

- In-cents-copper.
-Set things right-the hen.
-The ties that bind-advertiser.
-Free of charge-an empty gun.
-Bad buy words-"Charge it to me."
-Champagne frappe is called a frozen smile.
-In making wills, some are left out and others are left in.
-A sensitive reporter is the wrong man in the write place.
-Fly time-when you hear her father's heavy cane thumping along the hall.
-The old maid who exclaimed, "My life has been a deserted waist," can readily be believed.
-Why is fashionable society like a warning party? Because it is highly polished, but very hollow.
-An exchange says: "Very few hens lay at the point of death." Perhaps they would if they could see the point.
-Bicycles are to be propelled by steam. Then they will be running into each other and nobody will be to blame.
-A Michigan man was arrested and fined \$10 for hugging a widow. Is this the boasted freedom of the American press?
-When a Leadville man merely passes in his checks on account of delirium tremens they say he died a natural death.
-It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. A Milwaukee girl married a barber and he turned out to be a rich baron in disguise.
-White neckties are so cheap this season that many a sad-faced man has secured a railroad ticket at half price on the strength of his throat gear.
-An exchange speaks of a man who "is but one step removed from an ass." He had better make it three or four. The animal has a long reach backward.
-Augustus Dabble (artist)-"Don't you think it is about time exhibited something." Severe critic (examining Dabble's latest production)-"Yes, a little talent, for instance."
-"The artist" is one of the greatest inventions of the English language. Every married man can say "my dear wife" and no one can tell just exactly what he means.
-When an Ohio man gets into the woods for a couple of days, on a fishing excursion, the first question he asks on his return is: "Have I been nominated for any office while I was gone?"
-If the President of the United States, says the Boston Courier, felt in proportion to his place as big as an Italian, he would, in proportion, be'd ground round shouldered trying to dodge the clouds.
-A dealer in hosiery in Chicago marked a pair of stockings: "Only \$10,000," and more than one hundred ladies stopped at the window and cried out: "Dear me! how cheap-I'll ask my husband to buy them!"
-Do not know commas when you see them? said the village school teacher to the book-keeper of a banking house, whose education had been neglected. "What are those (.,) on your grocer's bill?" "Beers," said he.
-Perspiration never rains, it simply pours.
-[N. Y. Express. And a lool never flies, but sorcs.-[Oswego Record. And apples never fall without cores.
-Technology-Some friends said yourself you know the quickest way of becoming practical miners. Well, take your friend's money and your own and invest it in mining stocks; in a few weeks you may find yourself minus.
-A badly-slaven gentleman, suffering from general debility, consults a celebrated physician. "Do you slave yourself?" asked the doctor, glancing at his slashed cheeks. "Yes." "Stop it. You are losing too much blood. That's what's the matter with you."
-At a recent Sunday-school session the superintendent was talking about idols, when to ascertain whether the children were understanding what he was saying, he asked, "Children, what was an idol?" "Being lazy," was the loud and quick response of one of the juvenile class.
-Lives there a man who is not pleased To see his honored name in print? How much more is his joy increased When praise is given without stint? But then there comes a time of fear. When others will his story tell; His faults will be his own review; His virtues laid in nonpareil.
-The mammoth steamer Great Eastern, whose visit to this country some years ago excited such lively curiosity, is about to revisit American waters. This time she will be employed in conveying beef from Galveston to England. Her capacity is 20,000 head of cattle, and she is expected to make four voyages in the year.
-Dundas Standard: The Scott Act campaign is now in full blast in Hamilton. There have been two lively discussions between Mr. King Dodds and Mr. Gibson, by both of whom the subject was ably handled. The prevailing opinion is that Mr. Dodds is too heavy a card for his opponent and that there is little chance of the Act becoming law in Hamilton.
-Young lady-"Why, James, you're spouting that hedge!" Gardner-"Ah! Thomas Lapham be come along this morning" he says to I, says he, "Why, James, those best a spin'll thick hedge!" "The best a big log," says I, "Thomas, the more these do trouble an' cut down hedges, the better they be!" "-Punch.
-Bridget-said a lady to her servant "who was that talking with you so late last night at the gate?" "My oldest brother, ma'am." "What is his name?" "Barney Octoloon, ma'am." "Indeed! How comes it his name is not the same as yours?" "Troll, ma'am," says the unflinching Bridget, "hasn't he been married once?"
-X, having been offended by a friend, sends him a challenge to fight with weapons of law. "With weapons of law?" says the other, perplexed. "Certainly. I will send my mother-in-law to stay with you, and you send yours to spend the time with me, and the first man that begs for quarter will be named." "Not much," said his antagonist, "I apologize humbly and respectfully."
-Voitre and Arnould were one day amusing themselves in guessing the professions of the passers by their dress and bearing, when a carriage passed, the occupant of which was oddly attired. Quoth Voitre-"That's a Counselor of the Court of Aids." Arnould wagged that the passer was not, and to decide the bet, Voitre approached the carriage, and, explaining to the gentleman the circumstances, asked if he were not such a functionary. "Monseigneur," said the gentleman coldly, "go round and bet you are an ass; you will never lose. Drive on, coachman." The bet was decided a draw.
-Mrs. Geo. Tew, Wallace, in describing a ride in New Mexico, says that the Mexican driver occasionally leaps from his seat for a pocketful of stones, and throwing them at the heads of the mules, "at the same time muttering on the ledger lines below, sacred words mixed with names of saints." The Mexican insists a mule cannot be made to understand without such urging, and they have a proverb, "An ass's ears are made long in order to catch cañals."

FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

"Married, to whom? Not Everard?" "No," the doctor answered contemptuously, annoyed at Josephine's manner. "I thought she has more sense than to marry that milk-sop, who has grown to be more like a Methodist parson than anything else."

"There were worse crimes than bigamy-a great one-and they are none the less worse because the world does not know of them."

"What do you mean?" he asked sharply, and Josephine replied: "Nothing in particular; only you told me once that you had broken every commandment of that vile old book."

"Do not molest her! I know of the letter hidden under the bed and would be her secret. Every day she went to the spot to make sure it was there, and every day she read it again until she knew it by heart, and had no need to read it except to see if she had not by some chance made a mistake and read it in a wrong place."

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RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1880.

WHOLE NO. 1,151.-NO. 8.

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LA MAISON DE SANTE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

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THE ESCAPE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

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CHAPTER XLIX.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

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CHAPTER XLIX.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

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