## Every-Day Philosophy.

When weariness with life my spirit fills, When deep disgust consumes me w th my lot, I draw some store of comfort from the ills I haven's got.

To find that fortune at your coming flies, To be bank upt in health, in fame, in purse, Is bad enough; but, I philosophise, It might be worse.

Incessantly we make a great ado, The mouth of Misery is wide agape ; But happier we, I fancy, if we know What we escape.

The common woes of life are bad enough, Misfortunes fall as easy as the dew. And still for every morning steak that's tough, There might be two.

This one is sick; his wayward fate cries out Against the leech, the calomel, the bed, O inconsiderate person, cease to pout-You might be dead!

And this one hath the mitten; he has wooed; Vainly, alack, his wooing it has sped, Well - even in this there's comfort, rightly viewed-He might be wed!

And here is one who whines; his all is swept Away in panie; he has had to "fail." Be should, I think, be cheerful, that he's kept Safe out of jail.

But late I lost a twenty-dollar bill-And did I wring my hands that I had blundered?

Not I, indeed !-I'm very thankful still 'Twas not a hundred.

Scoth, should I e'er capsize when walks are bad And my good clavicle involve in wreck, Serenely, I should say-how very glad It's not my neck.

O trust me-better not to make ado At the few miseries of our common lot, There's millions of 'em-if we only knew!"-We haven't got.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," eto, etc.

fection, I mean," seeing me pout. Then | we did not expect you until 5 o'clock." suddenly putting his arms round me and deep feeling, "Phyllis, my darling, darling | hands upon my shoulders. girl, don't you know it? Must I tell it to you over and over again? Cannot you see | "When you know me better you will underevery hour of your life how fendly I love stand that I cannot help being in a hurry. you, ju-t for what you are? And you, However, you must forgive me this time, laughing. Phyllis, tell me-do you -- " He stops as my appearing at this hour is in itself a abruptly and regards me with a curious flattery, proving how impatient I was to gone off to Germany or country-houses, so open the door, and I smile and nod gayly at earnestness for a minute, then laughing see you." Then, regarding me attentively. they must do without me. I couldn't go him as I cross the threshold and pass into or prowling about you. Phyllis, is all that rather constrainedly, puts me gently back "Why, what a child!" she cries; "what a trotting after 'em everywhere, you know; the lighted hall. from him and goes on; "What other baby! and what delicious eyes! Really, do enough of that in the spring to last the

"Yes; I liked what I saw of him. And Dora, Marmaduke."

meet her, I suppose? Whom shall we say? I think George Ashurst is an eligible who would just suit her. He is not exactly briland a baronet, with unlimited coin."

"I don't think Dora would like him if he pity him?" is stupid," I say, doubtfully.

make a duller man clever."

lifting a floger of conviction. "Am I? You see what comes of marry-

unpleasant." 'Duke."

lately; "but he is never in the way when who is standing rather behind his sister, wanted, like other boys. And Roly is in which he returns with interest. Ireland, by special desire, of course. And I would like mother, only-"

family?" says my husband, mildly.

"Yes, I would," I return with alsority; Raglish to Billy's ears-may be considered with Phyllis." vulgar by mere outsiders, check myself in time, and substitute the words " every one get through another introduction. of them," rather tamely. "All, that is, except papa; I doubt if he could be amiable | derfully pretty. No need to disbelieve the use in wishing for what I cannot have?"

you from despair. Is there any one else?"

"No; papa looked upon friends as night. As I look at her, I decide hastily she is mares, so we have none. Besides, I shall more than pretty-she is attractive. Her have quite enough to do making myself whole face is full of light; the very corners agreeable to those you have named. I only of her mouth express unuttered laughter; hope they will not worry me into an early it is altogether the most riante, kissable, grave."

spare men, this list will do?"

many?" barely enough to make the house warm. Here is a tip for you, Phyllis; when making | Handcock, indicating me. up your mind to invite people to stay with you, always ask a good many together, as hope. Of course"-to me-" we all heard the more there are the easier it will be to you were quite a girl; yet that did not amuse them, and much trouble is taken off reassure me, as it can be said of most the shoulders of the poor little hostess. brides, and as a rule they are a disagreeable

tvery one is fond of her." " How old is she?"

or twenty, and she looks almost as young gayly, "I am going to have a delicious you. She will suit you, and help you to do autumn, and to be very happy." tue honors. The only thing that can be said against Bebe is, she is such an incorrigible little flirt. Do not learn that accomplishment from her."

throw me in the way of it? I think you now I am so relieved -you cannot fancy are acting foolishly," with a wise shake of | what a weight is off my mind." my head. "What if one of those 'spare men' should chance to fall in love with

"That would be a mere bagatelle to your ling." falling in love with one of the 'spare

men. " I see nothing to prevent that either." would not do that, Phyllis, would you?"

