

nd in the pocket... under anxiously... "There... andkerchief, some... acts on total abstinence... the Colonel," exclaimed... greatly relieved; "he's... the next boat."

ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)
at this critical moment, when we... both self-convicted of an arrant cov... which would have shamed a Canadian... of six years old, Mrs. O tapped... the door, and although generally a most... welcome visitor, from her gossiping, mis... venous propensities, I gladly let her in... "Do tell me," I cried, "the meaning of... strange uproar?"

and so civil and obliging, that he soon got a... good business. He was clever, too, and... cleaned old clothes until they looked almost... as good as new. Well, after a time he... persuaded a white girl to marry him. She... was not a bad-looking Irishwoman, and I... can't think what bewitched the creature to... take him.

Presently after, while talking over the... affairs of our household, I happened to say... that the cow we had bought of Mollineux... had turned out extremely well, and gave a... great deal of milk.
"That man lived with us several years,"... she said; "he was an excellent servant, and... D— paid him his wages in land. The... farm that he now occupies forms a part of... our U. E. grant. But, for all his good... conduct, I never could abide him, for being a... black."

fectly still that it seemed as if Nature had... suspended her operations; that the... motion had ceased, and that she was sleep... ing in her winding-sheet, upon the bier of... death.
"I guess you will find the woods pretty... lonesome," said our driver, whose thoughts... had been evidently employed on the same... subject as our own. "We were once in the... woods, but emigration has stepped a-head of... us, and made our'n a cleared part of the... country. When I was a boy, all this country,... for thirty miles on every side of us, was... bush land. As to Peterborough, the place... was unknown; not a settler had ever passed... through the great swamp, and some of them... believed that it was the end of the world."

Coquetry Comes to Naught.
A coquette is a young lady of more beauty... than sense, more accomplishments than... learning, more admirers than friends, and... more fools than wise men for attendants. Many young girls throw away their chances... of marrying happily by their frivolity and... their inordinate love of flirtation. Though... these flirtations may be perfectly harmless, yet they keep off a man who has a penchant... for a girl. Flirtation, which was not ill-... described in Punch as "a spoon with nothing... in it," closely resembles the real article, and... a man when he feels himself falling in love... with a girl is not in a condition to closely... analyse whether the "spoon" has anything... in it or not, and, as is generally the case... when in that condition, he is the victim of... jealousy, and decides that the "spoon" has... something in it, and therefore withdraws... from the contest.

CHAPTER XII.—A JOURNEY TO THE WOODS.

"It's well for our poor denizens of earth... That God conceals the future from our gaze;... Or Hope, the blessed watcher on Life's... tower, Would fold her wings, and on the dreary... waste Close the bright eye that through the murky... clouds Of blank Despair still sees the glorious sun."

For Both Sexes.

I am told that gum chewing has been in... vogue for many years; but it was never... brought to my notice until three years ago, when I became a resident of California. There I saw it in its worst phases. Old men and matrons, young men and maidens, and children of both sexes walked and chewed, read and chewed and talked and chewed until I wondered what kind of people I had been thrown amongst. It was not confined to the lower classes, although the habit, or vice, seemed to me to be on a par with the snuff-dipping of the poor whites of the South.

The Painlessness of Death.

The act of dying, it is now ascertained, is absolutely free from suffering; it is really unconscious insensibility always proceeding it. Any anguish that may attend mortal illness ceases before the dews, as thousands who have recovered, after hope has been surrendered, have borne witness. Sudden and violent death, shocking to the senses, may not be, probably is not, painful to the victim. Drowning, hanging, freezing, shooting, falling from a height, poisoning of many kinds, beget stupor or numbness of the nerves, which is incompatible with sensation. Persons who have met with such accidents, and survived them, testify to this. Records to the effect are numberless.

The day was so bright for the time of year (the first week in February), that we suffered no inconvenience from the cold. Little Katie was enchanted with the jingling of the sleigh-bells, and, nestled among the packages, kept singing or talking to the horses in her baby lingo. Trifling as these little incidents were, before we had proceeded ten miles on our journey, they revived my drooping spirits, and I began to feel a lively interest in the scenes through which we were passing.

A Change in Appetite.
"Ma," said Bobby, "can't I have some peppermint tea before I go to bed?" "Certainly you can, Bobby. The doctor says you can have all you want. It will do you lots of good."

New Relatives.
From the seaside and the mountains, Back to town they throng once more; These young men who've gained a "sister" (That they never had before).

The Immortal Cobbler.
The cobbler does not die, of course, When all his yearning past, Because it's quite impossible For him to breathe his last.

The Donkey Was There.
Where is the white horse, pretty maid? For I see your hair is a white-horse shade? The maiden to whom these words were said Was a pretty girl whose hair was red.

No Yellow Fever for Him.
Citizen (to Uncle Rastus)—You're more or less familiar with the yellow fever, aren't you, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus (confidently)—Yes, sah, I knows all about de yaller fever. I've seen thousand's ob cases. Citizen—Well, there's a sick stranger up at the hotel and his case looks like yellow fever. We want you to come up and give us your idea of it. Uncle Rastus (turning ghastly pale)—Wha-a-t! I used to know all about yaller fever, but I wouldn't know now if it was yaller or green or white, kase you see, sah, I've been oolor blind fo' mo'n fo' ten yaha. And Uncle Rastus hurried away.