Had missed fair Beatrice, who by her side, While England all aflame rose up and cried, To tears indignant moved, that such a blot Of infamy had stained a single spot Of English ground, and humbled so her pride. The Queen of kingdoms and of womanhood, Example of all virtues, for the stay Of this lax age, and her dear country's rest. God saved her from the assassin's hand of

And all the world gave thanks; none more than Who dwell in her Dominion of the west. KIRBY, Niagara.

ULI:

Life's Mystery.

CHAPTER III.

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate Nor set down aught in malice.

One whose hand, Like the base Indian threw a pearl away Richer than all his tribe!

"I really think he is very much improved. People do reform, you know," said Miss Priscilla Potter, in a mild, suggestive voice. "I think he'll be a good father to Luli." "Maybe. Bad husbands do make good

fathers sometimes," responded her sister. "He certainly has a heart," Miss Priscilla continued, in a puzzled, reflective way. "I can't make out how ever he could-" The sentence, left unfinished as it was, might have been perplexing to a stranger, and of woman, he fell an easy victim to the but Miss Christiana understood the allu- snare. As suddenly and absolutely as he sion, and replied promptly,

way of accounting for it." better path now," said the gentle sister.

"I don't suppose he can be always running away with actresses, certainly. I think he left Laura and her child, and went off it's very probable he won't do it again. with his new love to Italy. Once turned out to be enough," replied the other, with biting emphasis.

Miss Priscilla sighed, shook her head, and then observed, "He seems very fond of Luli."

"He was very fond of Laura, if I recollect right," answered Miss Christiana, "in their honeymoon!—yes, and for a long time sfter it. Mind, I think you are quite right so far, Prissy—that he is inclined to be fond of Luli, and kind to her. I do him the justice to think he sincerely repented, and that he recognizes the doubly sacred duty which binds him to Laura's child."

"There shall be more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," murmured Miss Priscilla, whose heart had quite melted toward Glencairn, since she had heard that promise of his so solemnly spoken over the sleeping child.

must remember, Prissy, how much it took reformed now, I am convinced in my own mind that he never would have repented if it had not been for the shock which Laura's death gave him," she said, with positive emphasis, adding oratorically, as if giving out a hymn, "'Out of evil cometh good.' And if our poor Laura's death brought a sinner to repentance, she did not die in

Miss Christiana, clearer sighted and juster, if less merciful than her sister, was probably right in doubting whether Glencairn would ever have "repented" had it not been for the shock and the sorrew had been a dupe; he knew himself now to dance. Don't you think a columbine must caused him by his wife's death. She might have been befooled and deceived, and knew be one of the happiest creatures in the was called Jack. She demurred to this have gone further, and doubted whether "repentance," properly so called, could fast as the power of steam could carry him, ever have any place in Glencairn's nature he hastened to Laura's side. He was too remark, told her nothing calculated to disat all. He had known the suffering of late for his presence to revive her broken pel the illusion. She would grow out of bitter remorse; but it is questionable strength, too late to call her back to life all her illusions fast enough, he considered; whether the feeling which alone the sisters and love, but not too late to listen to her let her remain a child in childish dreams responsive to Conrad, "Jack" the terrier low's kindness to Luli (whose childish would have regarded as true "repentance" last faintly whispered words, to see a smile and ignorance as long as it was possible. had ever filled his heart. He had been of more than earthly peace and joy on her He fain would have kept this bud always agonized, defiant, embittered, miserable, face before she died. but never humbled. He had rebelled against Fate, cursed Fate, cursed himself but never knelt for prayer or pardon. A fatalist and a heathen by nature, a fine pagan spoiled by being born in a Christian haste to put the ocean between him and remembering his own stormy youth, his age, for all his sins he blamed his destiny, England, leaving his little Luli in the care heart filled with an unuttered prayer that and Luli and the dog, were enjoying the in their Sunday "outings." Glencairn and on that destiny sullenly resented the of his lost wife's relatives. suffering he bore in the external patience of a Stoic.

