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A REPRIEVE.

THEN—Good-by."

"No—An revoir."

The girl, Ada d'Arneville, sighed, the handsome widower closed with a bang and with a muttered dissolution. The driver Dick Fenwick turned on a bed and re-entered the restaurant once he and Miss d'Arneville had met together for the last time prior to Fenwick's marriage—not with Miss Arneville at the altar, it may be it.

The power which some men exercise over women, and women of different sorts, is wonderful. Fenwick's parting with the actress had as its basis a fear of him and also his treatment fear, at one time amounting and at another violent, which, to her mind, at this time was a man amongst men. A experience of men premium in Paris, being continual compliance on her part to her who, which she had of mentionment.

With his fiancee Fenwick, who was paying her solely for the almost million worth her father had left, proceeded on very different lines. Assured her respect in Erasmus Hall with kindness, her love—for she might she loved the man who was only to give her a title to play with—a chivalrous affection which he now partly assumed, with a particularly light and modest bearing which contrasted the good humor of the rest the motion cases who were the lady guardians.

Luckily for Mr Dick, a considerable set of Great Britain separated the Arneville estate from the ancient well-surrounded somewhat stately of Miss Mabel Lane and her dear relatives. Luckily, because there a certain inter-communication which was welcome to his credit, and there at least put in the eyes of the entire Dalton chiefly concerned in the affair of them.

If once did he allow the chosen to show itself before his wedding, that was when a tactful man to old his duty, owing to the authority of their elders friend, the vicar of parish, the marriage would have put off for a few days.

"Let it think," said Miss Pauline, "to think that, after all the trouble that time put himself in to passing the day of his resignation in order to marry Hiram, whom he claim to a child, he should be too ill to go."

"It never heard of the same," asserted Mr Richard, softly.

"No; for professional men be generally found it convenient to adopt other names and other guises. For instance, during the last few months this impostor posing has posed as a lieutenant, an actor, a soldier, a lawyer, a fifteen, and—a curate. He is, in fact, the very curate who married you this morning. The impostor was entrusted on his way to the station with a bag containing the gold plate belonging to the church and all manner for alms and from collections that he could lay his hands on. The criminal being a layman, and unauthorized to perform the wedding ceremony, your marriage is therefore illegal—yet, in fact, not married; but, of course, the marriage can be performed immediately a duly licensed clergyman can be obtained to perform it at Breton-on-Wold—that" he added, with a dry smile, "if such parties are still willing."

"Dick Fenwick's reply is not written.—Pa-ka-Ch-Ch."

THE MELUNGEONS.

Peculiar People Who Live in the Southmost—Legend of History.

It is not generally known that in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee there live a class of peculiar looking people whose origin is wrapped in mystery, and who are called by the whites Melungeons. They resent this appellation, and yonder declare that they are Portuguese. The legend of their history, which they carefully preserve, is thus:

A great many years ago three immigrants were settled by a society of Portuguese adventurers, men and women, who came from the shores of Virginia that they might be freed from the restraints and drawbacks imposed upon them by any form of government. They made themselves friendly with the Indians, and lived as they were from every kind of social government, they protected all conventional forms of society, and lived in a kind of delightful Utopia of their own creation, excluding upon the marriage relation, despising all forms of religion, and ministering upon ours—the only possible product of the soil—and the product of the green hills. They intermarried with the Indians and subsequently with the negroes, and thus formed the present race of Melungeons.

They are tall, straight, well-formed people, of a dark copper color, but with Circassian features. They were petted and waited in the old slave days and accredited citizens. They are honest, but quarrelsome, and are inseparable to strangers. They have no preachers among them, and are almost without any knowledge of a Supreme Being. They marry by established forms, but husband and wife can separate at pleasure without meeting with any reproach or disgrace from their friends.

They have but little association with their neighbors, and are in every respect, save that they are under the jurisdiction of the State government, a separate and distinct people.

Whisky or Water.

It is said that when whisky is used instead of water in making jam the mixture will remain unaltered for years, will remain perfectly liquid and is ready for use without heating.

If you want to sell an article in the winter, and not in the sun, announce that it is "good for cold."

Talk don't cheap which you like a lot per to do it for you.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JENTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Good Deal of Difference—A Happy Reply—That Emerald Gem—Always in Fashion—In the Nursery, etc., etc.

A GOOD DEAL OF DIFFERENCE.

"What is Jessie talking about?"

"She is talking to her beau all alone with a mirror."

"Marry an ass! She was in the parlor all alone with a young man last night and I never heard a sound."

A HAPPY REPLY.

"Are you a Democrat or a Republican?" he said to the fair girl beside him.

"I am," she replied.

"Is it true that the Democratic party believes that we are all angels?"

"Oh no, I don't think it hard to believe."

"And when I look at you."

THAT MUCH DIFFERENCE.

"Ma—Are there any necessitious women around this neighborhood, I wonder.

Pa—Certainly. A great many. Why, half others have husbands.—Suburban Blade.

ALWAYS IN FASHION.

"Does the latest thing in dress?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"A baby."

IN THE NURSERY.

"Oh, mamma, Tommy slapped me in the face."

"Well, Helen, what did you do to Tommy to make him do that?"

"Nothing. I only put some mud in his mouth."—Harper's Bazar.

THE EMERALD.

"And you won't marry me, Kate?"

"I won't."

"Do you talking about it any more?"

"Not a bit. It won't do any good, Hugh."

The Oklahoma youth, hurt and angry, marched under his chair for his hat.

"Kate, I'm sorry I spoke, I'm grovelling."

"Yes, Hugh, I know it, and I'm glad I gave a little more grovelled."

"Yes, Kate's about the size of it, Hugh."—Chicago Times-Herald.

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