"No, I think not," I say, lightly, letting | is her uncle."

of all this turmoil, if only to recompense me for the misery I am going to endure."

CHAPTER XIX. During the morning of the day on which Lady Handcook is expected to arrive, I feel strangely nervous and unsettled. Probably she will be cold and haughty and indifferent, like the generality of grand dames, or, worse still, supercillious and filled with a well-bred mockery only half concealed, like Lady Blanche Going.

As she has written to say they will not arrive until five o'clock, I put on my outdoor things after luncheon and wander forth alone in search of good spirits and a frame of mind so altogether radiant as shall help me to conquer fate towards evening. As at 4 o'clock, however, I retrace my steps, I am by no means certain that I have found anything beyond a brilliant admired. color.

I cross the threshold and move towards the staircase with the laudable intention of robing myself for sonquest before their coming, when to my consternation I am met by Tynon, the butler, with the pleasing intelligence that "Sir James and Lady Handcock and Miss Beatoun" have already arrived.

Have entered my doors with no hostess to receive them or bid them welcome! What will they think? How awkward it has proved, my going for that stupid walk! I smother a groan, fling my hat at Tynon,

and, just as I am, with my hair slightly disarranged, enter the drawing-room. At the upper end stands Marmaduke, laughing and talking gayly to a fair-haired, prettily-dressed woman, who in a lower class of existence, might be termed "buxom." To say she is inclining towards embonpoint will, however, sound less shocking to ears polite. I have heard from my husband that she is about thirty years of age, but in the quick glance I take at her I decide she might belany age under that, she is so white and soft and gay.

"Oh! here she is," says 'Duke, gladly, as I enter. "I am so sorry!" I murmur, with

As I advance, so does she, and when we drawing me down to him, he whispers, with meet she lays two small plump, jewelled

> "It was all my fault," she says smiling. to congratulate or - pity you."

She speaks with a curiously pretty accent, putting an emphasis on every third or desperate Don Juan! Really, Chips, I listener.

"Piry!" return I, amazedly, making an | thing more exquisite still?" unsuccessful effort to elude her firm grasp,

"Because, cannot you fancy what a life "On, he is not a fool if you mean that; you are going to lead him," says her lady. Miss Beatoun." and he has as many golden charms as would | ship, with a little arch laugh that wrinkles up her Grecian nose. "Child, I too have do I. "Ah! who is mercenary now?" I say, eyes and I can see mischief written in every line of your-ug'y little face."

ing a man of the world. Now, had you seen her power to make every word she utters roof covers you and your inamorata." as much life as I have you might be equally an undeveloped compliment. I succumb at once and forever, and give myself up to "But I don't think you unpleasant, her merry true-hearted influence. Putting You're not in earnest, now, Marmadukemy frowns in my pocket, I laugh.

"Don't you? There is consolation to be "If you keep on saying these things found in that. And now whom would you before 'Duke," I say, "he will find me out, "But if you don't go and dress yourself and perhaps in time repent his bargain." "I would like Billy," I say, disconso. Here I make a little moue at my husband, and lose a good chance of exercising your

"How do you know I have not found you out long ago? It is my belief I married and Powell, who have reached their thirty-"Perhaps you would like the whole you for my sins. Harriet, I leave her now third year, look on aghast at the young

in your hands; reform her—if you can." "Go and look after James," says Lady and useful in their own way, but refuse to "every"-I was going to say "man jack of Handcock. "He always gets into mischief shine in conversation. them," but thinking this-though purest when left by himself. I want to make friends

By and by Miss Beatoun comes in, and I She is hardly as tall as I am, and won-

for two hours together. But where is the report that last reason all men raved of her. Her eyes are large and dark and soft, her "We could get Billy for a week, I dare hair a very, very light brown, though hardly say, later on," says Marmaduke, kindly, golden, and guittless of dye. A tiny black "while the rest are here, if only to keep mole, somewhat like a Queen Anne's patch, grows close to her left ear.

loveable face conceivable. Her hands and "Well, then, I suppose, with two or three feet are fairy like in their proportions.