checkered life, which was probably rather ture of the wife he had mourned, and to delicate and frail. the effect than the cause of his peculiar | render the life of this child of his and first taken charge of by the wife of one of make it. the sailors who had escaped the wreck, an American, whose house was in a little acquaintances in the course of his worlddied, and the sailor brought him to Eng. | friends, especially in England. He had land, where friends of the captain of the almost lost sight of the few of his schoollost vessel, taking an interest in the forlorn | fellows whom he had liked; with the majochild, put him as soon as he was eld enough, rity he had not been on good terms; and in the parlor, which was generally held awhile, but was not popular with his com- lost Captain Burnett who had partly the company of the "assembly of ancients," panions; he was unruly, sullen, and wilful, | educated him. All these early associations | in which term he habitually spoke of the clasp-knife upon a schoolfellow, followed they had lived knew them no more. For did congregate), the door was pushed open, up his misdeeds by threatening to stab the Luli's sake and her future interests, as and the talented portrayer of the tabby schoolmaster bimself, and, obstinately much as his own, he now looked up all the kitten, Duke Mayburne, who had brought a refusing to apologize, was naturally, for the friends he could muster; and, not being present for Luli, in the shape of a juvenile sake of law and order, expelled.

way to Madeira and the Cape of Good one day took Luli out dressed in her best, Glencairn had not seen Duke Mayburne, away, where it fell helpless, with a howl of Hope. There he went up the country into and went to call on his fellow-travellers or, at least, had only seen him as a child pain, and lay yelping loudly. the interior, led a rough and roving life for from Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Craven. a time, and then fortune suddenly turned and smiled upon him. He made money by acquaintance should be renewed. They he had heard, even if the white terrier his way. Luli, very pale, her lips quite of those sandwiches." a stroke of luck in the diamond diggings; had rather taken a fancy to Glencairn tucked away under the young fellow's arm white, frightened into absolute passiveness, resolved to return to England.

with Laura Graham, an orphan girl in a sweet companion for Katie. as his wife.

to "love wisely" is impossible. Where interest to Mrs. Craven, who was fond of attractive it was. He had hair of a warm harshly, indeed quite gently; but the child ernment stamp with Dr. Pierce's signature they love, they "love too well." She did novels and of poetry of an elementary dark chestnut, curling in rich and vigorous felt he was not to be disobeyed, and let him and portrait mark the genuine. By not love Glencairn at all too well for his kind. Thus it happened that the casual rings; eyes large and bright and gray; a lead her along, away from the victim, druggists.

comfort, but, as things unfortunately meeting sowed the seed of an enduring complexion neither fair nor brown, but of a whose piteous howls fell fainter and fainter.

The Pope has a handsome young niece,

cairn that she was a perfect woman and a his moods, and had a strong element of "the untutored savage" in his nature, which his wandering life had not tended to ameliorate. But he loved Laura, had loved her from the hour when he saw her first in never dropped the Mr.) " that pretty sketch her pure, modest maiden beauty, sad and pale in her mourning, with the rough sea winds tangling her golden hair. She came some day." upon him like a vision ; she seemed to him a creature of another world. He loved her with the romantic passion of a first love and she in her turn simply adored him. Her patience and forbearance with him annihilated her own nature in his. Love taught this inexperienced, gentle girl all its marvellous keenness of perception, its wondrous intuitions. Glencairn had taken has got his head stuffed full of art." her, a sorrowful, lonely, penniless orphan, and had given her love and happiness, a beautiful home, and what to her seemed inexhaustible wealth. The advantage practically seemed all on her side; but she gave him the love that is more precious than fine gold, that a woman can give but once, and that a man is blessed if he once receives.

There came an evil hour, which threw Glencairn across the path of the woman who marred his life. He was a creature of passion and impulse, unschooled, undisciplined, principle and duty only known to him by name, shrewd in some kinds of business, understanding something of men, but absolutely nothing of women, fresh from a rough, roving life, and half a savage still in the simplicity with which he followed

The good old rule, the simple plan, That they should take who have the power And they should keep who can.

Untutored as a wild nature of the prairie nd the plain, in his knowledge of the world had yielded to the romance of a first pure "Men are bad, Prissy. That's the only love for a pure and noble woman, he fell under the spell of a fatal passion for one "I trust and hope that he is treading a of the Delilahs of modern days. Her victory was complete, and she knew it; and he was rich at that time. It followed that

In some explanation of a wrong that was too cruel to be paliated, let it be remembered that he comprehended no more of a true woman's nature than of an extinct language, and he had no idea that his leaving Laura would break her heart. He had taken care to arrange that she should have plenty of money in her possession, and the power of drawing on his bankers for more. She had her child. She was near her mother's sisters, who could advise and care for her. Leaving her under such circumstances did not seem to him to be desertion. He did not realize with what force the blow he was inflicting would fall.

