

Anne,' he continued more quietly, 'though we have been separated twelve years, and may live so to the end.'
 'You love me still?' she asked, looking at him with wide-open eyes. 'After all these years?'
 'Yes, Anne,' he replied bitterly. He was not looking at her now. 'You, may think me a fool, but I do.'
 'After all I did?' she continued contritely. 'Listen'—as he looked at her in surprise—'I knew—after our divorce—I knew then that I loved you; I must have loved you all the time. My wretched pride kept me from telling you then; besides, I had Eleanor to live for, while you—you had nothing.' She stopped with a little catch like a sob in her voice.

'You loved me, Anne?' he asked, scarcely believing what he heard.

'I have loved you for twelve years, at least, she went on softly; 'and shall, I think, forever.'

He took her hand quickly, firmly.
 'Do you mean it, or are you trifling with me?' he demanded, almost fiercely. She looked up into his troubled face, and he saw something new and very tender in her moist eyes. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her.

Presently she drew herself gently away from her husband.

'It is growing late. Eleanor will be expecting me,' she said.

'Had you not better have some tea before you go?' he asked.

She looked round the dreary parlour.

'Wouldn't you rather,' she asked with a tender smile—'wouldn't you rather come home?'

When he put on his great-coat, and they stood equipped for the windy night, he said, looking down with a little laugh:

'I did not bring the cheque I promised you; I can pay Eleanor's bills so much better as they are sent in.'

LOUISA WASHINGTON.

KISSING.

A CORRESPONDENT who describes himself as 'a man of mature years, but of limited social experience,' wants to know 'if there is any trustworthy record as to the origin and practice of kissing. I have been told,' he says, 'that every tribe of people that have been found anywhere in the world are addicted to the practice. I should like to know if that is so, and also who were the first people to begin kissing.'

So far as our investigations show, the first kiss on record is the osculatory salute between Isaac and his son Jacob, mentioned in the 27th chapter of Genesis; but it is not unreasonable to suppose that Isaac had kissed the mother many times before he exchanged kisses with the son.

The ancient Hebrews seem to have reduced kissing to an exact science, and to have given it a nomenclature. We find from the Old Testament that they had the kiss of homage, of subjection, of reconciliation, of approbation, of welcome, of love, and joy, of sorrow, of peace, of idolatrous worship, of valediction, of gratitude and many others. We read also in the Scriptures of hypocritical kisses, like that bestowed by Joab on Amasa when about to slay him; and worst and foulest of all, of the traitorous salute by which Judas betrayed the Saviour.

The primitive Christians interchanged kisses before receiving the communion, as a token of religious fellowship. An attempt was made some years ago at a certain place of worship in New York to revive the practice, but owing to 'modern degeneracy,' or some other cause, the 'kissing church' was far from being a moral and religious success. Scandal's envenomed tongue soon began to wag against the brothers and sisters, and the experiment was given up.

It is not true that every tribe of people indulge in kissing. Some of the lower tribes do not seem to know anything about that 'token of affection' which is so dear to the more enlightened races. But among people who have risen a little above the savage state, it seems that kissing, as Dogberry says of reading and writing, 'comes by nature.'

As a sign of affection, kissing was unknown to the Australians, the New Zealanders, the Papuans, the Esquimaux, and other races. The Polynesians and the Malays always sit down when speaking to a superior. The inhabitants of Mallicollo, an island in the Pacific Ocean, show their admiration by hissing; the Esquimaux pull a person's nose as a compliment; a Chinaman puts on his hat where we take it off, and among the same curious people a coffin is considered as a neat and appropriate present for an aged person, especially if he is in bad health.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S FRIEND.

MANY are the devices which have been tried by religious people of all sects in America to convert Colonel Ingersoll. Among those who are in the habit of sending tracts and letters to the Colonel is a near-sighted old lady who is in the habit of sending him each week the Bible lessons from her copy of a country paper.

In cutting out the Bible lessons to send him one week, she pasted the clippings on a sheet of note paper. Inadvertently she reversed one of the clippings, and when Colonel Ingersoll got his letter the Bible lesson read like this:—

'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John iii., 16.

'And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.

