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Life.
'Tis but a little distance
Between the called and the towers.
A little thing called courage.

"BRING MYRTLE."

A number of letters were awaiting Colonel Haldane, commandant of Newby, on his return from parade...

Without a word, Colonel Haldane sprang, in a melodramatic manner, at the throat of Captain Hilton, and held him with a grip of iron.

"Bring Myrtle!" these were her own words, and he made a violent rush across the room to her side.

"It's the myrtle," he said, breathlessly. "Allow me! The stupid people have made a mistake," he continued, incoherently.

"Forgive me, Hilton; but really I am object to such an unseemly idea."

"I beg your pardon, colonel," said Captain Hilton, stiffly; "but I object equally to being throttled. Allow me to wish you good morning."

"Stop, my friend," said Colonel Haldane, confusedly; "I don't know what is the matter with me! I'm half asleep, I think."

"Means? Something green," said Hilton, viciously; "but whether sprouting in a tub, after the fashion of the blossoming shrub, or done up in a glass case after the artificial mode, I know not."

"Blessing a pig," murmured Colonel Haldane. "Bless his father-in-law! Eureka! Now I have it!"

"And with that he retreated to the mess-room."

"The afternoon of the 7th duly arrived, and with a strange palpitation at his heart..."

"Here comes the pig in the poke," said Felicity White, a younger daughter who was given to using her brains in off-hand criticism.

"Both ladies had moved in the direction where still sat Colonel Haldane, plunged in startled reflections..."

"I should suffocate at an afternoon if I hadn't a bit of natural life like that trusty Scotchman about me."

"Now it's explained!" said a deep voice from behind the amber curtain, and Colonel Haldane came forward once more.

"The bestation of his manner had vanished; he was smiling serenely, and his eyes were fixed with an expression of perfect understanding on the countenance of Miss White."

"Bring Myrtle!" he continued, laughingly. "This Myrtle! Rival Myrtles there may be, but this form of Myrtle can't be improved upon!"

"What is explained? Confusion of circumstances?"

Men of the Dredges, and Their Methods of Work.

Hardships of Those who Bring the Toothsome Oyster from His Bed.

Each puny engaged in dredging for oysters is provided with two dredges. They are iron instrument, with a chain netting made in the form of a pocket.

Snails are possessed of remarkable vitality. Mr. R. E. C. Stearns has mentioned one which lived without food from 1859 to 1875.

A Scottish physician declares that of all the strange journeyings of needles in the flesh which have come under his observation, the strangest occurred in a lady patient.

Among the recently proposed applications of luminous paint is the making of marking out projected earthworks at night.

Were the human inhabitants of the globe as numerous as the humbled of our servants, the earthworms, every acre of land would have to sustain a great city.

It is generally known that depression of spirits and rheumatic pain have long been associated with a falling barometer and storm-brewing condition.

Who the original Judge Lynch was - if such a personage ever really existed - is a mystery.

The opinion which traces the expression to a Mr. Lynch, founder of the town of Lynchburg, in Virginia, is entirely unsupported by any authority beyond identity of name.

Attorney - "My dear madam, I find that your estate is heavily encumbered. You will have enough left to live on, but you must husband your resources."

Widow - "Well, my daughter Sally is my only resource now."

Attorney - "Exactly. Husband her as soon as possible."

Scientific Scrapes.

Why They Don't Speak.

Bessie Brown, M. D.

Humorous.

A close call! "Shut the door!"

A false count! The kind that rich American girls generally marry.

Fathers and sons and brothers may suffer for the want of an overcoat, but never for...

What should I think that a little dog that runs about all day in the streets would spoil his pants?

"Ah, Miss DeSmith, are you going to have a goose at dinner today?"

"You may speak," said a fond mother, "about people having strength of mind, but when it comes to strength of don't mind, my son William surpasses everybody I ever knew."

The bald an old man, a girl and promised to take her out riding. She met him at the door when he drove up, and he exclaimed, "Hello! ready?"

A fond father presented his four-year-old boy with a trumpet, with which he was greatly infatuated.

The Hypocrisy of the Face.

An Italian author (Signor M. P. Mantegazza, professor of natural history at the museum of Florence) has just contributed a very remarkable volume to the list of scientific works.

Both Willard and Voorhees looked astonished, and declared that they had never laid eyes on Bayless before.

Bayless returned to their hotel, Bayless set up an unaccountable howl, and showered all sorts of imprecations upon the devoted heads of Willard and Voorhees.

Bayless concluded they had all the fun they desired, and sent for the sheriff, explained the matter, and Bayless was released.

Bayless tried to explain the joke, but the cursing that Hanna gave him is said to be still echoing through the Virginia hills.

From that time to the present, that night in Virginia jail has ranked in the bosom of Bayless Hanna, and has kept alive the fire of his hate for the Tall Sycamore.

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