But Laura sank mortally stricken beneath the shock. No spirit of wrath, of indignation, of outraged love and wounded pride, arose to sting her into resistance of the sorrow that killed her. Her weak and "The heart is deceitful and desperately delicate physical frame broke down under wicked," responded Miss Christiana. "You | the strength of her anguish. She was never heard to utter a word of blame or anger to turn his heart. Although he may have against him, but shrank away from the subject of his sin as from the touch of a burning iron. She only knew that from the paradise of his love she awoke to find herself deserted and alone, and from that hour she failed and faded away.

> When it was evident that she was dying, they made searching inquiries for Glencairn, advertised, wrote or telegraphed to every authority likely to be of assistance in finding him. The news of Laura's danger reached him at last, but not before he had discovered the utter worthlessness of the woman for whom he had deserted her. He that his true wife lay near to death. As world?"

The wages of sin were paid him.

and wayward disposition. He had been at | Laura's as happy as mortal power could

Glencairn had made innumerable village on the North Atlantic coast. She | wide wanderings, but he had not many and one day, in a fit of passion, he drew a had drifted away, and the places where drawing-room where the resident guests He then ran away to sea, and worked his etiquette of accepting casual invitations, he in sans ceremonie.

On the voyage he fell in ove at first sight | Luli, who they decided at once would make | was to have this canine present.

the earliest of these conversations after his

return, Miss Christiana Potter observed, "We must show Mr. Glencairn" (she face would "wear-well." Duke Mayburne made of Luli and the kitten. We are going to have it framed

"Duke Mayburne? What, Tom May-

burne's boy ?" said Glencairn. and Mrs. Mayburne and Duke have gone to live with his brother—he's a Manchester were limitless; she merged ner own wishes, cotton-merchant; he wants to bring Duke up to the business, and by way of attaining that end he has sent the boy up to his partner's office in London, where of course he

"I shouldn't have thought a London cotton-merchant's office was the place for father's eyes?" Art," interru ted Glencairn.

"But London s the place,' responded Miss Potter, who did not like to be disagreed with, "Galleries and museums, and statues; and clubs and latchkeys and what he calls artistic society, for a boy who ought to be in the schoolroom !-not but what impression rather curious than unfavorable. he is a nice young fellow."

"And he's been painting Luli's portrait,

has he? Where is it?" "Prissy, call Luli to bring it. It's a lifesize picture," said Miss Christiana, " and very pretty we think it is."

Miss Priscilla went out of the room on the errand requested. Presently Luli's flying feet were heard upon the stairs, and she burst into the room with a large watercolor sketch in her arms, which work of art she proceeded to hold up admirignly as near her father's eyes as she could reach.

"See! isn't it nice? isn't the kitten delighted smile, lovely? It's grown bigger now—the kitten a month or two ago, I had tied a red ribbon round its neck, but Duke would paint the ribbon blue."

Luli allowed her father a moment's silence to admire the sketch, and then pursued, pulling him down into a chair and

climbing on his knee, " And Duke has drawn me a whole sheet of comic characters for my scrap-book. And, papa," more confidentially, and glancing round to see that Aunt Chrissy and Aunt Prissy were safe in the adjoining room, " he has made a picture of old Mr. and Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Boyd in his book, and wrote a verse underneath it; but he wouldn't give it to me. Duke is so cleverhe is nearly eighteen, you know, and, as he says, that's old enough to know his own mind; and he wants to be an artist. Don't you think, papa, people ought to be what they like, and what they can do best?"

"Where there's a will there's a way. What people want to be they will be," pronounced Glencairn.

"Duke will be a great artist then," said Luli with evident satisfaction and perfect confidence.

"And what do you want to be, Luli?" asked her father.

"Why,-well, but a woman can't be any thing, can she?" doubtfully inquired Luli, who was not an infant genius, and who had no idea whatever that the day of Woman's Rights was dawning. "I think," she added gravely, after a few moments' puzzled reflection, having run through the limited choice of feminine careers in her small mind, "that I should like best to be a colum-

not being a habitue of Christmas panto. | the boy's face. mimes, was not quick at catching the idea.

