

# MAGGIE'S WAITING

The Story of a Girl's Faithful Love—Peace at Last.

"When I'm a man you shall have a proper home, and not a thing like this," he said grandly.

"Perhaps we shan't play together then, though," she answered.

"Oh, yes, we shall," he said thoughtfully.

"You know," he added patronizingly, "I may marry you—that is, if you are pretty, and can spin a peg-top, and don't funk jumping a ditch, or do stupid things that are of no use at all."

"Perhaps I shan't want you to marry me," she replied scornfully. "I should like to marry a soldier."

"I shall be a soldier, and you are sure to want me to marry you," he said with decision, and she believed him, and from that day forth she considered the matter settled. And when many a year later he told her, laughingly, that he was only a poor soldier, and must marry an heiress or remain on foreign service all his life, (she was not very uneasy, for she felt sure that then he was only joking.)

They had many a talk and walk together ere the first spell of foreign service came. Alie Granger's uncle lived next door to Maggie Dunlop's parents, and as her father was an invalid, and her mother was wholly engrossed in attending upon him, the going-out and coming-in of that young lady were not subject to the amount of attention they might otherwise have received. The consequence was that when Alie Granger came (as he did at every available opportunity) to Porlock to visit his remarkably well-off uncle, he beguiled his time away by talking with pretty Maggie Dunlop, until he also beguiled her heart away.

"I have got some news for you, Maggie," he said, one day, about eighteen months after he had gained his commission. "Guess what it is." They were walking along the green lanes of Porlock, listening to the ceaseless murmur of the sea, as at intervals they had walked and listened ever since they could remember, at any rate, for she was six years younger than her former playfellow.

"You are going to be promoted," she said.

"Promoted, you little goose! No one ever gets promoted in the British army. Guess again."

"You are going to marry an heiress," there was a lump in her throat as she said it.

"Wrong again; no inestimable young person with green eyes, a turn-up nose, susceptible heart, and fifty thousand a year has turned up yet. But it's something nearly as good. I'm ordered to China."

"Oh, Alie!" she gasped and burst into tears. "It was very foolish of her, but then she was only sixteen, and had not yet acquired the praiseworthy art of concealing her feelings."

"Why, whatever are you crying for?" he asked, and kissed away her tears. He'd kissed her ever since she was five, and thought no more of it than if she had been his sister, or the cat, excepting perhaps that it was nicer—while it was, no doubt, "I shall be away only five years, at most, and when I come back I'll bring you a pigtail and an ivory toothpick, and a whole lot of things, and—"

"Yes," she said, listening attentively.

"But then you'll be a young woman—I forgot—and out, and all that sort of thing, and won't condescend to speak to a poor lieutenant, you will have all the squires and fox-hunters about the place at your feet."

"Oh, no, indeed, I shan't, Alie," she said eagerly.

"But I tell you, you will. I believe you are a born little flirt, and I shall come back and find you—"

"But she burst into tears again, and put up her pretty little hands as if to stop his teasing, which she could not bear just then, when he was going away for five years. He did not seem to care a bit, and she could have broken her heart on the spot, and would have gladly done so, and thrown the pieces away as never to be bothered with it again. Then, seeing her mournful blue eyes, he was merciful. "I believe I shall come back, and find you just as great a little darling as you are now, and if we have got any money we'll get married and live happy ever after, and if we haven't we'll get married and starve ever after—unless, of course, the heiress turns up."

"Oh, I hope she won't," said Maggie, like a truthful little idiot. "Shall you ever write to me, Alie?"

"Yes, of course, I shall, and I shall expect you to write back six pages crossed and all that sort of thing, you know. Poor Maggie, it'll ruin you in postage stamps; it's a bob to China."

"I don't care," she answered roekishly, for Maggie was a fearful little pauper, whose father had ruined himself long ago, and just kept up a patched-up sort of appearance, and didn't know what would become of them all if it ever seriously occurred to his creditors to pounce down upon them.