Nevertheless, her eyes, though usually "Don't you think you are asking a great soft, betray the coquette; they cannot entirely conceal the mischievous longing for "No; very few, it seems to me; at least mastery that lurks in their velvet depths. "Is she not young, Bebe?" asks Lady

"Very Much younger than I dared to B be you will like, she is so gay and bright; lot. But you have forgotten to give yourself airs, and that is so novel and delightful -so many young women will go in for that "Very young-not more than nineteen sort of thing. I feel," says Miss Beatoup,

" I hope so," I answer, earnestly. "Do you know, Lady Handcock, I quite dreaded your coming?-it kept me awake several nights, thinking perhaps you would be cold " How shall I be able to help it, if you and difficult, and would not like me; and

I say this with such evident feeling that they both laugh heartily, and Bebe gives it as her opinion that I am a " regular dar-

"But you must not call me Lady Handcook," corrects my sister-in-law. " My name is Harriet-or Harry, for the most "Don't you?" Then, half earnestly, part. I do not want to be made an old taking my face between his hands, "You woman just yet, though Bebe will tell every one I am her aunt, instead of saying James

thing, as it seems to me, to have two or threat. But for knowing I have it in my hardly fancy an unkind word coming from scold, and you are too good-natured to deal more than most girls; she can do lots three men in love with you at the same power to say that, she would be under no those lips, or a hidden motive in her 'peach.' Now there's mamma, her eyes of things that I can't do." time. I find one bad enough"-maliciously control. And with mamma so given to heart." -" and that is what it comes to, is it not?" | itinerant habits, and Harry being my I think of our "Moonlight's" designs | chaperons. Only let her catch you with "I suppose so, if one is a successful natural chaperon, I have to protect myself upon Marmaduke and the man who is now your band in the possession of any Detrias best I may."

George Ashurst, a very fair young man, am positive Sir Mark is amused. I color shall remember what you say, and take her with an aquiline mose, plump face, and a and look up. long white moustache. He at once impresses me with the belief that he is thoroughly met!" says he, promptly. good natured, and altogether incapable of ill-temper of any kind. Perhaps, indeed, if he were to smile a little less frequently, and show some symptoms of having an opinion of his own, it would be an improvement. But what will you? One cannot have everything. And he is chatty and agreeable, and I manage to spend my evenings very comfortably in his society.

The next day Captain Jenkins and Mr. Powell, from the Barracks at Chillington, put in an appearance; and a very youthful gentleman, with a calm and cherubic countenance, arrives from London. This latter is in the Hussars, and is full of a with some degree of graciousness; flattered

of all your engagements," says Marmaduke, rather cruel, was it not?" slapping this fair-haired warrior affectionbe a too palpable flattery to regard this insisted on its being returned." very erratio young man as a "chip of the old block," his father being a peculiarly a very harmless and innocent little volume, mild and inoffensive clergyman, residing after all, containing only the mildest sentiin a northern village).

"What did Lady Emily say to your and all the rest of your friends?"

"Oh, 1 say, now," says Master Chips, with an ingenuous blush, "it isn't fair to neat little book! Do you know I was silly to be frightened. "As you now are you show me up in this light—is it?—and before enough to cry the day I posted it back to are perfection; were you to change you Mrs Carrington, too. She will have no you?' opinion of me if she listens to all you say." "I am only anxious to hear how you tore yourself away from their fascinations."

"Yes, do tell us, Mr. Thernton," says I. pathy. We are so afraid that you have sacrificed yourself to oblige us."

says, Mrs. Carrington: he is always repre-"A veritable little goose. No, no!-per- rising color, coming quickly forward; "but senting me falsely. I shall be unhappy forever if you won't understand how proud | very suggestion would have brought down and charmed I was to receive your invitation. Just to show you how he exaggerates, permission to write a letter to a gentleman the Carry and Maud he spoke of are my cousins, and that's the same as sisters, you

"Only far more dangerous," I return, ligibly.

"Well, at all events, they have every one any of that lot now."