"A columbine, you know—to fly on in the transformation scene, and having nothing to do but wear lovely fairy-dresses and | will have his will and make his way."

Glencairn laughed; but he made no

CHAPTER IV.

In men whom men condemn as ill' I find so much of goodness still; In men whom men pronounce divine, I find so much of sin and plot, I hesitate to draw a line Between the two where God has not.

-JOAQUIM MILLER.

One day, when Glencairn was lounging

many years before; but he would have

mourning, who had come out with her Mr. and Mrs. Craven were a couple over- kinds, male and female, life and still life, bed out. parents, and having lost both father and flowing with good-nature and sympathy and he looked at the visitor approvingly, as mother, was on her way back to England, and interest in their neighbors' affairs, he greeted him by name, and bade him to find a home with her nearest relatives, surrounded by a somewhat common-place come in. Duke Mayburne was indeed an tically. her mother's sisters, the Misses Potter circle of friends, and delighting in anything almost perfect type of masculine beauty and before alluded to. She arrived in England new and out of the way. Glencairn was youth. He was quite a boy, and boyish thing!-hark! hear it!" And Luli stopped duly, went to her aunt's house as Glen- just what pleased them; and the fact that looking still—tall and slight, with a figure up her ears with two fingers and sobbed cairn's betrothed, and left there in a month | he was evidently " a man with a story"- | that would probably develop and improve, | more loudly. indeed probably a man with more than one and a face in which no improvement seemed "Come along; don't cry," said Glencairn, and are extensively imitated. They cure Laura was one of those women to whom story—was a cause of much pleasant possible, so singularly handsome and taking her hand. He spoke not at all sick and bilious headache. Private Govturned out, a great deal too well for her intimacy which one day bore its fruit. | clear healthy olive paleness; and features on her ears. It seemed to Glencairn that, during his that were, from the broad brow of square Luli reluctantly allowed herself to be whom he himself performed the marriage

scattered to the four winds of heaven. He chin, thoroughly masculine in their strength stopped, and pleaded earnest and tear perfect wife. Glencairn had many rough, inquired after one and another, and all were and firmness, but with a delicate clearness fully, unpolished ways, was strange and fitful in "dead," or "abroad," or "married," or of outline that endowed them with an abso-"lost sight of." In the course of one of lute beauty rare in manhood, and in mid- see if the poor dog is better. Papa, darling, dle-aged manhood so rare that one might please !" doubt whether Duke Mayburne's handsome

As he stood there with a frank, boyish, half-embarrassed smile, responding to Glencairn's greeting, with his cap in one hand, and the white, pink-eyed, jet-nosed terrier tucked away snugly under his other arm, Glencairn regarded him with a steady, "Yes. Mr. Mayburne's dead, you know; half-surprised, approving look; but no vision beyond the passing hour crossed his mind, and no shadow fell between those two as first they stood face to face.

"Tenfold handsomer than his father ever was," thought Glencairn.

"I've brought Lun a pup, sir," said Duke, somewhat awkwardly, thinking to himself -"What is there so odd about Luli's

When he came to take a nearer view, he noticed at once the peculiarity of Glencairn's eyes—a peculiarity which its object never attempted to conceal by side-looks or down-cast glances, yet which often as on this occasion, produced on strangers an

Before they had time to exchange more than a few words about the pup, whom Duke deposited on the hearthrug and com- chiefly because she dared not for her life manded to "beg," which the pup was too have done otherwise. But she mourned to shy and startled to do, Luli appeared upon Miss Christiana..." Luli is so truthful and the scene with a small scream of delight, so open, and so tenderhearted! And he is flew to Duke, shook hands with him in a so different from his child !" violent hurry with her eyes fixed on the It seemed to poor Priscilla strange and white dog, and forthwith fell on her knees almost impossible that the Glencairn of beside the animal, seized it by both fore- that morning was the very same and no paws, called it fifty pet names in a breath, other than the Glencairn who amused Kate and then found leisure to look up at the Craven and Luli by tale-telling that very donor of this precious gift, and say with a day after tea, and round whom the chil-

has—but that's exactly what it used to be good and I do like you; and I will love my and after that meal (partaken of in the drawdarling doggie so."

