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accordingly. When Othmer's answer comes, we can tell better what to do."

"Well, we have had enough of this Officer affair for the present; I must be off."

"Oh, could you not possibly stay with me to-day?" asked Otille, earnestly.

"Perhaps I may be able to spend the afternoon with you. The minister and I are summoned to his majesty, and the conference may easily extend beyond the morning office hours," explained Aster.

"And you pedants never venture out of the

then, till this afternoon. And if Abigail should
come? "Oh, I don't know," said she, "I don't know."
"Speak frankly to her, and now, adieu!"

(To be continued).

HIE WANTED TO BURN THEM.

Husband (looking up from his paper): "What names men can make of themselves."

"What is the matter now, dear?"

"I am looking at the love-letters in this breach of promise case."

"Are they interesting?"

"Interesting! They are absolutely shocking!"

Hear this: "My dear ducky," "My lovely dovey," "Ha! ha!"

"It does sound rather foolish, doesn't it?"

nonsense imaginable. To think that any man in his senses could write such stuff as this: 'I send you a

"Perhaps he loved her when he wrote those letters."

"Yes, it should be. Here are some letters I found to-day when looking over my old relics—relics of courtship. They are very foolish, but very precious to me, I assure you. They are your letters. One of them begins, 'My ownest own preciousst little ducky darling, my—'"

"That will do. Put them in the fire."

"Well, I want to see" said the old man.

[illegible]

while you are gone?" she whispered huskily. He poked reassuringly. "I will bear it in mind, my

[illegible]

SHE: "Oh, yes; I quite believe there's a fool in

[illegible]

said the lecturer: - The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a monkey to climb; therefore I did not attempt the

"AND so my little wife cooked this all herself! What does she call it?" "Well, I started it for bread, but after it came out of the oven I concluded it'd better get sauce on it and call it pudding."

"It is a country school. What is the name of the principal?" "The name of the principal is PARMAN. 'Dreammaker.' Was the prompt reply of a bright-eyed little boy."

"Father says an awful number of getting up late to carry a long ladder over your shoulder is crowded there, and, every few minutes turn around to see if anyone is looking at you."

"AS THE SAYING GOES, mamma, kneeling upon young Mr. Adair to her daughter?" "He doesn't mean to drink, or swear. He's a good boy and would be true to you."

"HEARD!" "He's too good to be true, mamma."

"REMARKING," she said to a wealthy young lady who had been present, "I don't think I should like to ask you any very serious questions."

"What is it, my dear?" he replied.

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