"No? Tired of them already? What a "Dora, of course. And some one to fourth word that fascinates and pleases the shudder to think where you will end. And who is the idol at the present hour?—some-

"Not to be named in the same day," liant, but he is thoroughly good-hearted, while the indignant color flames into my says Mr. Thornton, confidingly. "Fact is, Met her last season in town, you know, and-er-"-an eloquent sigh-" I mean

Marmaduke burst out laughing, and so

"Then, you are all right," says 'Duke. With your usual luck you have fallen I try to feel angry, but cannot. It is in upon your feet. At this instant the same

"No!" cries Chips, eagerly. "You don't mean it? Of course you are only joking. are you?

fascications upon Miss Beatoun."

Later on he takes her in to dinner and is supremely happy; while Messieurs Jenkins one's "cheek." They are estimable men,

distinguished-looking man, with hair of that 'familiarity breeds contempt?' and iron-gray and deep set eyes. He is grave that 'too much of anything is good for he never appears to take the smallest you." notice. But for Marmaduke's assertion inclined to think them at daggers drawn, or at least indifferent.

reserved; all the rest of the world he treats in a similar manner, and I come to the conclusion he abhors talking, and is a man with no settled taste or pursuits. Hearing, without turning his head in her direction. indeed, that his one passion is hunting, I broach the subject cautiously, and, feeling certain of making a score, express myself and, crossing the room, sits down by Bebe desirous of being informed as to the express | Beatoun. nature of the "bullfinch."

show you one. That will be best."

So my ignorance remains unenlightened as Dora in her white dress and coral ribbons could hardly be conceived. I am and, without another word to my comadmiring her myself with all my heart, panion, who is looking black as night, I go and wondering how it is she does it; and I out through the open window. fancy Sir Mark Gore is doing the same. Once, as she raises the childish questioning enters into my heart and pricks me gently. blue eyes to her companion's face, and A seed is sown that bears me bitter fruit. murmurs some pretty speech in her soft treble, I see Sir Mark smile openly. It is only a momentary merriment, however, as directly afterwards he turns to me, suave and charming as ever.

" How becoming white is to your sister!" he says. "It suits her expression so wonderfully. I don't kacw how it is, but the word ingenue always comes to me when I | ing at the necessary evil in the light of a

"She is very pretty," I return, coldly. of that smile.

"You do her an injustice. Surely she is more than ' pretty'-a word that means so little in these degenerate days. If I were an artist I should like to paint her as Moonlight,' with a bunch of lilies in her

"Well," I say springing to my feet, "I By dinner hour our party is still further and energetic fracas between her and Billy, with you half an hour later." only hope Dora will get a good husband on enlarged by Dora, Mark Gore, and Sir and am silent. I don't know why, but I "But I suppose your mother is right. I prospers

"What ages ago it seems since last we

"Ages? No, months. It was last in June we met, I think -and here."

"Oh, that was the barest glimpse; one could hardly call it a meeting. I was referring to my visit to the Lesslies two years ago. You remember that little scene in the High street, at Carston?" I laughed merrily.

would have been too ignominious. And then not? So, out of respect for you, I will we met again, and -- Shall I peel one of unsay is, and hope instead I may depart these for you?" "Please."

"And I flattered myself you treated me modest self-appreciation very much to be myself so far that I presumed to send you bursting into a much-amused laugh. "That

ately upon the shoulder. (His correct name have thought me on that occasion." I with you is Sir Mark Gore." is John Chippinghall Thornton; but his reply, blushing hotly. "I did so long to friends and brother officers having elected tell you all about it, but could not. It was to call him "Chips" or "Chip," he usually not my fault, however; I confess I would goes by that appellation. Though why I have kept it if possible; it was papa. He have never been able to fathom, as it would said you should not have sent it, and

ments. (Is that a good one?)"

" (Very good, thank you). It was Tendefection, and Maudie Green, and Carrie, nyson's 'Idyls'-I remember perfectly; and then where will you and Captain and it was filled with the prettiest illustra- Jenkins and Master Chips be?" tions. Oh, I was so sorry to part with that

curiously. I am laughing at my own past example, and so make myself dear to the folly, but he does not even smile in sym- hearts of all my spinster friends."

" I am sorry any act of mine should have cost you a tear," he says, slowly, "but For a moment she looks sad; then it disap-"Don't you believe a word Marmaduke why did you not write a line to explain all pears, and she laughs gayly. this to me when sending it?"