block-handsome and nothing else but almost preternaturally well-behaved, and handsome; yet it must be admitted that had done credit to their schooling in the he had not very much to say for himself "General Department" branch, they raced

that day. However, presently Glencairn warmed evening's treat—an hour with Glencairn. up, and began to ask questions and make | They drew two low footstools to the winhimself agreeable; then Duke responded dow, beside which his armchair was situfreely; and Luli, sinking into silence, sat ated, and sat at his feet, while he told them hugging the pup, who, being by this time a wonderful story about the emerald eye of convinced that no harm was intended him, an Indian idol. Old Mr. Foster was a kind licked her hand gratefully, while her father old gentleman, who gave the little girls inquired after various members of the chocolate-drops, and asked them how old Mayburne family, manifested a "friend of they were, and what prizes they got at the family" sort of interest in Duke's school; but Luli and her little visitors did career, related an anecdote or two of the not look forward to half an hour with Mr. other side of the world, and drew out of Foster as a treat, and were never seen sit-Duke, who speedily got at home with him, ting at his feet, adoringly listening to his the confession of his hopes and ambitions stories, as they were seen with Glencairn. for the future, which sprung from the main fact that at present he hated business and cairn at all; she could not help feeling a loved art.

though he had entered into many a specu- herself. She had been accustomed all her lation, and made many a lucky investment life to see the sheep and the goats feeding in his day. And he hated control and in separate pastures, with broad and high restraints of all kinds, and never in his hedges marking the limits of each. She life, which had been so full of ups and believed human natures to be black all downs, had served regular hours in any through, or white all through; cruel and sedentary regular employment under orders false all through, or kind and true all for one day longer than was absolutely through. Glencairn was neither; he was necessary to get him his bread. Necessary kind and cruel, faithless and true; he was for very daily bread it had sometimes been not a sheep, and yet not altogether a goat; to him; and then he had bent silently to the yoke, but had cast it off the moment he felt himself able to do so. Thus, although he had said few or no words of sympathy or encouragement to Duke Mayburne's wayward fancy, his influence was a sym-"A what?" inquired her father, who, pathetic one, and his look rested kindly on

"Not a bit like his father," he said when Duke was gone. "And it is a fine face! If I am any judge of physiognomy, that boy

Luli was delighted with her dog, which unromantic cognomen a little at first, and would have preferred "Conrad;" but as Duke had presented it to her under the briefer and less euphonious name, and as it answered to "Jack," and was not at all remained to the end of the chapter.

carefully-combed and cleaned, snowy white which were comparatively quiet. Jack, advanced to the assault, laid disrespectful dirty paws on Jack's sleek and spotless white shoulder, and attempted to seize him by the ear.

snapped at her hand.

"Did he bite you?" asked Glencairn. "Only a scratch," she said, startled, and

looking half inclined to cry. "Which was it bit you?"

"That nasty yellow dog," replied Luli. Glencairn pushed the white dog to one with a force that flung it several yards "Jolly dogs were they!"

The Misses Potter uttered little screems, They received him cordially, glad that the recognized him at once by the description Glencairn turned and walked straight on that money doubled, trebled itself, and he from the first, and they were delighted had not identified him, for Luli had confided followed her father tremblingly for a step "the conventional British traveller's refreshwith pretty, well-mannered, soft-voiced with high delight to her father that she or two; then the piteous cries of the dog ment, selected probably because the least became more than she could bear; she Glencairn nad an eye or beauty of all stood still, burst into bitter tears, and sob-

> "Oh, the poor dog !" "Why, it bit you," said Glencairn, prac-

"But it's hurt!-oh! it's hurt, poor

"Do, do, papa, dear, let me go back and

Glencairn hesitated a moment, looking half impatient, and then relented.

"Well, well, go home with your aunts, and I'll go back and see how it is. I dare say it's well by this time. If not, I'll give some boy sixpence to look after it. There, cheer up, little one! it shall be all right." Glencairn turned back and walked away with quick strides.

When he returned home, and Luli ran to him, asking eagerly, "How is the dog?" he replied.

"It's better; it wasn't much hurt; it's not crying a bit now. I sent a boy to look after it."

But Priscilla though that the dog must have been too much hurt to be so rapidly cured; and when she could find an opportunity of speaking alone to Glencairn, she inquired of him, in a low voice-

"How did you manage about the dog?" "Why, I killed it," he answered; "that was the best thing. Ribs were broken too badly to recover. Here!" he added, suddenly looking sharply at her, " don't say a word to Luli! The child's too sensitive. Not a word to her, mind."

