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braids, another in the rich lace around her throat, a happy light in her great dark eyes, a deeper color in her full red lips, dimples, playing on cheek and chin, was all life and warmth and color.

When her school days were ended the two were almost inseparable, and Amy made no more visits to the great house beyond the village than Helen made to the old yellow farmhouse in the shade of the great pine.

It was a warm summer day. The stone steps, whitewashed and blue-lined and tumbled, are covered with grey and yellow lilies, and high up in the attic, under the old gabled roof, the swallows build their nests, going in and out through the broken windows.

He felt angry with Miss Bevan, who sat there watching the beautiful face and finger. What right had he, so poor and common, to love this peerless girl? Amy was a pretty enough child, but this other, who looked with little less than adoration upon the one we girl they called sister.

After a while, with a little start of dismay, Miss Farrar exclaimed that she must go home—she had no idea it was so late; Amy must come to see her very soon, she was so lonely at home, and the graceful figure tripped down the garden path, of course attended by simple, honest Miles Bevan.

He returned home happier than for some time before; Helen had been so charming, so frank, so unaffectedly glad to be with him, that a great weight had been taken from his heart.

And Helen?—In her own room, as she took down the heavy coils of black hair, and slowly brushed out their shining lengths, she smiled a little at the reflection in the mirror, and murmured:—“What an exquisite simpaton Miles Bevan is?—and that is the adorable Mr. Arnold, is it? Raymond Arnold. Decidedly a nice name and Papa says his position is good, and—I think I'll go to bed. Dear Amy will come to see me soon, and then I must return her visit.”

Mr. Arnold, strange to say, did not find the old house so pleasant as Miss Farrar's departure. He might have asked Amy to walk with him—he might have given the shy, blushing girl the one kiss she had been expecting but he was thinking of other things, and for the first time since her engagement Amy's blue eyes were dimmed with tears, as she watched the stars come out, one by one, in the still heavens.

"You are mine; I will repay you and with bowed head the eldest brother answered; "We have not forgotten."

Extraordinary Hindoo Super-
stition.

The Royal Humane Society has awarded its silver medal for the following act of bravery:—On the 10th of February last, early in the morning, Mr. Krishna Chunder Chatterjee, on his way to bathe at a ghat on the Ganges, found a number of people running from the river and calling out "Hunt, Hunt!" (the police, the police).

She made no objection to returning home with her father and her brother Ernest. "She was only waiting there, by the ruined mill, for some other," she said; "she could come back another day."

Great doctors were summoned to the old farm-house—doctors who looked pitifully on the fair-faced girl, murmured something about time and change, and went away.

By the collision of an ascending and descending case in the Victoria colliery, near Wakefield, England, on the 8th inst., one cage was precipitated 120 yards, and eight persons killed.

By the death of a rich laird's uncle in England, recently, Mr. J. S. Sargram, of Waterloo, and his brother, Mr. E. Sargram, of Galt, have been left a handsome fortune, said to be \$50,000 each.

MR. SPURGEON ON WOMEN.—In a most amusing speech at the opening of a Bazaar at Norwich in aid of female education in India, Mr. Spurgeon said:—"I think there is no one of us but feels that women are a superior part of the race, especially if we are married, for we know them by experience. When I am marrying a young couple, I generally tell the young lady to let her husband be the head, for that is according to Scripture and to nature; but I always advise her to be the neck and the hand round and round which way she likes. I believe the practical experience of most of us men is that though we like to be the head, though we like the nominal sovereignty, yet we mostly like to be twisted under the supreme rule of the queen of the household, for there we generally find safety and our happiness." Mr. Spurgeon in the same speech, related an anecdote of a black man and his wife who he received into the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

RIP: Old Age.—Living to a ripe old age is not yet one of the "lost arts." The illustrious Count de Willeke, who died three years ago, was past 100; The Emperor of Germany is 82, Marshal MacMahon is 72. The late Mr. T. H. was over 81, Lord Palmerston 81, and Earl Russell 86. William Cullen Bryant was 84.88. Richard H. Paine, who introduced Bryant to the public, is still living in Boston at the age of 91. Mr. Longfellow is 71, and Whit- tie has passed 70. Charles O'Donovan is 70. Cardinal McGloskey is 68, and Pope Leo XIII. is the same. Mr. Gladstone is 74. Carlyle is 83, and still bright. Emerson is 75, and Victor Hugo 78. Chief Justice Taney was 87. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, lived to see 91. John Adams reached 92, and Thomas Jefferson 83. Martin Van Buren was almost 90. Stephen Girard died at 81, and John Jacob Astor at 85. Andrew Jackson was 74, James Buchanan 77, John Taylor 74, and Millard Fillmore the same. Caleb Cushing and George Bancroft are each 78. Young men, don't be discouraged. Take good care of your- selves, keep out of debt, get home early at night, and you may all go into the seven- ties.—Irish Monthly.