"Fancy the iniquity of such a thing! the untold wrath upon my poor head. To ask Oh, horror!"

would not," says Sir Mark rather unintel-

and she glances at me. Sir Mark rises to high-heeled shoes of yours, long before you

gueste shall we name? Mark Gore; would Marmaduke, I hardly know whether most year. And, besides, I don't much care for well, and to be mutually pleased with each it up again for you in a new style, will you? We are all beginning to know each other | till I see it. Let me pull it down, and de other, when, towards the close of the week, Lady Blanche Going joins our party. She is really. Harry says I am better than her looking considerably handsomer than when I last saw her in town, and is apparently in am a lonely old maid, I shall bind myself good humor with herself and all the rest of to a barber." the world. How long this comfortable state of affairs may last, however, remains shoulders, and makes me endure untold a mystery. She brings with her a horse, a tortures for at least three quarters of an cheeks. "You speak as if-why should you she is a sort of connection of your own. pet-poodle, and a very French maid, who hour. makes herself extremely troublesome, and causes much dissension in the servants'

Sir Mark Gore and her ladyship are evi dently old friends, and express a well. its goal. bred amount of pleasure on again meeting. Perhaps her ladyship's expressions are by a

shade the warmest. "I had no idea I should meet you here, she winds up, sweetly, when the subject of her satisfaction is exhausted. " Mrs. Carrington, when alluding to her other gueste,

never mentioned your name." "No? Mrs. Carrington, how unkind of you to dismiss me so completely from your thoughts! 'Never to mention my name! It is horrible to picture oneself so totally

forgotten." "You could not surely hope to be always in my thoughts?" I answer lightly. Her ladyship flashes a sharp glance at us

from her long dark eyes. "I might not expect it, certainly; but I am not to be blamed if I cannot help hoping for anything so desirable."

"Vain hope!" return I saucily, "and a At my right hand sits Sir James, a tall, foolish one besides. Have you never heard with much caution to sound him about the

"What an appalling idea!" murmurs that they adore each other I would be Lady Blanche, softly, speaking in that peculiar tone of half-suppressed irony I so greatly detest." Should anything so dread-Not to his wife alone, however, is he ful ever occur I doubt if Sir Mark would recover it."

"I don't suppose I should," replies Sir Mark, rather bluntly, as it seems to me,

There is a moment's rather awkward gun." pause, and then her ladyship laughs lightly,

Her laugh is an unpleasant one, and jars "Explanations always fall short," is his upon me painfully. Her very manner of reply. "Some day when we are out I will rising and leaving me alone with Sir Mark has something in it so full of insolent meaning that for the instant I hate her. Dora is doing the amiable to Sir George She makes me feel I have said something Asburst. Anything so simple or innocent foolish—something better left upsaid, though thoroughly unmeant. I color, bite my lip,

So for the second time the little thorn

CHAPTER II.

Nobody seems to mind me in the least (as a hindrance to their rather open firtations), though, with the exception of Lady Blanche, all my guests appear prepossessed in my favor.

guardian of morals-as no one, I feel utterly positive, would listen to a word of or failing to take his degree." I have not yet quite decided on the nature | advice given by me, even had I the courage

"Tell you why I like you so much," says Bebe to me, one day, with charming candor (we have become great friends by this time); "you have so little of the married hands, as d just that dress she is now wear. | woman about you. You don't look the thing ing without the ribbons-and a little at all. Nobody would feel in the least put strike terror to the hearts of the girls she

as a model from this day forth."

"It isn't in you. You would make a horrible mess of it; and you are infinitely nicer as you are. A strong stare is a neces-

eary ingredient, and you don't possess that. You should be able to wither with a stare." "You don't seem any the better for all the indignation." "No, that is just it That shows the

folly of wasting so much valuable breath. I am a bern flire, and as such I hope I'll "I do indeed. But for you the finale die. There! that is extra naughty, is it this life a calm and decorous matron." "Do you know I never had a flirtation in my life?" I say almost regretfully.

"No? really! How absurd!" says Bebe, a little volume of poems I had heard you is just what makes you the curious, dear, "Well, Chips, so you have come, in spite wish for, and which you returned, that was darling, little child you are. But you need not be so poverty-atricken any longer unless "I have always felt how rude you must you please, as any one can see how epris "Nonsense!" ory I, blushing furiously.