Miss Priscilla implicitly obeyed him,

dren clung so trustingly and affectionately. "Oh, thank you-thank you! you are Katie Craven had come to tea with him ing-room in company with the ancients), Duke Mayburne was not a mere barber's whereat the two little girls had been down to the parlor for their " treat,"-the

Miss Priscilla did not understand Glensort of doubtful, half-reluctant liking for Glencarrn was not a business man, him; and this liking of her own puzzled and so he puzzled her.

As for Miss Christiana, she never did. and never could, like Glencairn, and rejoiced when he fixed a time for his departure, although she regretted that he would take Luli with him, and she would be their charge no more.

"Unless he gets tired of her!" Miss Christiana added, grimly.

Glencairn, not having been in London for so many years, was in no immediate hurry to leave it, although he had little love for great cities. During the visitwhich, bird of passage though he was, endured some months—he saw a great deal of Duke Mayburne, and conceived a rather unusual preference for him, for as a rule the society of young men was to him an unbearable infliction. But the young felprettiness pleased his artistic eye, and Apropos of this precious white pup, a whose childish affection for himself flattered folded, with the fresh dew of ignorant inno. little incident occurred one day, which, as his youthful vanity) was gratifying to cence ever upon it. The dew would exhale straws show which way the current sets, Luli's father. A kind of intimacy, too Her funeral was barely over when he fled away, and the folded petals open to the impressed the Misses Potter with varied unequal and superficial to bear the title of away to the other side of the world. In fierce sun and the rough winds soon ideas on the subject of trusting Luli to friendship, arose between the man and the gloom and bitterness of spirit he made enough. Looking in her childish eyes and the tender mercies of their nephew-in-law. boy; and it became a frequent occurrence The two elderly aunts, and Glencairn, for Duke to join Glencairn and little Luli those opening petals might unfold slowly, healthful and harmless recreation of a lalways took Luli out on a Sunday-Now, returned after his ten years of wan- that the sun of passion might rise late for morning walk in the park, Jack, much sometimes for a long drive in the country, derings (which had not proved unprofit- her, shine on her only faintly from afar, rejoicing in the opening air and soft, fresh, sometimes on an excursion by rail, now, This could of the shipwreck, who knew able), he resolved never to be parted again and the rough winds of the world deal elastic turf, was careering in circles about for a row on the river, and then for a ramno other parent, had led a strange and from the child who was the living minia- softly with the blossoms he deemed so looking not unlike a large white rabbit, ble at Hampstead, not on the Heath, frisking on the green grass. Luli was where the holiday-makers disported themwatching her pet's evolutions with great selves with shouts and laughter, and much interest and admiration, when a sandy dog popping of ginger-beer and peeling of of Bohemian aspect, somewhat larger than oranges—but round the lanes and fields,

"On all Hampstead Heath I don't suppose there is any more oddly assorted trio than we are." Glencairn observed, as he disinterred a cold sausage and a French roll Luli flew to the rescue, and tried to catch from the recesses of a brown paper parcel. her favorite up in her arms. The other "Luli, why don't you run and play with to a good school. Glencairn stayed there he had quite lost sight of that family of the sacred to him (for he did not greatly affect | dog, not approving of this interference, those little girls over there? Duke, my boy, there are some kindred souls for you why don't you join them?" indicating a quartette of young men in their Sunday array, many-colored as Joseph's coat in regard to their ties and gloves, who were singing a popular air in chorus with great satisfaction to themselves, and apparently afflicted with many scruples as to the strict member of the canine species, walked side, and kicked the unfortunate yellow dog with truth, as they were asserting that

> "Thanks; I am quite happy as I am, if you are not in a hurry to get rid of me," responded Duke. "I don't particularly want to be a 'jolly dog,' and I do want one

" Ham sandwiches," observed Glencairn,

satisfying, least refreshing, and altogether most objectionable and inconvenient meal for travelling. Now fruit-chocolate -Look here, did I ever tell you how, when I was in the South Sea Islands---'

(To be continued.)

The original "Little Liver Pills" are Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets,"

Anna Pecci, now Earchesa Canali, for It is not too much to say of Laura Glen- absence, all his old friends had been outline to the massively moulded jaw and led to the gate of the park; but there she ceremony in the Vatican the other day.