Maggie was twenty years old when her father died, and the creditors did pounce down, and she and her mother were sold up, and all Porlock and ten miles round talked about them for Porlock and ten miles round loved her scandal as much as the rest of the world, and though it grieved over the misfortunes of others, it still appreciated the subject for discussion they afforded. Mrs. Dunlop was offered a home in London by a sister who was well off and had been married, and it was thankfully accepted. Maggie was informed that she must get her own living, which being precisely Maggie's own opinion, as well as intention, she advertised for a situation as governess. Now Maggie had a very modest idea of her merits, and therefore only asked for twenty-five pounds a year and a comfortable home, so no less than five answers came to her announcement that she could teach English, French, music, and the rudiments of drawing. One of these answers was from Woolwich, and stated that Mrs. Marshall required a governess for her three little girls. Maggie thought she should like to live in a garrison place; she might even some day see Alie there, not that she would condescend to speak to him after his neglect, of course, and not that she cared—oh, dear, no! Only, out of curiosity, she should like to see what the Chinese wife had no doubt picked up was like; so to Woolwich she went.

Mrs. Marshall was a stiff-necked sort of woman, and stared at poor little Maggie (who looked almost as childlike and, twice as

pretty as ever) through double gold glasses. Col. Marshall, her husband, was a nice old man with a bald head and an iron-gray moustache; and there was a grown-up daughter, a Miss Patterson, Mrs. Marshall's daughter by her first husband, who was really the mistress of the establishment, for Maria Patterson had a strong will, and she was an heiress. "A very nasty heiress, too," poor Maggie thought, and she was right, for Maria was skinny, and twenty-five if she was a day, and thought herself sarcastic, and always said nasty things to people who did not dare say them back again. But Maggie had not much to do with any of the family but her three little pupils, and was quite contented with her school-room, and liked to read quietly of an evening, and seldom went into the drawing-room after dinner, as she was invited to do; and Maria was glad of this, for there were often guests in the drawing-room who would have admired the pretty governess more than would have been agreeable to the heiress.

So Alie Granger went to China, and Maggie waited hopefully enough for a letter, but six months passed and none came. "Perhaps it takes longer for a letter to get here from China," she thought, knowing about as little about the means of transit and the time it took as if the Celestial city had been in the moon. But a year passed and no letter came.

"Perhaps he's ill, or it's miscarried," she said tearfully, half wondering if it could be possible that a Chinese heiress had turned up, and that was the real reason of Alie's silence. Poor little Maggie! She was very miserable about him, for a girl frets and fumes and worries herself about her first love. "I don't know what you mean, Miss Patterson!" Maggie said indignantly.

"I only speak out of kindness," she said, fiddling at an emerald ring which Maggie had never noticed on her finger before.

"Of course, Mr. Granger is so very, very intimate here, that we should never misunderstand anything he did," she suddenly dropped the ring and proceeded to look for it; it had rolled to Maggie's feet and she picked it up and handed it back. "Thank you," the heiress said; "I don't know what Mr. Granger would say if I told him I'd tried to lose it already." Maggie's heart stood still. Then he had given her that ring! "We are going out with him this morning," she added, and with a gracious smile that froze poor Maggie, she disappeared.

Then Maggie went into her own little room, the one place she had in the world entirely to herself, and cried till her eyes were red and her head ached.

The lessons did not progress that morning. Maggie was thinking of Alie, who was, no doubt, strolling about the common, listening to the band and making love to the heiress. The children were more than usually stupid, too, and all the world seemed upside down, and all its ways turned crooked. Suddenly, at about twelve o'clock, just when Maggie was in the middle of expounding as best she could the eccentricities of the French grammar, there was a knock at the school-room door.

"Come in," she said. The door opened, and there stood before her astonished eyes the form of Alie Granger, and behind him was a man, evidently his servant, with a box on his shoulders.

"All right, Tim, put it down; that's right; now be off. There, I've brought the curiosities round, Maggie; I thought you'd like to see them."

"Oh, what will Mrs. Marshall, and Miss Patterson say?" said Maggie in consternation.

"Nothing to you for the next half-hour, or so, for I have just seen them safely on their way to Woolwich, and thought I should just get a quiet chat with you. My dears," he said, turning to Maggie's wide-eyed, open-mouthed pupils, "I'm sure you'd like to be let off your lessons, so I'll let you off for half-an-hour; run along, my little dears, and he opened the door for them and shut it after them."

"Oh Alie!" she said in fear and trembling.

"Oh, Maggie!" he answered mimicking. "What did you mean by going away from Porlock, and not leaving any address?"

"I couldn't help it, and you never wrote, she answered helplessly.