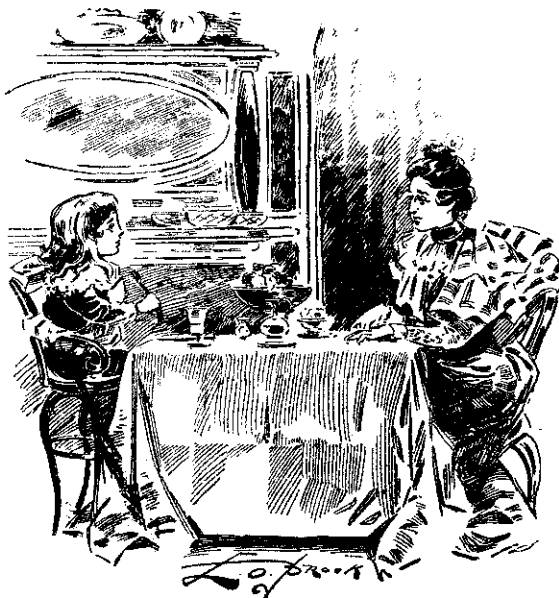
'Drink ———'s brand of Rock and Rye, warranted pure; only 50 cents a pint.'

Colonel Ingersoll wrote the old lady a strong letter of condemnation for attempting to convert him to drink. She was horrified to learn what she had done, and every letter she writes now—they still arrive each week—she apologizes for her mistake of reversing the Bible lesson copying and sending the rock and rye advertisement. She has stopped taking that country paper, because, she says, it led her into such 'grievous error.'



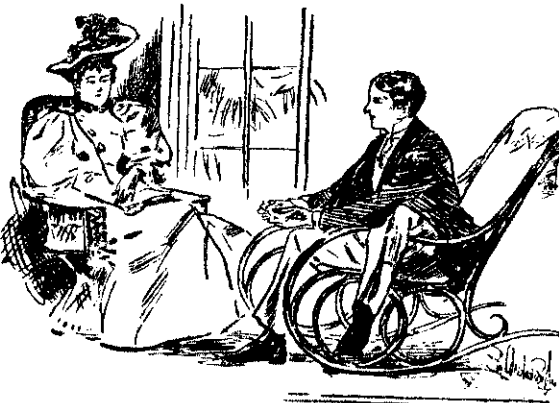
AT THE PANTOMIME.

DOLLY—'The idea of the creature exposing herself like that! I should be ashamed of myself.'



IMPROVING HIS MANNERS.

BOBBY: 'Auntie, pass me the butter.'
 AUNTIE: 'If what?'
 BOBBY: 'If you can reach it.'



Good-looking young girl—'Will you do something for me, Mr. B?'
 'With pleasure, my dear Miss A. What is it?'
 'Well, I wish you would propose to me so that I may crow over my cousin. I promise I won't accept you.'

FATHER IS WILLING TO PAY.

I'm just that glad o' gettin' home
 I don't know what to do.
 For I've been off a boardin' all
 The long, warm summer through.
 Uncomfortable swell tailor suits
 I've been obliged to wear,
 And patent leather p'inted shoes
 That almost made me swear.
 I've had fer eatin' little dabs
 Of poor digestin' stuff,
 Served up on doll sized dishes
 What would never hold enough.



I'M JUST THAT GLAD OF GETTIN' HOME.

My high priced 'airy' room was so
 Execructia'n hot
 That in the future I can't wish
 My host a warmer spot;
 And if I used relievin' words
 After we'd gone to bed,
 Why, mother'd say, 'Sh! sh! there's
 folks
 All round and overheard.'
 I went 'cause mother said we must
 Give our Estelle a show
 To see society and learn
 Its oddish ways—you know.



SERVED UP ON DOLL-SIZED PLATES.

Since Uncle Billy died and left
 His 'Frisco pile to me
 I'm jest the same old customer
 I allers used to be.
 But mother, lor! when she's rigged out
 In satin, lace and fur,
 She's most as like them high-up folks
 As chestnut barr to burr.
 She and Estelle have started now
 On one of Cookie's tours,
 To rush through noted cities, over
 Mountains, lakes and moors.

FOR THE BRIDE OF '96.

PROSPECTIVE brides with a vein of superstition in their make-up may be inclined to follow the advice given in the following lines:

Married in pink,
 Your fortune will sink;
 Married in blue,
 Your husband is true;
 Married in brown,
 You'll live in the town;
 Married in green,
 Your husband is mean;
 Married in red,
 You'll wish yourself dead;
 Married in white,
 You're sure to be right.