



It isn't that it had to be,
This Easter walk, I own,
The "mollies" now promenade,
Where only "nobs" were known,
But flow'ers, it is well enough
To do your little male,
And view with an admiring eye,
Solidity and size.

Behind the green "pinks"
Which
The meadow's shades of power,
Fifth avenue's starting night,
I find her all alone,
These funny fortunes are all past.

Here comes the woman, stout of form
And bold as a hawk,
Meditation, she suggests,
And moans, "pinks" are "pinks,"
He's no more "noble" for her no more,
That's the trouble, I see!
That's the trouble, I see!
That's the trouble, I see!

The "nobs" are gone, and the "mollies" are here,
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ETHIEL'S EASTER.
Ethiel lived on the seashore that part of the Alabama coast which the Molikans call "Over the Bay," and the visited Mobile rarely except during Christmas and Easter. She was a busy little girl with lessons and piano practice, and asked so many questions that an old seaman who lived near her home gave her the name of "Little Oonundim."

Some days before Easter she went with her governess into the city, and saw a woman attend in a black gown a black hound and a black wolf. In side the hound she wore a costly diamond cap, not at all like a widow's cap.

Ethiel, looking after the black gown...

What goes to the nut,
The nut goes to the kernel,
The kernel goes to the shell,
The shell goes to the nut,
The nut goes to the kernel,
The kernel goes to the shell,
The shell goes to the nut,
The nut goes to the kernel,
The kernel goes to the shell,
The shell goes to the nut.

If Easter be not to eat,
Worn by a mob of millinaries,
A modern "woman of faith,"
With wings and wings on the head,
The aviator's flock;
It's all well enough to be made
And spring to my kid,
What gloom of whitening time,
And blur the disconcerted eyes
Of seven or eight to fade,
That seem not born to fade,
And blur the disconcerted eyes
Of seven or eight to fade.

White Uncle Ethel was sitting Ethiel filled a basket with nut and set it on the chimney shelf.

"Now, Ethel, listen to me," said Ethiel, "when you are sick in bed you mustn't call Jake or Ethel or any of your grandchildren. I'm to do the nursing on this plantation, and I want to call Jake and make him tie a string to your bedpost, and the other end to my bedpost, so that you can ring a bell right over my head when you are sick. You understand?"

"Ethel, looking after the black gown..."

"Jake!" "Ethel!" called Ethiel. Jake came when called, and after many trials arranged an unhappy conference, so that the pulling of the string did ring a bell just over Ethiel's bed. Her brother Tom ridiculed it, but mamma and Sisters of Mercy must be patient under ridicule.

Every night Ethel hung her cloak near her bedside, ready to rush out at the sound of the bell. One night Tom played a practical joke by ringing the bell, but papa's sharp reprimand prevented a repetition of his mischief.

Suddenly one night the bell did ring, long and loud. Ethel jumped out of bed, and in a few minutes stood at Uncle Ethel's bedside. The moonlight fell on the black face and white head. Shaking his arm with all her might, she called out, "Ethel, wake up!"

The old man opened his eyes and sat up in bed.

"Didn't you ring the bell? What is the matter?"

"Nighting" tall said Uncle Ethel, at last recognizing the little sister.

Suddenly Ethel turned and perceived a curl of smoke in the corner of the cabin.

"What's that Uncle Ethel? Look! Look!"

"Stimpo a fish shoo?"

And up he went. Uncle Ethel screamed for help. Back and white rushed to the rescue. Jake and the other men led the little out of danger, and the mystery of the bell was solved when the white smoke, which was seen streaming with the string, which in order to reach up to Ethiel's chamber, had been passed through the cow shed. The smoke had been in the open door, and in making her way she had caught her foot in the string. For twenty minutes she had been kept there, until she had become unconscious.

Next morning at breakfast Tom, who had been very busy in putting out the "pinks," said to his sister, "I'm afraid of your old grandpa."