"Sweetheart more than about twenty after ones all put together, even though she may not really love him half so well as any of them. And she could not satisfy herself by making inquiries of the well-off uncle next door, for he had let his house and the paddock, and betaken himself to Cannes in order to live the longer. "At last the brilliant thought struck her that she'd write to Alie, and she did, and then—for Maggie was getting older—pride stepped in, and would not let her send her letter. "Two years passed, and never a word. "It's too bad," she said bitterly, and wondered ruefully if he really had married a wife with a pigtail. And the days and the months went by, and Maggie journeyed on into womanhood, but no word or sign came from Alie Granger; and at last she gave him up altogether.

One evening, when Maggie had been about a year at Woolwich, and she was sitting alone in her school-room, as usual, for her pupils had just said good-night and been delivered up to the tender mercies of their nurse, Miss Patterson walked in, very much dressed, and rather flushed and excited.

"Miss Dunlop," she said, "we shall have a few friends this evening, and I know one or two of them like an impromptu dance; will you be ready to come into the drawing-room and play if we should want you?"

"I can't play, dance music very well; I never keep time," said Maggie.

"Yes, I feared so, and I thought I would come and tell you, so that you might practice for an hour or two till after dinner," and she sallied out of the room, evidently considering the matter settled; and Maggie, after relieving her feelings by making a few elegant grimaces after her retreating form, meekly proceeded to practice the "Mabel Waltz" and the "Flick and Flock Gallop." Then she put on her shabby black evening gown, and stuck a spray of white flowers into her golden hair, and waited patiently for a summons, hoping she would wait in vain. If very soon came, and with a roll of music under her arm, a flush on her innocent, frightened face, and a scared, almost hunted expression in her eyes, she descended and timidly opened the drawing-room door, and then stood still for a moment staring in astonishment at the scene before her. There sat the heiress, with an eager, pleased expression on her face, and leaning over her, talking and laughing, and more handsome than ever, and sunburnt and soldier-looking, was Alie Granger. (There

was no mistaking him.—The color rushed to Maggie's face, as if to say a hurried goodbye and then left it altogether. She recovered herself, however, and walked with her head up, and her heart full of great dignity towards the piano. She felt rather than saw him raise his head and look at her, and the next moment he was by her side.

"Maggie, my dear Maggie! Why, fancy you being here; where did you come from? I have been trying to find you out for months."

"I thought you—"

"And then she did not know how to go on; she added almost piteously: "I am the governess here."

"Are you? Oh, I see, then, that is the reason I have not seen you before, I suppose."

"Do you really know Miss Dunlop?" the heiress asked, coming up, and speaking in her coldest manner.

Maggie wished sincerely she could sink into her shoes and bury herself.

"Why, of course I do; we have been playfellows ever since we were born—haven't we Maggie?" And Maggie, feeling she was backed up, answered bravely, "Yes."

"Oh, indeed! how interesting!" then, turning to Maggie, "Will you be so good as to begin a waltz, Miss Dunlop?—this was to be our dance, I think," to Alie, and she sailed off with him triumphantly. And Maggie's fingers pattered valiantly over the key-board, but her poor little heart felt a terrible load within her. Alie had always told her he must marry an heiress, and the whole thing was plain. Oh, she was so miserable! That was why he was evidently on such intimate terms with the family. She didn't care—she had got over her foolish feeling for him long ago, but she would give the world to be at the bottom of the sea or a thousand miles away.

He came up to her directly the dance was over. "I went down to Porlock to try and find out where you had gone to," he said, "but nobody knew."

"It didn't matter," she said huskily, letting her fingers wander vaguely over the keys to make believe she wasn't very interested in what he said.

"Yes, it did—it mattered a great deal. Why, I've got a box full of curiosities for you—clubs to fight with, and a little heathen god or two, and a statue of Buddha, and all sorts of things. I told you I should bring you them home. Do you live here—"

"I mean in the house?" he said these last words under his breath, for the heiress came up, and the next minute he was carried off to dance with Mrs. Somebody at the other end of the room, but not before Maggie had nodded a reply to him. Soon after this Miss Patterson came up to the piano, and saying she wished to play herself, and that Maggie looked tired, dismissed her without her being able to get even another look at Alie.

The next morning, to Maggie's very great surprise, Miss Patterson came into the schoolroom before the children had assembled. "Miss Dunlop," she said stiffly, "I should like to know where you say you met Mr. Granger."

"At Porlock. His uncle lived next door to my mother. He is a very old friend indeed."

"Thank you. I merely wished to inquire, because, of course, you must be aware that it is not usual for anyone in your position to make herself remarkable by having long confidential talks with any gentleman who may visit the house."

