

A COOL MILLION

"A cool million!" said Mrs. Archbald, of New York, oracularly. "I know it is not less than a cool million." She was very exact, you will observe in stating the precise temperature of this large sum of money.

Lucius was her admirer, under strong protest from the maternal head of the house, as his pecuniary prospects were at present rather dismal, but he was allowed to visit the young lady once or twice a week, strictly as a friend, and I think it needs no conjurer to tell us that the two young people were not dreading of any such thing as marriage.

ejaculated with a gasp; and that evening John Warbeck was invited to sup with the family—"to try the fried chicken!" Somehow he had a sort of instinct that enabled him to see humiliation in anything that savored of resentment.

He must—for an hour, and then mamma contrived to get the man alone near the window, where they could not be overheard, and diplomatic proceedings began.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST. The glories of our birth and state Are shadows, not substantial things; There is no armor against fate— Death lays his icy hand on kings.

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