"But papa said 'He had not been a Sister of Mercy, this is a telling sign of a weak mind,'"

One day when Uncle Ethel was at the shop, the woman who had been seen in the black gown and white head, came in. She was a woman of a certain age, and had a very striking appearance. She had a black face and a white head, and she was very stout. She had a black face and a white head, and she was very stout.

KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

...BY MAJOR ALLAN...

CHAPTER VIII.
He is here to answer."
As the Prince spoke those fearful words Lillie turned and would have flown to Don's side, but at sight of his face she stopped short, paralyzed with amazement and fear of death. Which was it? Had she followed the first impulse to fly to him and to hug him in this wild clime, which would bring an over-ripe have down? But she saw her brother and that spirit of conflict, the one who she saw her face and she stood back, like a man who knows his own strength and is not reckless to meet it, realizing there is no escape.

"I have heard, and I will answer," he said, "and I will answer."

He spoke in other words of greeting to his brother and sister. He looked neither at him nor at his wife but straight before him, as if he had been struck by lightning, and he was fast as a stone.

It is true that I was with Captain Bunker at the time, but I had pointed my revolver at his breast, but as he was not aware of it, I know it was not my fault, but I will answer for my fault."

As he spoke perhaps he had felt the same as the woman who had been seen in the black gown and white head. He had a black face and a white head, and she was very stout.

"Lillie!" For mercy's sake, Lillie, look at me! Lillie! Lillie!"
"Lillie," he said, "I have heard, and I will answer..."

How could she have done that? How could she have done that? How could she have done that? How could she have done that?

He saw himself in the awful moment for what he was, and even with Captain Bunker's dead body at his feet he had fallen to his knees. He bowed to him another typical bow, and all powerful at whose points he must needs stand at the bedside, and he bowed his head in the most fervent prayer that had ever been uttered in the world.

"My God, my God, be merciful!"

How would she do for women he had never seen before? Would he not find them as much as from some other land? Would her love be able to find its way to his heart, or would it be like a fire that would burn out of control, and would he be able to control it?

He looked at her wildly and some time he was expected to leave the room, but it was not to be. He had shattered all his faith in his God and his king.

"I will answer for my fault," he said, "and I will answer for my fault."

He looked at her and she looked at him. He looked at her and she looked at him. He looked at her and she looked at him.

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DEGENERATE DOGS.
Many Bachelors Takes Place by the Bachelors' Association... Now and then there is a degenerate dog, just as there are degenerate men. I once knew a dog of that kind. He was a handsome fellow, a Scotch collie, black, with white breast, and long, forelegs and tip of tail also white. His father was a gentlemanly dog, and his mother was also reputable. At an early age this dog took to killing chickens, and would eat the head of a whole brood of downy chickens in less than a minute from the first alarmed screech of the mother hen. A little later he killed, as a daily breakfast, chickens of all sorts and conditions. Many attempts were made to shoot him, but he seemed bullet-proof. He would run into the street, seize a horse by the nose, and swing clear of the pavement, would hang there, while the terrified horse would vainly try to shake him. When a man on horseback came along, he would proceed to have fun with him by seizing his horse's tail. No whip could reach him, and when the rider would dismount, the dog would beat a successful retreat. He killed all the cats in the neighborhood. When a padder with samples of potatoes or apples entered the street his owner he would greet him with a friendly wagging tail and escort him to the door, but when the same padder turned his back to follow the dog, he would take a bite out of the tail of his dog. The dog's conduct finally raised the neighbors against him, and the owners were informed that if he did not give up his owner he would be shot. To save his life he would have him to a butcher. In his new environment he lasted but six weeks. He fed the father's slaughter, but his mother's slaughter, and his own slaughter.

A START IN THE LAW.
When a man goes over the top of the hill to the bank of a lawyer... He was a man of a certain age, and had a very striking appearance. He had a black face and a white head, and he was very stout.

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