

'TIS HARD TO BE POOR.

'Tis hard to be poor, the merchant did say, As sleepless he lay on his couch...

Literature.

AN ILL-OMEN'D DREAM WORKED OUT.

Lady Ellis arose, her jet-black eyes flashing. Who are you, that you should dare thus insult me?

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'I am come to hear it.' 'Then I must tell you that she is in danger. And I fear that a little time will see the end.'

her as you did so, whispering — 'In great astonishment he raised his wife's face to gaze into it. Where had she learnt that little private epistle? He did not ask: he only stared at her.'

of superstition was beginning to creep over himself. 'Will you let me ask you something?' she whispered, presently.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION ANSWERED. Can anybody tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her? — Exchange.

she passed out, to a mutual acquaintance who stood in the doorway. From him, ere many minutes, I had learned her name and address.

FACES.—Every face is to the heart, what the glass is to the hot bed, and the freer the glass from the dust and stain of years, the clearer we can discover that which lies beneath.