"No, I never write letters; don't know how to spell enough. But I have been hunting for you all over the place, and never dreamt of finding you here. Now we'll unpack the box; I had it opened before I came, so it's only fastened by a lock."

"But, Alie, they'll never forgive me."

"Never mind, it doesn't matter, because if you are good I'll take you away next week. Besides, they'll forgive me anything. I loved the colonel's life when he was in Hong Kong—at least, so he says. There, now, what do you think of these fighting with? Got them at Java on purpose for you, and he held up a pair of heathenish looking clubs and brandished them over her head, and then proceeded to pull out the rest of the contents of the box and to decorate the schoolroom with them. "There's Mr. Buddha, and there's—why, what's the matter, Maggie?"

"Nothing; only you will get me into dreadful trouble—you will indeed." Miss Patterson came in this morning and scolded me for talking to you last night."

"Never mind, she was only jealous," he laughed. "Now tell me how soon you can leave here."

"What for?" she asked innocently.

"Why, you haven't forgotten that we agreed to get married when I came back, have you, you little coquette?" And he put his arm round her waist just as of old, and was not reproved. It was so very comfortable, she thought.

"No, but you are engaged, are you not?"

"Yes, of course I am—to you."

"Oh! but, Alie—" and then he stooped and kissed her, and nothing more could be said, for the door opened, and there stood the colonel, and there stood Mrs. Marshall, and there stood Maria Patterson.

"Miss Dunlop!" screamed Maria, horror-struck.

"Mr. Granger!" said Mrs. Marshall, in astonishment.

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed the colonel. "What does all this mean?"

"She must leave the house at once," said the heiress.

"Of course she must," Mrs. Marshall said. "I never heard of such a thing in my life."

"No more did I," put in Alie, who was always irrepresible.

"To deliberately send the children out of the way, and have Mr. Granger up into the schoolroom; and what is all this rubbish?"—pointing to the curiosities.

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," said Alie, looking as if he were beginning a speech, "it is all my fault. You told me, and so did the colonel, to consider your house my home, and I have done so. Miss Dunlop here was a playfellow of mine once, and when I went away we were engaged, but somehow we lost sight of each other when there were a few thousand miles between us, and it was the happiest moment of my life to meet her again last night; and so I took the liberty of calling on her this morning, and we were just arranging to get married next week when you interrupted us."

"Quite right, quite right, my dear Granger," said the old colonel heartily, "you shall be married from here—"

"Oh! please, let me go to mamma—do let me go at once," pleaded Maggie, finding her little tongue at last.

"I—think it would be—much—more satisfactory if Miss Dunlop went back to her relatives," said the heiress sourly.

So they all finally agreed, and that very afternoon Maggie picked up her modest belongings and all the curiosities, and went to the well off and bad-tempered aunt.

"But, Alie," she asked in the railway carriage—for he escorted her to London, of course—"why did you give Miss Patterson a ring? I thought you were going to marry her."

"Did you, Miss Goose?" Well, you see, Miss Patterson is a charming girl, no doubt, but somehow the men don't see it, and in spite of her money and best endeavors she has not got off yet—not that I suppose she would have had me."

"But about the ring?"

"Don't know anything about a ring, excepting that I had one mended for her; I broke it in showing the colonel a conjuring-trick. Any more questions?"

"Well, only don't you think you really had better marry an heiress?"

"Don't you think you had better mind your own business? However, I don't mind telling you that poor Uncle Tom died at Cannes last year, and left me all he had; so you see I can afford to have you, miss, and I hope you feel much obliged."

"Yes, Alie dear, I do," she said truthfully.

The bad-tempered aunt received her niece very graciously when she found she was going to marry well the following week. It is amazing how fond people are of rich relations, even though the riches concern them little personally. As for poor Mrs. Dunlop, she could have jumped for joy, only she was too old for such violent exercise.

"Pray, miss, what are you laughing to yourself about?" asked Alie the day before their wedding day.

"Nothing, Alie, only when you were away I used to think sometimes that perhaps you'd married a Chinese heiress with a pigtail."

"The sort of thing you would think," he said, grandly; "as it is, you see, I am going to marry a little girl without a pigtail; and I am very happy, my darling—are you?"

"Very, very," she said; and she was.