"How can you say anything so untrue? I have known him this ever so long; he is quite au old friend." "And a fast friend," say Bebe, laughing

again at her own wit. " Having waited so "Well, perhaps he was right. Yet it was long you do right to begin your campaign with a seasoned veteran." "You must not say such things; if you do I shall rouse myself and assert my authority as a very dragon among chaperons;

"No, don't" entreats Bebe, pretending would not be Phyllis Carrington at all. Sir Mark regarded me earnestly, almost | When I marry I intend taking you as an

> "And when will that be, Bebe?" A shade crosses and darkens her face.

"Never, probably. I don't get the chance. Generally, when I pay my autumn visits, I live in a state of constant dread of being pounced upon by officious matrons, just as I am going in for an hour of thorough sujoyment with a man who has not a penny "And you would not -but no, of course you on earth besides his pay. But here it is different. You would never pounce, my Phyllis, would you? You would make a And then I glance at Lady Handoock, delightful clitter clatter, with those little turned the corner; there is nothing mean hair realty your own? I won't believe it I am tremendously good at hair-dressing, French maid. When all trades fail, and I

With this she pulls my hair all about my

Meantime Dora is improving the shining hours with Sir George Asburst. She is making very fast and likely running, that looks as if it meant to make the altar-rails

As for her victim, he has neither eyes nor tongue nor ears for any but Dora, and success lends enchantment to my sister's face and form. Always pretty, she has gained from the excitement of the contest an animation hitherto unknown, and that ad is considerably to her charms.

I experience little throts of satisfaction and delight as I contemplate this promising flirtation; though as yet I do not dare to think of marriage as its probable termination. I long intensely to discuss the subject with Dora, to learn how far I may beguile myself with hope; but one day, having touched upon it very delicately, I am met with such an amount of innocent blankness as effectually deters me from making any

further attempt. Nevertheless, speak it I must, or die; and, coming upon Marmaduke suddenly, directly after receiving Dora's rebuff, I proceed

As I enter he is bending over some new and remarkably silent—such an utter con- nothing?' Were I to keep you perpetually favorite among the gune, and is endeavortrast to his laughter-loving wife, of whom in my mind I might perhaps end by hating ing with the assistance of the largest pin I ever saw, to pick dust from some intricate crevice. He is crimson either from stooping or anxiety-I don't know which, though I incline towards the latter opinion -as on

seeing me he says, irritably-"Phyllis, have you a small pin? I cannot think, ' flinging the large one angrily from him, "why they choose to make them this size; they are not of the smallest use to any fellow who wants to clean a

"They may have been designed for some other purpose," I suggest, meekly, producing a more reasonably sized pin, which he seizes with avidity and returns to his task. I seat myself near him, and for a few minutes content myself with watching the loving care he bestows upon his work. No careless servant's hands should touch

those new and shining barrels. "Marmaduke," I say at length, "I don't think Sir George so very stupid." "Don't you, darling?" absently.

"No. Why did you say he was?" " Did I say it?" Evidently every idea he possesses is centered in that absurd gun. "Dear me, 'Duke, of course you did," I cry, impatiently. "You told me he was not 'brilliant,' and that means the same thing. Don't you remember?"

" Well, is he brilliant?" " No, but he converses very nicely, and is quite as agreeable as any of the other

men, in a general sort of way." "I am very glad you think so. He is a I am no good at all as a chaperon -look. great friend of mine; and, after all, I don's suppose it matters in the least a man's not being able to master his Greek and Latin.

"Of course not. I dare say he did not to speak that word, which I feel sure I have put his mind to it. I am convinced had he done so he would have distinguished himself

as -as much as anybody." " Just so.' "I think"-with hesitation-"he would suit Dora very well."

"I agree with you there; more particuhim have his kiss without rebuke; "I feel "It is the only hold I have over her you no desire to be a flirt. It must be an awful see," exclaims Bebe, "and I keep it as a seen so sweet an expression. One could even a little bit fig. You'd be afraid to deal more than most sucks. The can do a great deal more than most sucks. The can do a great deal more than most sucks.

(To be continued

Good nature is the very air of a good so loud in her praise. I think of the many mental, however delightful, and it is all up mind; the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue