back to the visitors, and was crouching low over the scuffly fire.

FIRST HALF.

The pretty boy had very soon left the father at the fire, and had come over to join in the fun, going back, however, to exhibit his share of the spoil, and describe voluminously what had occurred. This and the repeated shouts of laughter seemed to produce some impression on him. Presently he looked over his shoulder, and said, but without animation:

SECOND HALF.

When Jack Newbiggin got back to the parsonage he found that his host had accepted an invitation for them both to dine at the "Big House," as it was called, the country seat of the squire of the parish.

When the whole party was assembled in the drawing room after dinner, a chorus of voices, headed by that of the hostess, summoned Jack to his work. There appeared to be only one dissentient, Sir Lewis Mallaby, who not only did not trouble himself to back up the invitation, but when the performance was actually begun, was at no pains to conceal his contempt and disgust.

OUR LAKE MARINE.

The Cleveland Penny Post has compiled a valuable article on the extent, character, value and profits of the lake commerce for the past seven years, with its present tendencies and future outlook. The important facts adduced from the article are that the number of craft has materially diminished since 1873, while the tonnage has slightly increased.

"So much the better for me," said the baronet, with an effort to appear humorous. "The other half was given to— Shall I say, Sir Lewis?"

OUR FRIENDS.

They never quite leave us—our friends who have passed through the shadows of death to the sunlight above; A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast To the places they blessed with their presence and love.

Photography & Flashing Signals. Army telegraphing by means of flashing signals has been successfully done, between stations fifty miles apart, by the British in Africa.

OUR FRIENDS.

They never quite leave us—our friends who have passed through the shadows of death to the sunlight above; A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast To the places they blessed with their presence and love.