## Talking Dolls.

And now Mr. Edison has invented a genuine talking doll. He calls it a Dollphone. He puts a little phonograph with a clockwork accompaniment, in the doll's back, and by pressing a spring the doll will say:

"I love you, mamma; I love you dearly, mamma; but I am tired and sleepy now. Please put me in my little bed," or something else equally astonishing. The reporter of the Chicago "Tribune" visited Mr. Edison and saw these wonderful dolls. He says:

"Mr. Edison wound up a brunette doll, with jet black curls and sparkling brown eyes. The doll started off at a brisk rate with the following:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are, Up above the world so high, Like a diamond in the sky."

Another doll-baby sang in a sweet, childish treble "Rock-a-by Baby on the Tree Top" all the way through with good expression and without a false note. She sang it quite loudly, too, so that any one could have heard her across a moderate-sized room.

Still another sang a pretty German song. It is so constructed that phonograph cylinders are interchanged, and new sets of sentences may frequently be introduced into the toy's talking machine.

In an account of the expenses incurred at a wedding in 1830, the following items are remarkable in the menu of the dinner:—Two oxen, £3; seven calves, 19s.; seven lambs, 10s.; six wethers, 14s.; twelve swans, £3; eight cranes, £1 6s. 8d.; sixteen hearseons (hearses presumably); everyone 14d.; ten butlers (bitters); everyone 14d.; sixty cowpers, conys (rabbits), every cowper 5d.; sixteen capons of grease (fat capons), every one 6d.; thirty other capons, ten pigs, four dozen chickens, etc. Spices innumerable are mentioned, and materials for sweet dishes. Among them are 3 lb. marmalade, 1 lb. turn-sall, 2 lb. flour of portingale, 3 lb. orange buds, 4 lb. orange syrropes, etc. Among the dress items are twenty-one yards russet damask, every yard 3s.; six yards tawny velvet, every yard 14s.; twelve white bear skins, twelve conys' skins, thirty white lambs' skins, three black velvet bonnets, each 17s.; a wedding ring of gold, 12s. 4d.; a millen bonnet dressed with aiglets; 12s. 4d.; a pair of mytton sleeves of white satin, 8s.; etc. Thus we see that in those days a yard of velvet was worth as much as six wethers (sheep), and that eight lambs would just about equal the wedding ring in value.

## He Brushed the Spider Off.

Old Mr. Collamore is very deaf. The other Sunday, in the midst of the service, Mr. Hoff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collamore, saw a spider crawling over the latter's head, which is as bald as a billiard ball. His first impulse was to nudge him and tell him about it, but he remembered that Mr. Collamore was deaf, so he lifted up his hand and brushed the spider off. Hoff didn't aim quite high enough, and in his nervousness he hit old Collamore quite a severe blow. The old gentleman turned round in a rage to see who had dared to take such a liberty with him, and Hoff began to explain with gestures. But Collamore, in a loud voice, demanded what it meant. It was very painful to Hoff. The eyes of the congregation were upon him, and he grew red in the face. "There was a spider on your head." "A white place on my head, hey? S'pose there is, what's that to you? You'd know what it is to be bald-headed some day yourself." "It was a spider," shrieked Hoff, while the perspiration began to roll off his face. "Certainly it's wider," said Collamore, "and got more in it than yours. But let it alone—do you mind? You may let my head alone in church."

"Mr. Collamore," shrieked Hoff, "there was a spider on your head and I brushed him off—this way!" and Hoff made another gesture at Collamore's head. The old man thought he was going to fight him then and there, and hurling a hymn book at Hoff, he seized the kneeling-stool on the floor of the pew, and was about to bang Mr. Hoff, when the sexton interfered. An explanation was written on the fly leaf of a hymn book, whereupon Mr. Collamore apologized in a boisterous voice, and resumed his seat. They think of asking Mr. Collamore to worship elsewhere.

## Is Stanley Alive?

Henry M. Stanley, accompanied by nine hundred men, started from Yambouza, on the Congo, on the 23d of June, 1877, for the relief of Emin Bey. His objective point was Wadadel. The distance in a straight line is about 650 miles, but the region being unknown and the impediments frequent the journey probably aggregated 750 miles. Stanley expected to make twelve miles a day, and John Emin in August, and be back in November. This was rather too sanguine, however; for the average rate of Stanley's march in 1876, from Zanzibar to Victoria Nyansa, was only six miles a day. But, even with the full allowance for interruption, a long time has elapsed. One year and six months have gone and his fate is unknown.

Is Stanley dead? The question is the subject of a valuable symposium in the December number of the "North American Review." The writers are Lord Wolsey, President Daly, of the American Geographical Society, and James M. Hubbard and Dr. Franz Boaz, two authorities on African exploration. General Wolsey says, "I feel convinced that he has reached Emin Pasha." He further declares that the circumstances "strengthen the assumption that Stanley and the White Pasha are one and the same person." He continues: "As far as one can gather from all we have learned from Zanzibar, the country between it and Emin Pasha's headquarters, has been so disturbed by this war that no news or messengers have been allowed to pass through the line of contending tribes. It is not only that we have no news of Stanley since last November, but neither have we had any from Emin. To me it is quite evident that we shall hear of both at the same time, and I believe it will be to the effect that Stanley reached Emin about the end of last year. Upon reaching Wadadel it is certain that Stanley would give his men a rest. The four experts all believe that Stanley is alive. Let us hope that the conclusion is correct.—[Baltimore American.]

## The Worst on Record.

Hans Van Spigen, is notorious for the quality of his cider, and he is, furthermore, notorious for being the meanest, stingiest Dutchman in existence. He was never known to give a living soul one drop of his delicious beverage.

Now at the time of the following occurrence our friend John Barnes, being on a visit and hearing of the excellent quality of Hans' cider, rode over to his farm one morning, when the following conversation took place.

"Good morning, Hans."

"Good morning, Zoon."

"Hans, you have a fine orchard?"

"Oh, yes, coot orchard."

"Fine press, that of yours?"

"Yes, vine press, vine orchard."

"Hans, I hear your cider is the best in the country?"

"Zoon, (to his son), 'go down and draw us a mug of cider.'"

John brought up the desired mug, and Hans drained it to the bottom, then turning round to the astonished Barnes, said:

"If you don't believe dat's goot cider, smoll de mug."—[Albany Argus.]

## A Strictly Business Basis.

A wretched-looking tramp went into an Austin saloon and begged with tears in his eyes for the barkeeper to give him a nickel with which to get something to eat. He got it. As soon as he got it in his hand he slapped it down on the bar and said in a loud, vociferous, peremptory tone of voice:

"Beer!"

"It was several minutes before the barkeeper could catch his breath, and then he was eloquent.

"Well, if that ain't gall, 'hopel may never live to see any. Why, you—you—you—"

"No speeches. Begging is my business and beer-jerking is yours. Just you attend to your business and I'll attend to mine. It is going to be a cold winter, and if you want to keep your job you had better attend to it."

The partially paralyzed barkeeper handed out the schooner, the tramp downed it slowly and drifted out, perfectly satisfied with that little business transaction.

## Good Reasons for Non-Resistance.

Freedwoman Lizzie, a good servant, was married to an unworthy husband, and made complaint of his unkindness. "One of the young ladies of the American family in which she served, desirous of knowing how she happened to be so married, asked her about the 'love-making' and 'courtship.' Lizzie, when on earth did Watt say to you to 'make you marry him'?" "Law, Miss Sallie," answered Lizzie, "you know I couldn't make no answer to Watt when he come co'tin' of me, 'cause Watt's educated! And he got some on his words out de jogaf and some out de deshonary. 'And co'es you know, Miss Sallie, I couldn't make no 'istance to Watt.'"

## The Donkey's Punishment.

There was an old Scotchman who always rode a donkey to his work and tethered him while he laboured on the road, or wherever else he might be. It was suggested to him by a neighboring gentleman that he was suspected of putting him in the fields at other people's expense. "Eh, laird, I could never be tempted to do that, for my uddie winna eat anything but nettles and thistles." One day however the same gentleman was riding along the road, when he saw Andrew Leslie at work, and his donkey up to his knees in one of his own clover fields, feeding luxuriously. "Hallo, Andrew," said he, "I thought you told me your uddie would eat nothing but nettles and thistles?" "Ay," was the reply, "but he misbehaved the day. He nearly kicked me owre his held; so I put him in there just to punish him."

## His Choice for Dinner.

Unto a little nigger, A-swimming in the Nile, Appeared, quite unexpectedly, A hungry crocodile, Who, with that chill politeness That makes the warm blood freeze, Remark'd: "I'll take some dark meat Without dressing, if you please!"

## The Things She Liked.

Mr Pamp's visit has lasted nearly two hours. They are talking music languidly. The young lady, suddenly brightening up! "Oh, I like French opera; it has such a go to it! I like anything that has go!" He goes.