

"RIGHT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA." When McGinity slipped away, faith said to herself...

Up comes McGinity with a sculpin in his fist, and a fish hook in his nose...

When he held Belday Ellen she was married by the name of Dennis Fagan of the way...

Up comes McGinity and he looks his very best, with a lobster in each ear...

Now McGinity take my hand, says his good friend Pat McCann...

Up comes McGinity with a rap on the door, and Belday gives a yell...

THE DOSTERS: A Romance of Georgian Life.

"Like Tom Doster, eh?" "Well," she replied, in yet more animated tone...

"The question embarrassed him, but it fretted also. He answered, petulantly, looking away from her..."

"And you would take her on such terms? Yes," blushing with pain, she said...

"What?" he cried. "You mean to tell me that Ellen Joyner is going to throw herself away on that whining preacher?"

"Brother William!" She was about to respond with the generous indignation...

"On confound it all! I take that back of course. Indeed, as between Henry Doster and Tom, I rather think, if I were a woman..."

"Ah, well! Your father and Mr. Joyner set a great deal by the hopes they had allowed to raise their boys so as to be fit for making the right sort of husbands...

he is a Methodist preacher. Oh, you needn't be smiling in that way, when I'm in dead earnest...

"You are right there," replied the mother, her natural cheerfulness somewhat restored...

"I didn't mention Tom's name; and his mother did, and while she was prais-ing Tom to the skies he looked out the window...

"On the east side—called by humbler folk 'Quality Row,' because taken by the leading families..."

"Among the clergy were several possessed of a high order of eloquence, and others labored with an equal length of lungs...

"Young man like Henry, you know, brot-in, it'll maybe sooner encourage him up in the back to know his old father, as I calls myself, is behind that a ready and a trusting sort..."

"I should remark here that although he had not sought from his young friend the confidence which he doubted not his having good reasons for withholding..."

"For two or three years last past he had been counting upon being called to the Mays and the Joyner's on some fine evenings at candle-light, where he would sit and sing..."

To an old-time Georgian it is very pleasing now to recall the camp-meetings of the long ago, particularly those in the country wherein the scenes recorded in this story are laid...

Thus far Henry Doster had seen little of the Ogechee girls, except when in the great hall, or at the Ingram tent doorway when happening to be walking past...

"And don't he look splendid?" he said to Harriet, who had gone out to sit with the man under the front shed...

"Merrily she kissed her beautiful cousin, and retreated to those regions, in the rear of which to this day it remains a mystery to me, and to all except such house-wives as she was, what breakfasts and dinners she ate..."

"Oh, she is just what you need now. You'll come to see me real soon, won't you, dear?" "Yes, indeed, and—"

"Well, you see, you were you at the concert last night?" "Yes, and—"

"Lovely little affair, wasn't it? How charming Mr. Tennenerson was!" "Oh, he was really! And I liked Miss Sorrel's, too."

"What! I have more time than you? My dear child, I'm fairly rushed to death all the time!" "I really don't see where the time goes. Good-by, dear."

"If you don't come and see me soon I'll be—oh! how would you get that lovely child to marry me, if I were to ask you?" "I've five other calls to make this afternoon. Good-by."

"I'm puzzled to know whether the item comes under the head of 'Sporting News' or 'Society Gossip.'"

The Omniferous Insect Pests of Warm Countries. I am not sure if Indian ants are identical with those which are the subjects of Sir John Lubbock's interesting experiments...

from the hole in the wall where they dwelt, along the floor, up the tablecloth, on to the sugar basin...

The large red ants, similar to those described in the Queen's Scotch journal as attacking a royal Princess, are usually met with out shooting...

She Got Away After a While, but Meaning while the Town Clock Laughter, Mrs. Gabler (arising to depart after a call on Mrs. Wearysome)...

Street Costumes Have Not Been So Modest Since the Pilgrim Days. Genuine antique Persian embroideries are worn on cloth and cashmere dresses...

What is a Gentleman? We know Mr. Callicott, and have known him for years. We respect his ability, admire his many excellent qualities...

The Nicaragua Canal will be 170 miles long from ocean to ocean. The width will be 16 miles of excavation on the east side...

Reform Demanded. Aunt Miranda—Wall, I never. These modern ways is too much for me to dew seem that there is no liberty in this world after all...

A Peculiar Predicament. Said a man to his bosom friend, who was about to get married: "I suppose I ought to wish you both much happiness; but, as I don't know the bride, I cannot congratulate you only too well, I cannot congratulate the bride."

THE SHIRE REGION. Description of the Country England and Portugal are Quarrelling Over. The New York Sun furnishes the following description of the country in dispute between England and Portugal...

About the same time a Portuguese force under Major Serpa Pinto attacked and defeated a number of Makololo chiefs along the river who were flying the British flag...

The news of these proceedings prompted Portugal to start an expedition under Lieutenant Almeida to establish himself in Mashona land and establish a military post there...

Portugal bases her claims to these regions upon a series of conquests and discoveries made by her forces and explorers in the two last centuries ago...

But the tunnel fortunately betrays them, and no time should be lost in breaking open the tunnel and destroying the working party that will be found inside...

Some of the small lamps designed for writing tables are a set of the artistic skill and good taste required in the line of decorative art...

Lo Diggs—Hello, Sapparon, what's the matter with you McGinity? De Diggs—Your mistake; it's down, you know—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Do Not Think for a Moment That Catarrh will in time wear out. The theory is false. Men try to believe it because it would be pleasant if true, but it is not so...

Thousands of Bottles Given Away Yearly. I have said Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time. I would have the disease of Fits, cured...

A Chicago Man Lays His Floral Tribute on the Wrong Decade. The Secretary of a certain organization had a novel experience last week. It is a joke on him, and he feels too "sore" to make it advisable to publish his name...

The services at the house were gone through with, and the pall-bearers took up their burden and bore it to the hearse. The Secretary went out with the others and took a seat in his own carriage...

A Lady's Chances of Marrying. Every woman has a chance of "catching a husband," but it is conceded that young ladies between twenty and twenty-five years of age are more likely to draw the unusual prize...

The Penalty of Pride. Do—And so you're really going to marry that Professor? You, the heroine of a thousand engagements! How did you ever come to accept him?

Dr. Debt and the Devil. A distinguished divine calls those three D's, Drift, Debt and the Devil, an unmatched trinity of evil. If a man would be happy, he must avoid all three...

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